FEB 14 '56

The Saturday Evening
POST
February 18, 1956 – 15¢

GARY COOPER'S OWN STORY

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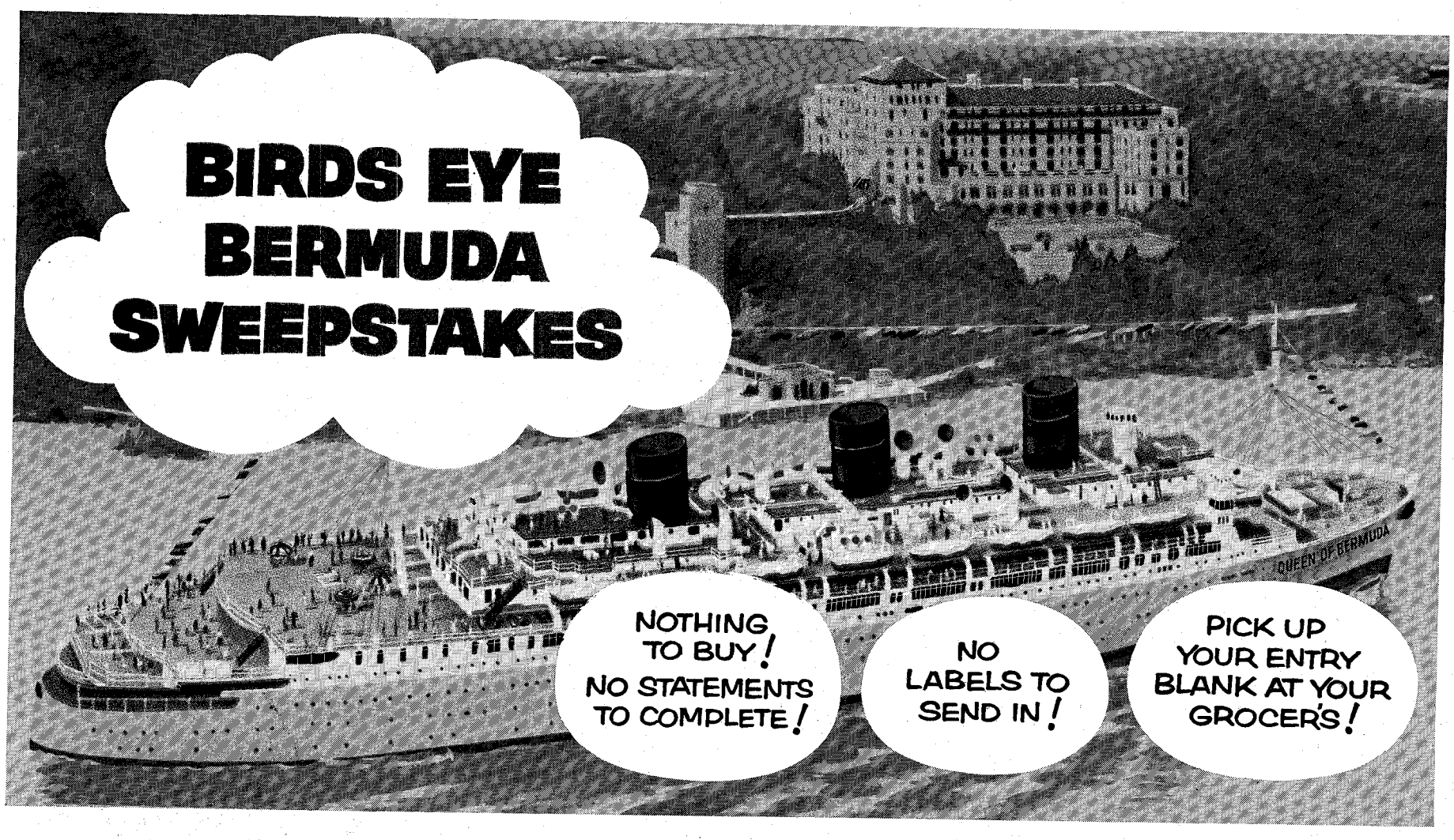

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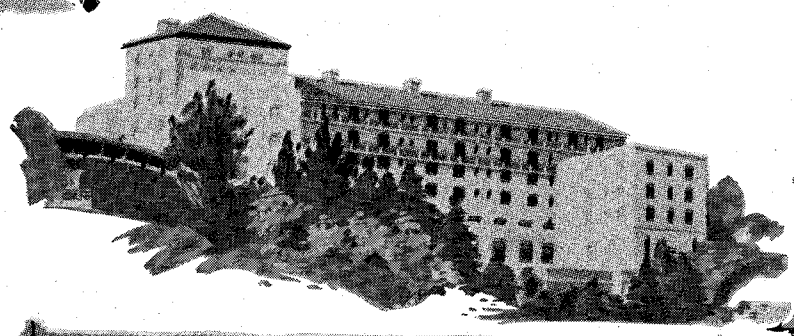

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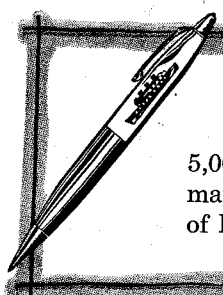

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THE COVER

What a swell time everybody is having in the hospital except the patient. He is beginning to wonder if he is invisible. When a man has practically risked his life having his appendix deleted, and after he has longed for the hour when pitying friends may gather sad-faced about his bed of pain, how repulsive it is to be treated as if he were recovering rapidly from routine surgery and will be back at the office in short order, as the doctor says. George Hughes' haggard hero may have a relapse. If that gay newcomer proves to have another Be Gay book in her jolly package, the impact on the patient will stimulate mental temperature and perhaps even register unfortunately on a clinical thermometer. Actually those visitors *may* be talking about operations. Their own.

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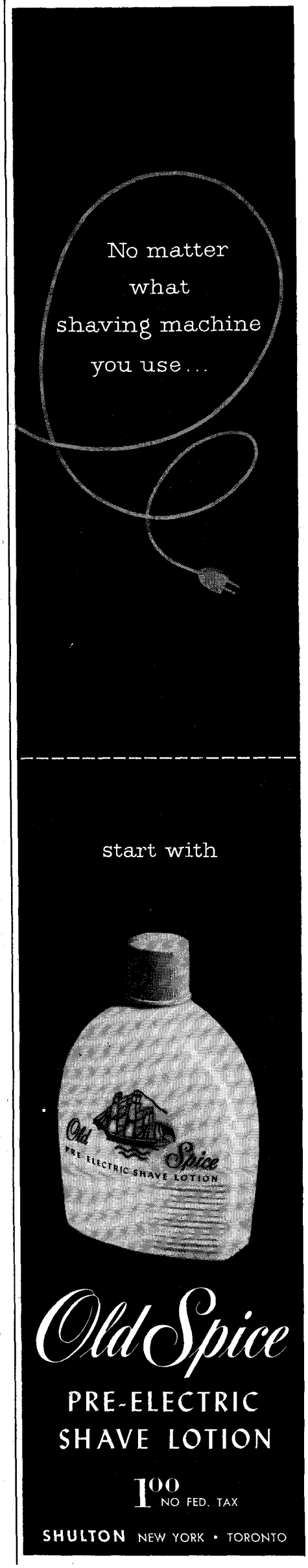

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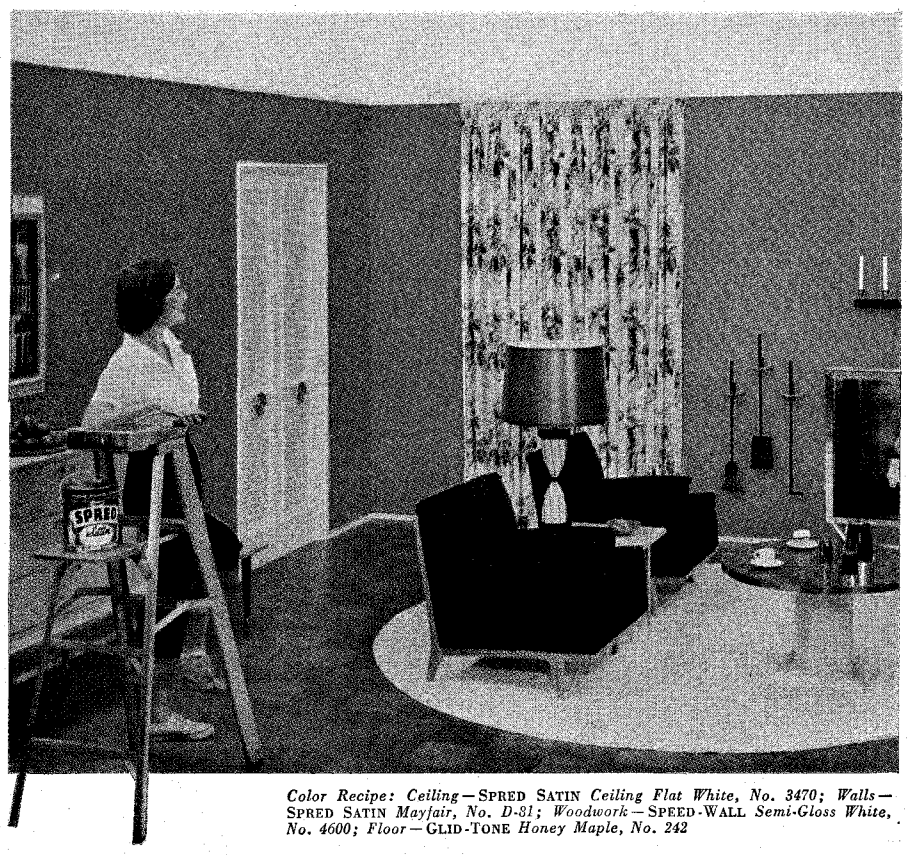

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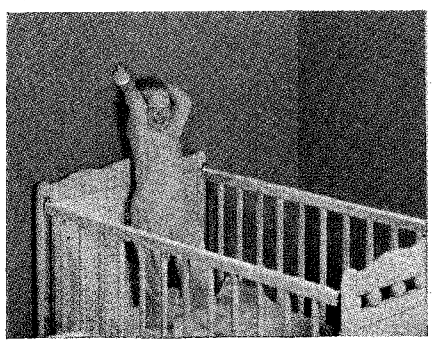

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Letters

Temperamental Golfers

Dear Sirs:

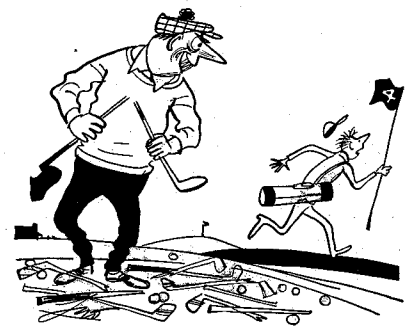
ALL GOLFERS GET MAD [by Melvin Durslag, Jan. 14]. That's the darndest lie I ever heerd. They don't, they DON'T, THEY DON'T!!!! And I'll bust a club over the first guy who dares say so to my face!

BOB BRUGGER
Pipersville, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

Anyone who has played golf as many years as I have, has experienced all of the tantrums described by Melvin Durslag in his entertaining article . . .

My experiences with pros were always quiet and orderly, but some of my weekend pals really put on a show at times.



One match I recall was at the Old Lido Club at Long Beach, Long Island. My opponent, former all-America end at Dartmouth, whose strength exceeded his skill at golf, broke four wood clubs on the first three holes—then at the long water-carry fourth hole, after dumping six balls in the ocean, he threw the bag and his remaining clubs after the balls.

We walked back to the clubhouse, showered and got into his car to return home. His rage was still smoldering. He closed the car door on his side so hard that the glass shattered. A hard rain followed and he finally cooled off as he got drenched.

CONRAD J. RENNER
Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.

Disturbed Children

Dear Sirs:

Everyone, not only parents of emotionally disturbed children, can take heart from the article, MY CHILD LIVES AGAIN, by Helen R. Moak, January 14th. . . .

Parents of seriously disturbed children will receive courage from the ability of Mr. and Mrs. Moak to rescue their child from "a world of emotional disorder." Unfortunately, these results are not typical of the estimated 500,000 seriously disturbed children in this country. . . .

Progress is being made in research and treatment. It will take, however, a maximum concentration of resources to provide the kind of research necessary to solve the problem. . . .

This is a responsibility in which all of us must share.

MAX M. KLEINBAUM,
National Director
League for Emotionally Disturbed Children
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

While one branch of medicine warns of the injurious effects of emotional shock in the young, another branch goes heedlessly and stupidly ahead and subjects infants to the terrifying experiences that little Sandy had to endure. Can there be any doubt in the minds of Sandy's doctors that her inability to talk at seven is the result of repeated trauma when she was a baby? . . .

MRS. DAVID L. ECKARD
New Kensington, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

Do parents feel no reticence about publishing stories of children's mental blocks such as Helen Moak has reported? Not even in the interest of science should this already burdened child have this humiliating publicity to overcome. . . .

MRS. E. C. RHODES
Aberdeen, S. Dak.

Dear Sirs:

. . . The one factor our staff has already established is the extreme importance of the parental relationship to these children and in this relationship the need to be felt loved, wanted and utterly secure is paramount in importance.

LEWIS J. RACHMIL, *President*
Board of Directors
Reiss-Davis Clinic for Child Guidance
Los Angeles, Cal.

Sidelight on Grace Kelly

Dear Sirs:

How in the world did you know enough to publish the piece BATTLING PRIEST IN A GAMBLING TOWN (article about Father J. Francis Tucker, by Paul Henissart, Dec. 17th) which gives a delightful sidelight in the now so-o-o delightful announcement of the engagement of Grace Kelly to the prince of "Gambling Town. . . ."

STELLA STROUS
Savannah, Ga.

● *Some people call it Post luck.—ED.*

Hot Rods or Shot Rods?

Dear Sirs:

Congratulations to you . . . for selecting 52 MILES TO TERROR, by Alex Gaby, Jan. 14. . . . I have had my two grandsons—who are fast approaching driving age—read the article. . . . They have seen the heavy wrecking bar and weighty ball-peen machinist's hammer which I have added to the line of tools in my car. I sincerely hope I will never encounter a situation such as author Gaby tells about, but I know it is possible, and if it happens and I come through it in working shape, then my grandsons and other people's grandsons know what glorious work the hammer and wrecking bar are going to perform. . . .

ROBERT D. CENTER
Stow, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

. . . Please don't knock true "hot rodding." We don't like the word "Hot Rod" used synonymously with "Shot Rod." Believe me, there's a big difference.

JOHN STEWART
Redding, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

. . . Nowadays, hot rodding is very well supervised and in most cases when the National Hot Rod Association is involved in a local club the police departments are behind them 100%. . . .

JERRY ENTERLINE
RONALD CAMPBELL
Bartlesville, Okla.

(Continued on Page 6)

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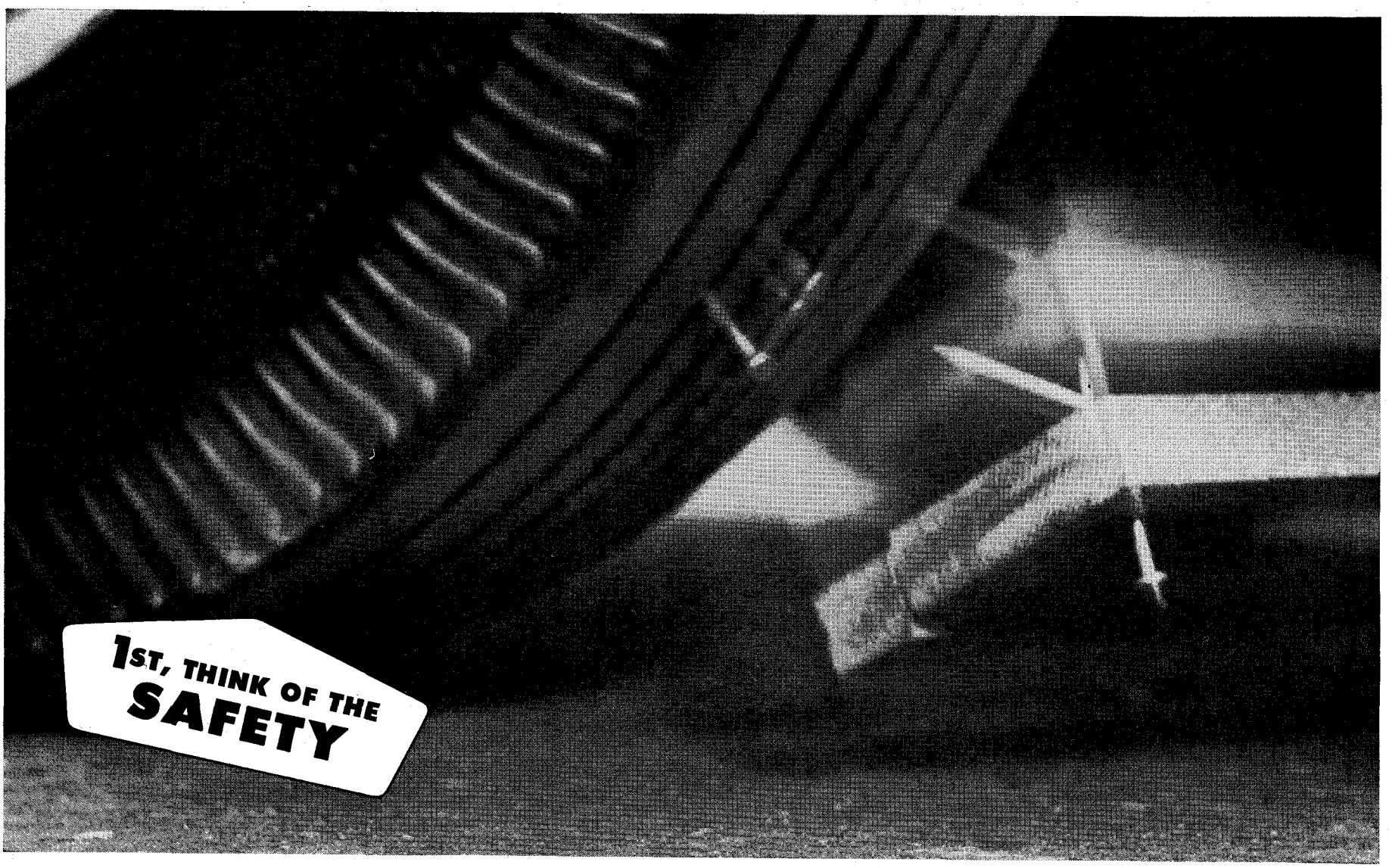

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2ND, THINK OF THE SAVING

. . . if you trade now, while your present tires have top trade-in value

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TIRE SALE
FOR HIGHEST TRADES on new LIFE-SAVER Tubeless, see your B. F. Goodrich retailer now!
RESEARCH KEEPS
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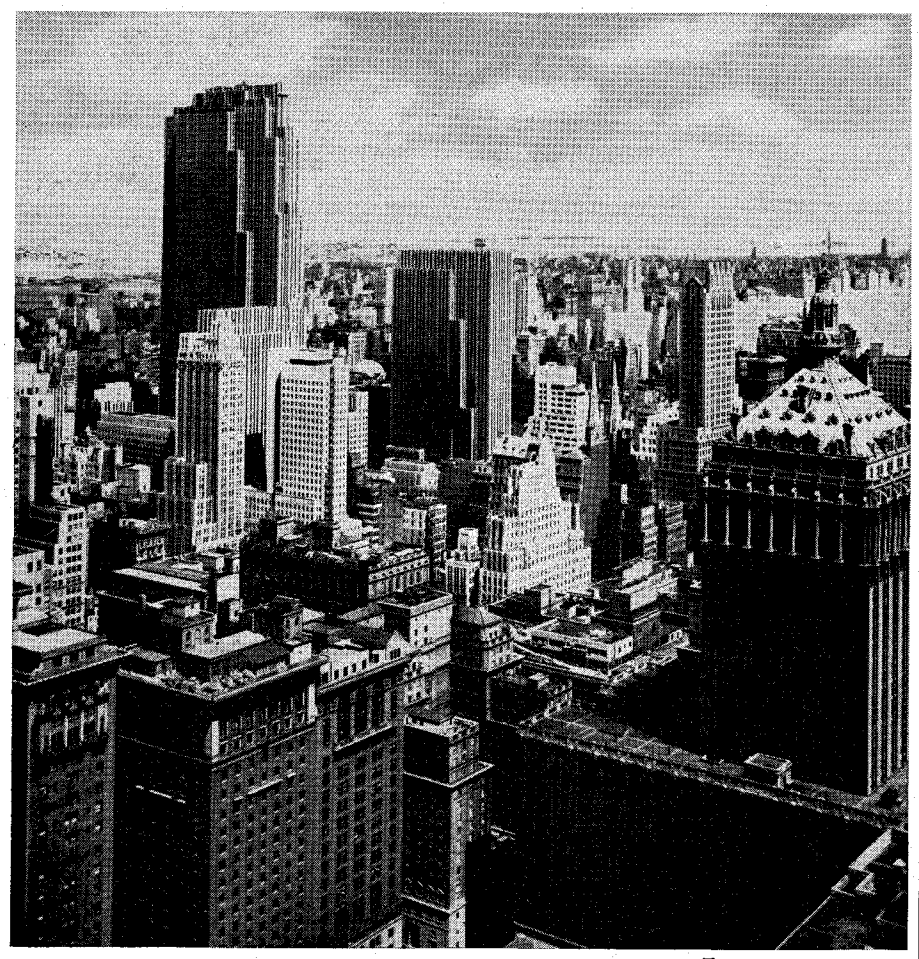
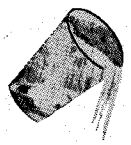


Photo by Ewing Galloway

THINK OF THE PLUMBING IT TAKES TO MAKE A MODERN CITY



Miles and miles of water and waste lines . . . thousands upon thousands of valves, fittings and fixtures — supply safe water and remove waste from every building in the city. This job is the responsibility of one group — the Plumbing Contractors.

Plumbing is a vital business

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Letters (Continued from Page 4)

Dear Sirs:

. . . If American kids are following the example of the hero of this story, it's no wonder they turn out bad. Let's not forget who started to race down the main street of Crockerville, in the first place. Also that trap he set was little short of murder had it succeeded as he planned. . . .

J. R. KNOLL
Buckeye, Arizona

Dear Sirs:

. . . Any owner of a *TRUE* hot rod will tell you his car has far, far too much loving care, cold, hard cash and many hours of good, hard labor to risk on something as silly as "chicken racing." . . .

MRS. F. G. DURAND
Millington, Tenn.

Dear Sirs:

. . . As a former high-school principal, I recommend that 52 MILES TO TERROR be required reading in all junior and senior high-school English classes—not only because it's a fine example of the contemporary short story but because of its unparalleled message of highway safety.

A. BERNARDO HIGUERA
Rochester, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

. . . In San Antonio, there are dozens of hot-rod clubs of which nearly every hot-rod driver is a member. The club's plaque, with its name proudly displayed on it, is hung from each car's rear bumper. If a member is caught "clowning" on city streets, he is thrown out of the club. Our clubs are police-sanctioned and we use an airport for our races. . . .

HOMER C. CRAIN
San Antonio, Texas

Dear Sirs:

. . . The true hot rodder is anything but what this article insinuated. The motto of the hot rodder is "Dedicated to Safety." A hot rodder "soups up" his car for use on a legal "Drag Strip" and is almost never seen racing or driving recklessly on the highway. . . .

ROBERT LOWE
Cranston, R.I.

Funny? Inane?

Dear Sirs:

Barbara J. Hunt's THOSE MIDFORD GIRLS [Dec. 31–Jan. 14] was the most thoroughly enjoyable story I've read in ages! Please, please, a sequel!

MRS. JAMES T. WALKER
Denver, Colo.

Dear Sirs:

. . . I never stopped laughing during the third part of the serial. . . .

MRS. GARRETT
Goodyear, Arizona

Dear Sirs:

. . . Your serials are mostly top notch, but this sad mistake was the most inane thing I have read in many a day. Reading alphabet soup would have made more sense! . . .

M. WILLARD
Sacramento, Cal.

Post "Widow"

Dear Sirs:

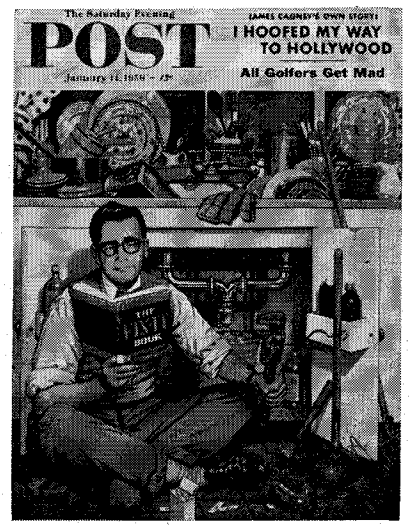
You have heard of golf "widows", tennis "widows" and other such grass widows, but I'm sure you haven't heard of a magazine "widow". Well, that's what I am. I play second fiddle to The Saturday Evening Post from the minute it arrives. The kids can fight, cry or kill one another, but friend husband has his nose in the Post, and it doesn't come up for air until the Post is finished. . . .

MRS. SHIRLEY SKOLNICK
New Hyde Park, L.I., N.Y.

Plumbing "Expert"

Dear Sirs:

That worried-looking character (Jan. 14th cover by Stevan Dohanos), squatting in front of the stopped-up sink



doesn't know it, but he already has the job half licked. I am experienced in these chores. . . .

To get the trap back in functioning position get the pail of sink-slop out of the way first. Turning to face the sink, still in the cross-legged squat, pull the pail forward and, next, raising it breast-high, absent-mindedly empty it back into the sink.

The next steps are simple indeed—go change your pants and start mopping. I know because I have done it this way.

LEON ARCHIBALD
Minneapolis, Minn.

Dear Sirs:

. . . My husband says from experience that the remedy for whatever is wrong won't be in that book.

MRS. ROBERT LAWRENCE
Ridgewood, N.J.

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

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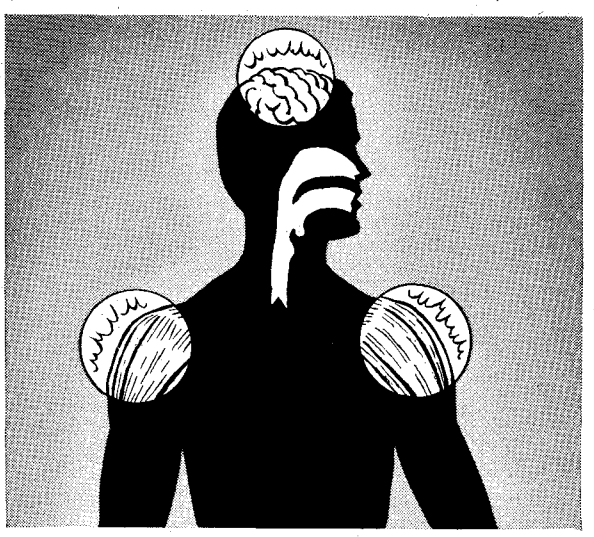
COLDS! EVEN VIRUS COLDS!

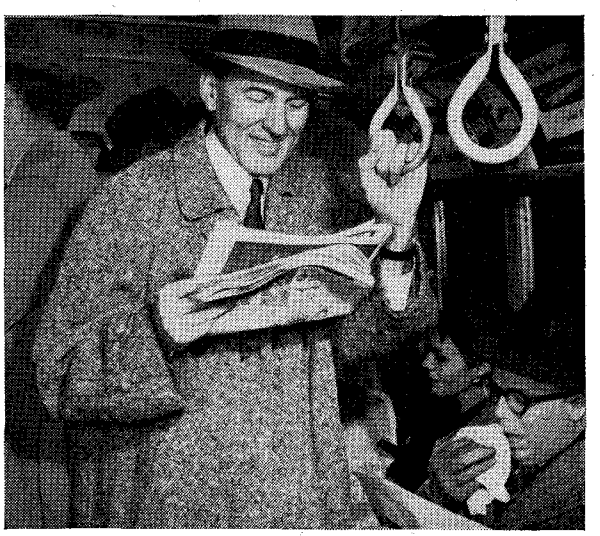
Newly Discovered Compound Of Medicines For Control Of Cold Suffering Lets You

Throw Off Effects Better!
Break Them Up Faster!
Shorten The Time You Suffer!

Most people can't stay in bed with colds—they've got to get on the job. New Super Anahist Cold Tablets help you feel better—look better—work better, even when you have a *virus cold.*



Super Anahist helps lower fever, relieves pain of headache and muscles, shrinks swollen membranes—actually breaks up effects of colds better. You can go your way without that sniffling, sneezing misery.



Only Super Anahist combines precious, resistance-building Vitamin C into this effective formula. That's important—because the vast majority of people follow diets deficient in this vitamin.

SUPER ANAHIST®

helps defeat fever, sneezing, aching effects of Virus Colds!

Here, at long last, is the medical answer to the suffering of Virus Colds, so prevalent in America. Super Anahist Tablets now combine a unique combination of five cold-fighting wonder drugs, never before contained in a single compound.

Results are amazing! Super Anahist helps fight the toxins that poison your system during a cold—even a virus cold. Super Anahist helps put back in your blood what the virus drains away—helps lower fever—reduce pains—even shrinks swollen membranes. You *feel* better, almost at once!

What's more, you *look* better, too—so that you don't carry those ugly signs of a cold to your job. Super Anahist helps clear up red, watery eyes—puffy skin—unpleasant nasal discharge and sneezing.

Best of all, you can *work* better without that dragged-out, half-dead feeling that accompanies a virus cold. And Super Anahist even helps your body resist more serious illnesses that can follow a cold.

Be prepared, if the cold virus attacks your family. Get safe, effective Super Anahist Tablets. Bottles of 20, 98¢. Special Children's Size Tablets, 32 for 98¢.

GUARANTEE

We believe that new SUPER ANAHIST is the most effective product of its kind on the market today, and guarantee its results.

If SUPER ANAHIST does not satisfy you completely, return the unused portion to the Anahist Co., Inc., Yonkers 2, N. Y., and your full purchase price will be refunded.

REGULAR OR CHILDREN'S SIZE

And on Nasal Spray, Cough Syrup or Chest Rub—the name Super Anahist means "Best Medicine for Cold's Distress"

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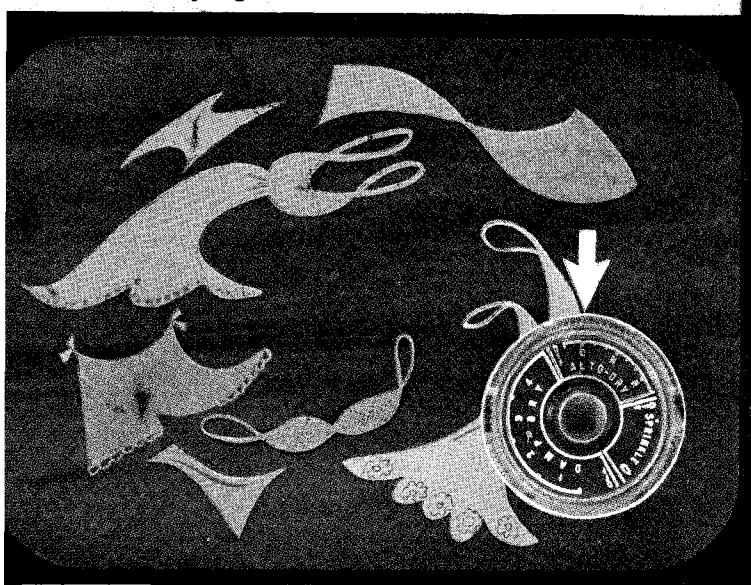
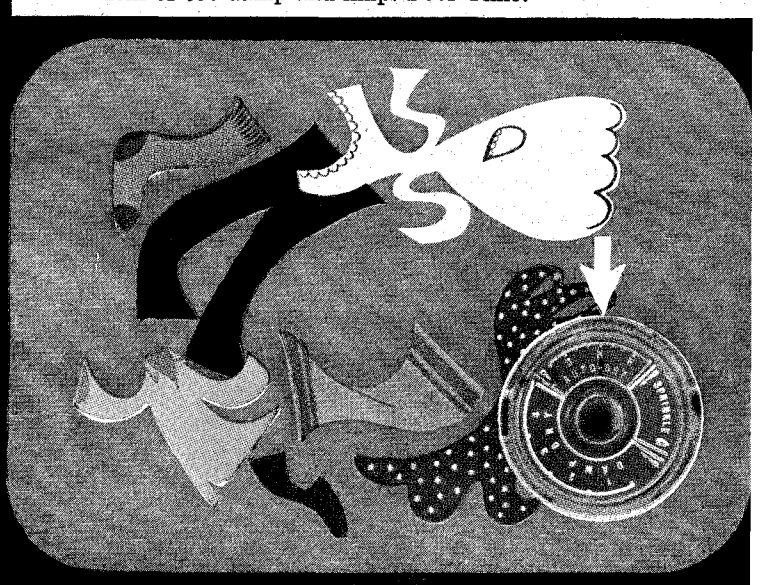
1. Tessie uses a clothesline. Washdays are hard on her! Yards of clothesline to wipe! Backaches from lugging heavy baskets! Clothes shower-soaked . . . sun-faded . . . or torn from the line by high winds! Poor Tessie!

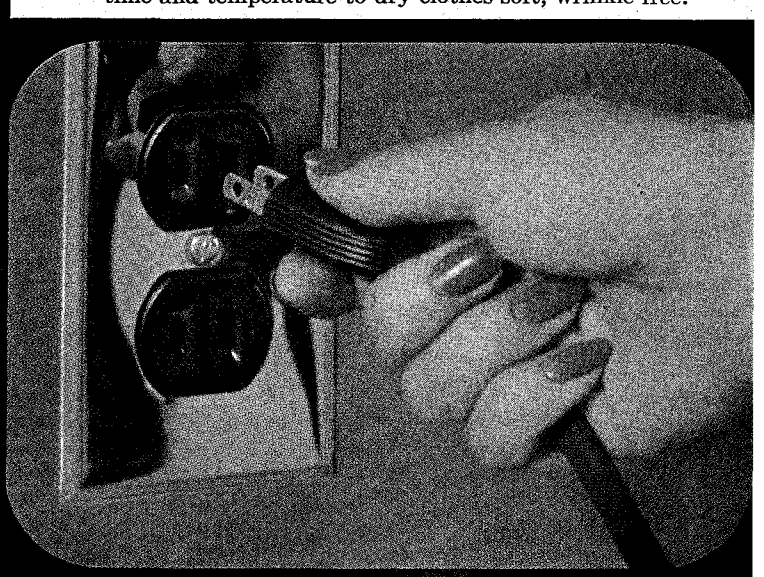


2. Tillie has an ordinary dryer, but she has problems, too! She has to select time and temperature for each load, and she never guesses right! Clothes come out either too dry and stiff or too damp and limp! Poor Tillie!



5. Turn to D (Delicate) for safe-temperatured drying of delicate or miracle fabrics. Automatic Control turns dryer on, adjusts temperature and time, keeps clothes tumbling gently until they're perfectly dried.

6. Set to N (Normal) for cottons and linens—the bulk of washday loads. You'll have less ironing—new G-E drying system combines gentle tumbling with accurately controlled drying time and temperature to dry clothes soft, wrinkle-free.



9. The gentle fragrance from this new Air Freshener is released into the air stream and fills your clothes with that breezy-day, "sunshine-fresh" smell . . . with never a worry about "weather-wear" or "sunshine-fade."

10. No special wiring necessary! The new General Electric Dryer with Automatic Control can be operated on standard 115-volt household appliance circuit or on 230-volt circuit.

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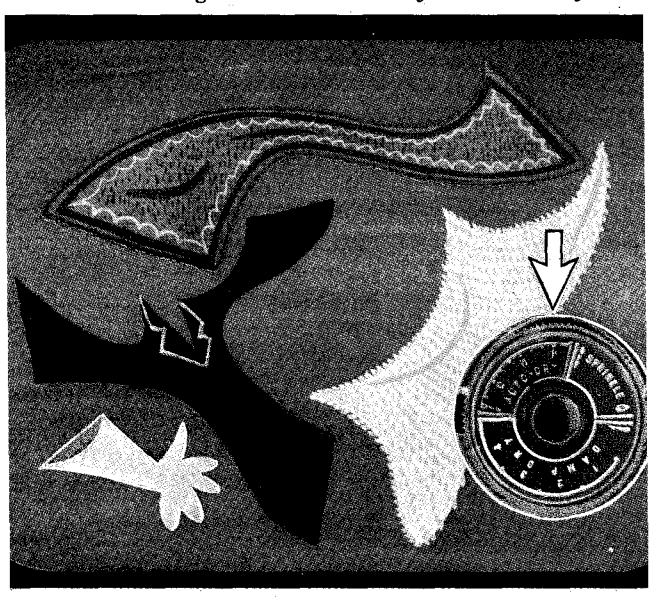
Tina bought a new G-E Dryer with really Automatic C
trol! No need for her to guess at correct drying times a
temperatures! Tina bought *Automatic Clothes Condition*
when she bought her new G-E Dryer. Here's why:



Turn control to H (Heavy) for "hard-to-dry" loads . . . be
spreads, cotton throw rugs, etc. You'll never return to t
dryer to find them too damp . . . the Automatic Control w
provide the right time to dry them perfectly.

And more convenience features! *Foot control* or *knee latch* opens door! *Door interlock* shuts off heat and motion whenever door is opened.

Available in Petal Pink, Turquoise Green, Canary Yellow, Cadet Blue, Woodtone Brown and White. See your G-E dealer soon! General Electric Company, Appliance Park, Louisville, Ky.

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Editorials

Courage in Politics May Not be Out of Date

During an election year, when officeholders and would-be officeholders are trying to figure out how to get elected or re-elected without too much damage to their honest beliefs, it is refreshing to come upon a book like Profiles in Courage (Harper) by Sen. John F. Kennedy, of Massachusetts. Senator Kennedy quite sensibly recognizes the necessity of compromise, to make democratic government work at all. But he also understands and courageously states that there are occasions when a senator must act according to his own conscience regardless of what his constituents may think.

The Massachusetts senator rejects the view that he was sent to Washington "to serve merely as a seismograph to record shifts in popular opinion." His book consists of sketches of statesmen of the past who have challenged public opinion at critical times and acted, as Daniel Webster put it, "not as a Massachusetts man but as an American."

There are doubtless cynical readers who will insist that a politician who takes such a lofty view will probably turn out to be a one-term senator. Others, including a distressing number of so-called liberals, actually believe that it is the duty of a member of Congress merely to record by his vote what the majority of his constituents think they think on subjects upon which most of them are uninformed. Of course, the wise politician takes account of the possibility that at times the people may be wiser than he. But the careers of the time-servers who never take a stand of their own are sufficient commentary on that mode of procedure.

A few weeks ago the observers of the television program, Meet the Press, were rocked on their heels by a performance by Gov. Frank Lausche, of Ohio. Governor Lausche is a Democrat who is currently considered one of the darker horses in the race for the presidential nomination of his party. Nevertheless, in response to questions by the panel, the Ohio governor declared that he had voted for the late Senator Taft in the 1950 senatorial election because, in Governor Lausche's opinion, the Democratic candidate that year would have represented not his own views, but those of the "labor-union bosses." Replying to another question, the governor said that, inasmuch as he was opposed to jurisdictional strikes, secondary boycotts and communist domination of labor unions, he did not see any urgent need to amend the Taft-Hartley Law.

This kind of talk is not routine among the leaders of either political party, and the judgment of some listeners was that "Lausche killed his chances right there."

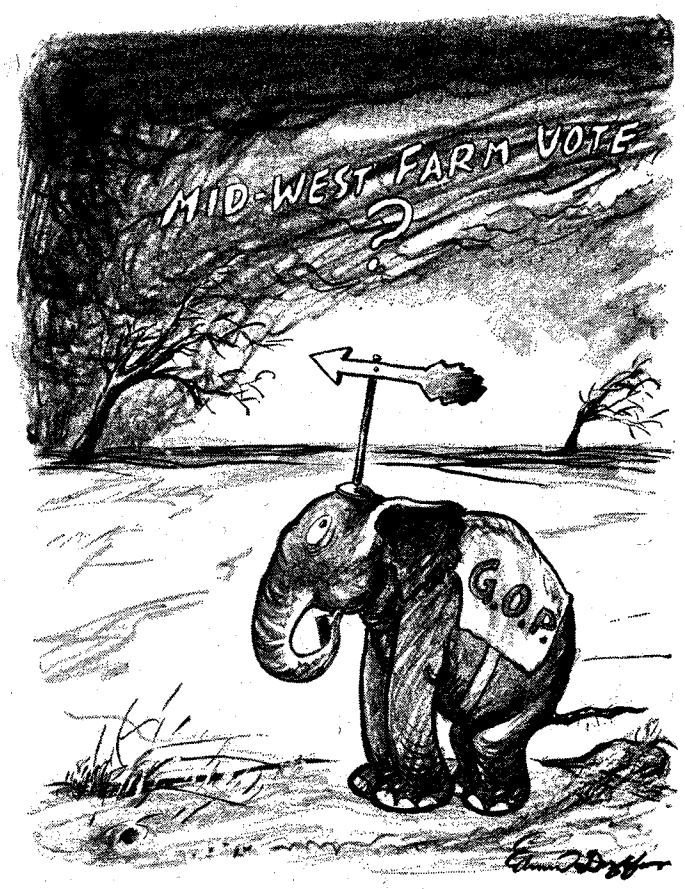
Well, perhaps he did, although there were many who greeted the Lausche appearance with "Wasn't that a breath of fresh air!" Senator Kennedy may be right in believing that the politician who stands upon principle and refuses to give ground when the national interest is at stake may not be so badly off after all. The voters, he suggests, want their leaders to exercise their own judgment as to what the real interests of the country are and leave it to the people to pass upon his record at the next election. "This may mean that we must on occasion lead, inform, correct and sometimes even ignore constituent opinion, if we are to exercise fully that judgment for which we were elected."

It is supposed to be against the trend to say so, but the American voting public has frequently shown itself capable of preferring political courage to double talk and unfulfillable promises.

The late Senator Taft's exposure of the shaky legal basis of the Nuremberg trials did him no harm at the polls. Gov. Bracken Lee, of Utah, opposes a lot of things the "people" are supposed to be for, but he goes on getting elected. He gets the support of many Utah citizens who wouldn't think of refusing to pay their income taxes as a protest against foreign aid. With a little luck, a political career can be built on courage—even when employed in "unpopular" causes.

But granting that the people do now and then reject the courageous leader, what about the "judgment of history"? Perhaps this country needs more politicians who would rather be praised in the history books of 2010 than tolerated in Congress today, hugging their popularity ratings.

DUFFY'S CARTOON



On the Lone Prairie.

Sometimes the Communists Go Too Far!

It is hard to believe that the testimony of James Glaser, New York newspaperman and former communist, was necessary to convince people of the treachery, conspiratorial evil and stupidity inherent in the communist movement. Dozens of those who were taken in and managed to escape—from Ben Gitlow to Whittaker Chambers and Bella Dodd—have told the familiar story. But perhaps Mr. Glaser's account of his experience, although it concerns events twenty years in the past, will inform a new batch of anti-anti-communists about what has been going on while they were looking out the window.

Mr. Glaser naturally felt that it was unjust for the committee "to place me on exhibition, to make a sort of public spectacle out of me, because of the dreadful, terrible mistake which I made more than twenty-one years ago." Most of us will sympathize with Mr. Glaser, but it is difficult not to agree with Senator Eastland and the other members of the committee that this man's experience with the Communist Party was so earthy and revealing and in a sense typical of the dilemma of many young Americans in that era that its presentation might be of service to the country.

As a new recruit Mr. Glaser got the full treatment and, because he was a newspaperman hired as managing editor of the Daily Worker, he saw the movement from an eminence scaled by few novitiates. As far as the Daily Worker was concerned, Mr. Glaser learned the facts of life fairly promptly. Upon arrival he was asked to write a brief announcement of his resignation from The New York Times to join the Worker as managing editor. The next morning he got a copy of the paper and was distressed because "the Daily Worker said, among other things, that I would now write an inside story about The New York Times or an inside series of stories about The New York Times, about graft and corruption and things like that"!

(Continued on Page 12)

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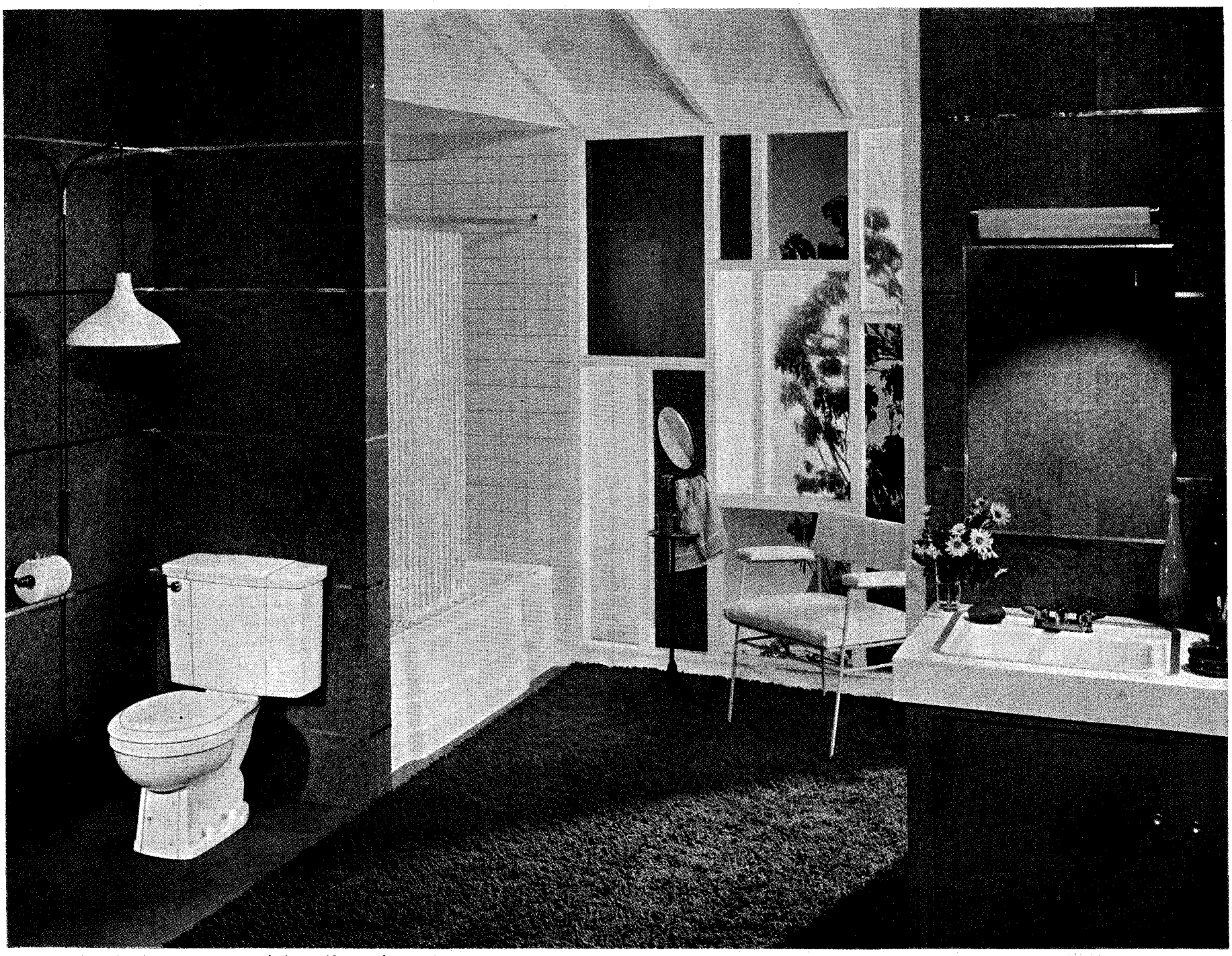

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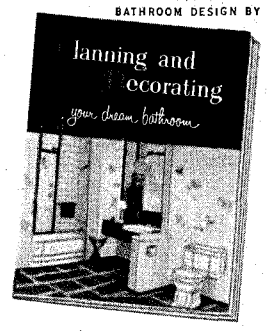

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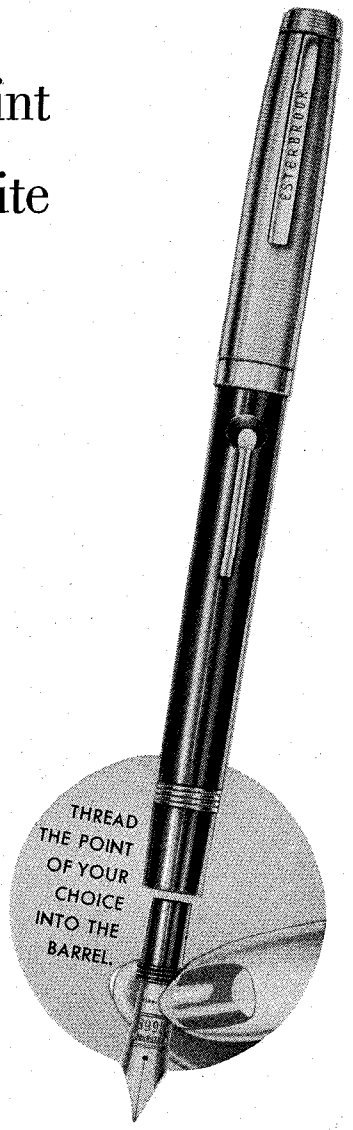

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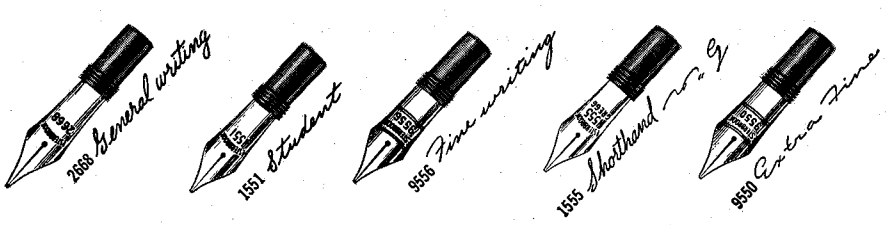

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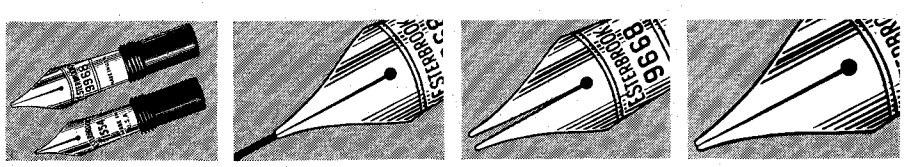

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Editorials (Continued from Page 10)

It was later explained to the new editor by Gerhart Eisler, the top "representative from Moscow," that this falsehood was necessary to show the customers that "I was not an editor coming from a capitalist newspaper to take charge of the Daily Worker, and that I was one of their tried and true people." The fact that it was a lie was regarded as irrelevant.

A short career as managing editor of a newspaper which printed lies whenever the "party line" called for lies was enough for Mr. Glaser. Perhaps the killer was an episode which may not strike laymen as tragic, but which will wring tears of sympathy from newspapermen, current or used-to-be. It seems that the Party was holding a bazaar to raise money for the defense of the Scottsboro boys. The orders were that the account of this event was to be on page 1 with a banner headline eight columns wide. Mr. Glaser's response to this ukase is the most heart-rending item in his testimony if not in all the annals of congressional inquiry: "You CAN'T have an eight-column line on a bazaar." But they could, because Eisler so decreed. It was "the line."

The kept capitalist press wouldn't do that even for the denizens of the Diamond Horseshoe at New York's Metropolitan Opera House. If only fellow travelers in other walks of life could have an experience which would expose the phoniness of communists as that eight-column lead on a bazaar outraged the journalistic instincts of Mr. Glaser!

Peron's Legacy is a Looted Country

While deposed Argentine dictator Juan D. Peron and his henchmen were robbing their country blind, they blamed economic troubles on "international capitalism." Peron's favorite gimmick phrase was "justicialism," which didn't mean any more in Spanish than it does in English. It was just a fancy word to dress up Peron's private type of socialism, which helped him to accumulate a huge fortune in cash, jewelry, automobiles and other luxuries.

Peron, after the Soviet model, launched two so-called Five-Year Plans to put Argentina on its economic feet. But the country would have needed no such plans if the dictator hadn't knocked it off its fiscal feet to begin with. The Argentines had been neutral throughout World War II. They wound up rich, and bulging with favorable trade balances, at the end of it.

As time went on, the Peron government got its sticky fingers into everything from hairpins to highways. When, by 1952, it looked as if nationalization was making the country poorer and the crooked politicians richer, Peron told a labor audience just how heroically he had acted: "The problem was very simple. On the one hand were the people, and on the other were the capitalists. In the capitalist world the people live under a system of exploitation that is not merely domestic but international in nature. Thus, by siding with the people, I antagonized the enemies of social justice, and now they fight with all their money. They will be able to fight with millions and millions of dollars, but truth is not destroyed by the force of money."

Peron, if he really didn't believe in money, saw to it that his ideas were reflected in the Argentine budget. When Peron had to flee the country, it was discovered that his regime had left an international debt of $1,200,000,000 and an internal debt of some $5,000,000,000. When Peron took over, Argentina had gold reserves totaling about $1,700,000,000; when he chose exile in Paraguay, reserves were down to less than $500,000,000.

What happened to all the money? Even the greedy Peronists could not have siphoned all of it into their own pockets. Most of the money was simply squandered on overambitious, often fantastically inefficient government enterprises. Private ownership by both Argentine and foreign firms was progressively eliminated by Peron's policy of economic terrorism.

When Peron announced his second Five-Year Plan, two years ago, the printed plan itself ran to 150,000 words and weighed eleven pounds. The plan called for a redoubled budget, further digging into reserves and more printing-press money. The Argentine Central Bank said shortly before Peron's downfall that nearly 27,000,000,000 pesos were in circulation. But now it turns out that inflation has pushed money to nearly 33,000,000,000 pesos.

The Argentine Communist Party naturally loved the second Five-Year Plan, expressed its "gratification with General Peron's appeal to all the Argentine people," and proceeded to echo the dictator in denouncing "imperialist encirclement" and "the oligarchs who serve the imperialist cause."

So now the new government has the unhappy task of tightening Argentina's economic belt. It revalued the peso from eighteen to fourteen to the United States dollar. Since that time the peso has shrunk again. It is likely to take years of painstaking work to undo the damage of Peron's private socialism.

Meanwhile, Argentina's economic fate poses a warning lesson to practicing or potential dictators throughout Latin America: beware the road to poverty, paralysis and Paraguay.

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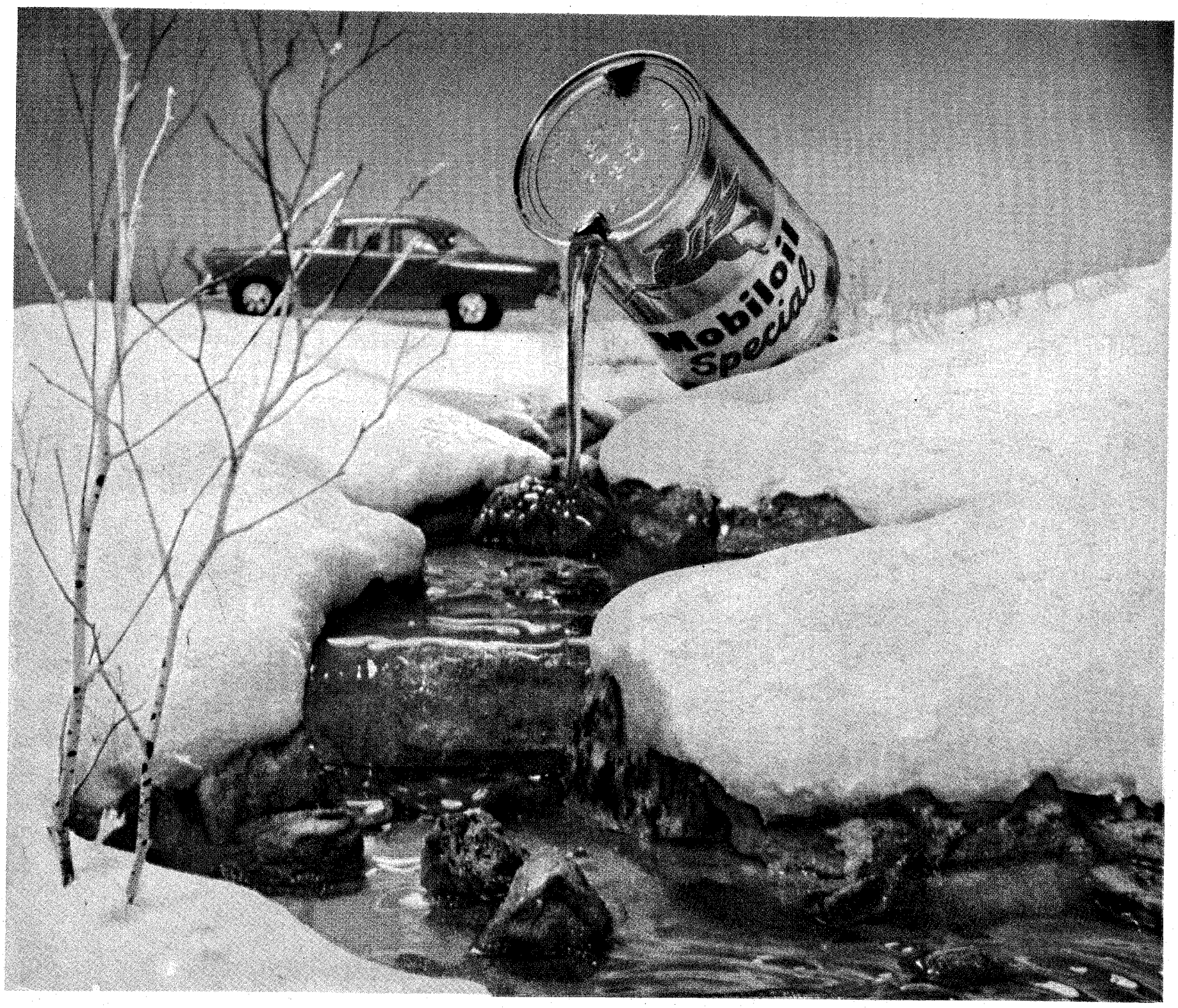

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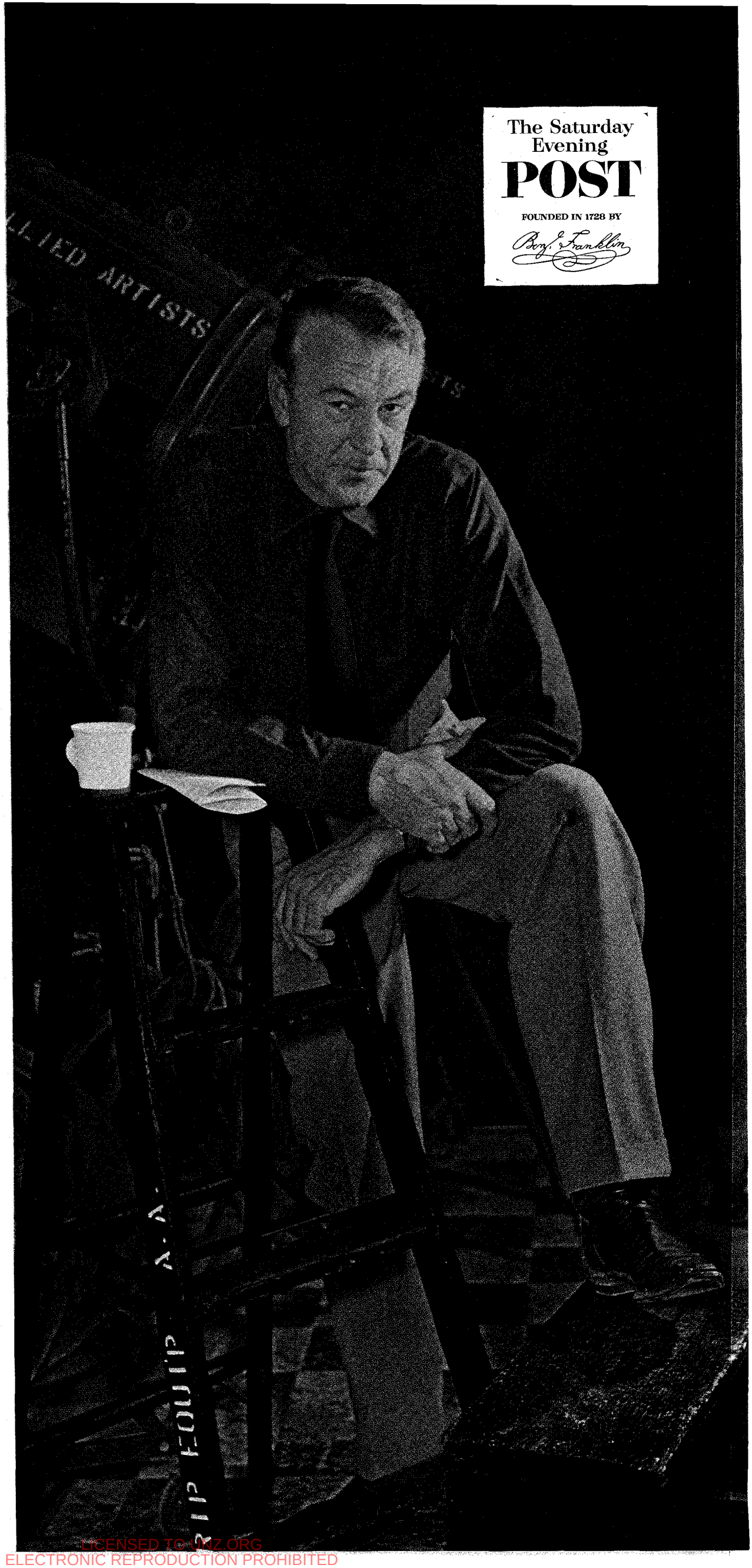
Well, It Was This Way

By GARY COOPER

as told to George Scullin

One of the brightest stars in the Hollywood galaxy finally tells his own story. An absorbing memoir from the cowboy who seemed least likely to succeed. But succeed he did—and fabulously.



PART ONE

The way things added up that day, what with the horse, the film and the cameraman, my first production cost me every cent I had. It wasn't a big production, but that sixty-five dollars in cash was not easily come by. Yet it was all or nothing, and nothing, in the year 1925, didn't appeal to me at all.

If I had known then what that Poverty Row production was to do for me in Hollywood, I think I would have stayed aboard my rented horse and kept right on going. Because this was the fork in the road, the place where everything began for me.

I was sinking my life savings into this film footage for several reasons. The biggest of these was that after only six months in the movies, I had reached my peak as a spectacular faller-off of horses. Whether I was an Indian with Richard Dix, a Cossack with Rudolph Valentino or an outlaw conspiring against Tom Mix, my part had a certain sameness. When the time came for someone to be shot from a galloping horse, I was usually the one who took the tumble, often into a gulch filled with rock and prickly-pear cactus. As I saw it, my future was limited to riding meaner horses at faster speeds

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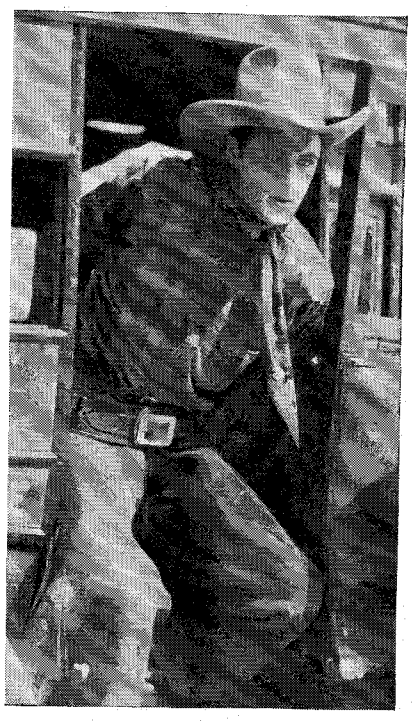
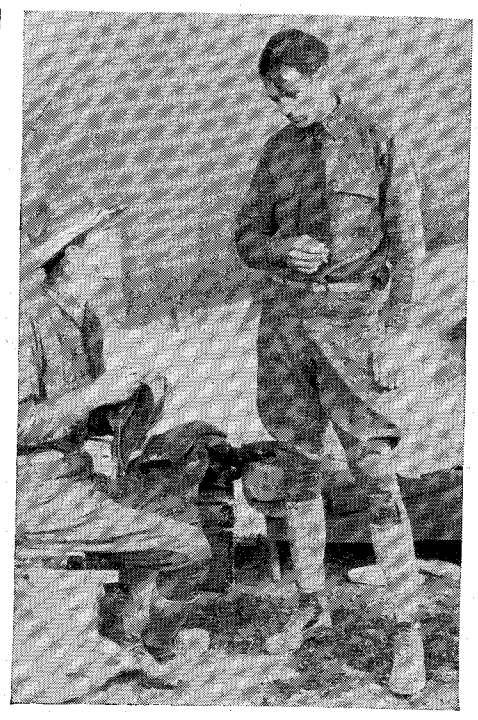
COOPER HAS STARRED IN SEVENTY-SIX MOVIES . .



27: His first lead, Arizona Bound.

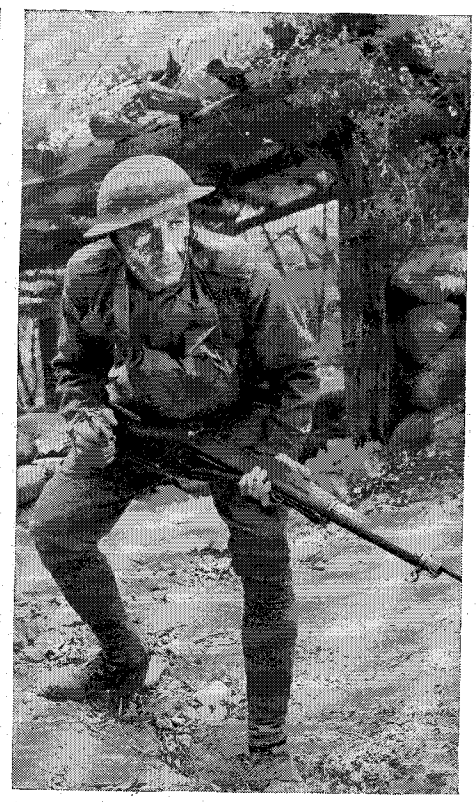


1927: Heroics with Dick Arlen, in Wings.

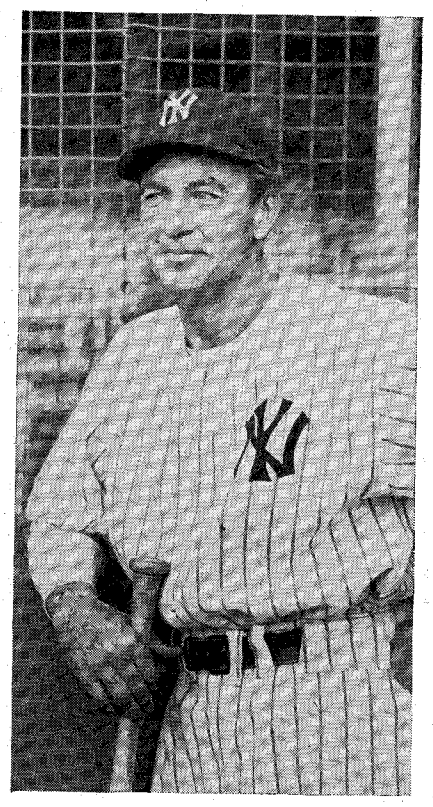
1928: Lilac Time, with Colleen Moore.

1930: Morocco, with Marlene Dietrich.

41: Ball of Fire—Barbara Stanwyck.



1941: Sergeant York won an Academy Award.



1942: Pride of the Yankees.

1943: With Ingrid Bergman in For Whom the Bell Tolls.

into deeper gulches until my luck ran out and I busted up like an orange crate.

Another reason for making a change was based on a rumor that Tom Mix was making $17,500 a week. That's what some cowboy extras said, and it convinced me that there was more money in the movie business than the ten bucks a day I was being paid. To get away from falling off horses and into the more profitable side of acting, I first had to have a screen test. But nobody would give me one, and I couldn't use any of the takes from the quickie pictures in which I had fallen off horses.

The great rider, Slim Talbot, told me, "I don't know if it's acting or not, but you sure put on the best imitation of a tornadoed windmill I ever did see." In one scene I did have a close brush with fame when they let me pat Rin-Tin-Tin, but it was a night scene, and we were on the far side of a dim campfire. Only the crown of my white hat showed, and it wasn't really Rin-Tin-Tin anyway. It was his stand-in.

For a while I tried softening up producers by sending them stills pointing up my uncanny resemblance to Valentino, John Barrymore, Ronald Colman, Francis X. Bushman or any other star of their choice. I didn't even get my stills back. They'd been thrown away. The loss cost me money, but not much. A short time

NEXT WEEK

Gary tells how he happened to give an acting lesson to Tallulah Bankhead.

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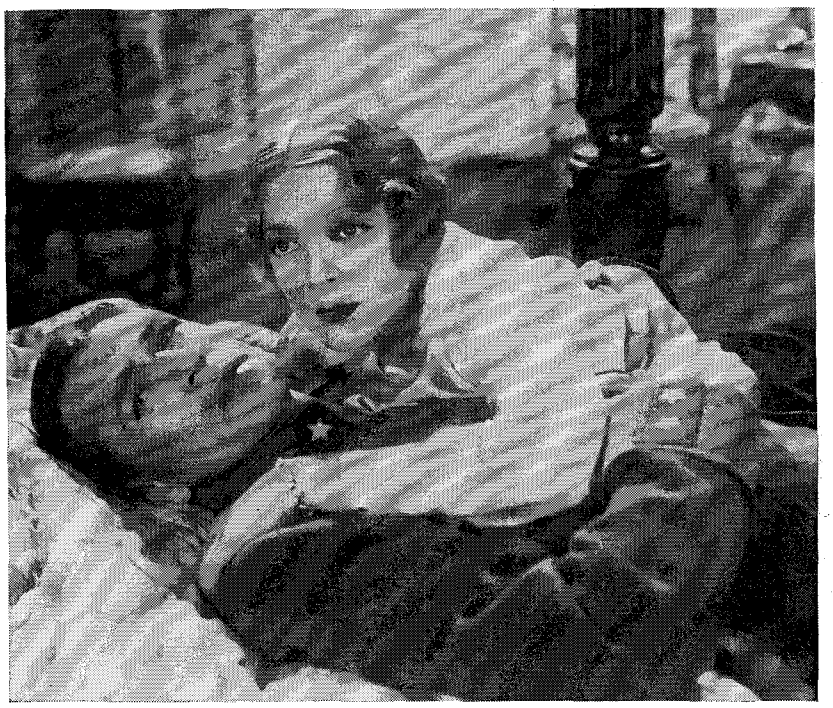
HOW MANY OF THESE DO YOU REMEMBER?

1932: The Devil and the Deep—and Tallulah.



1932: With Helen Hayes in A Farewell to Arms.

1936: Mr. Deeds Goes to Town.

1952: High Noon, Grace Kelly, another Oscar.

1954: Vera Cruz, with Denise Darcel.

1955: The Court Martial of Billy Mitchell.

before, I had worked as a door-to-door salesman for a photographer who specialized in "intimate portraits of children in your own home." We had failed in this field, but he still gave me portraits at a discount.

At this low point, I was bowled over by an idea. If no one else would give me a screen test, why not produce my own? Fortunately, I had no worries then about paying for sound tracks. My only expenses were rental of the horse and a fee for an extortionist-turned-photographer who counted my money before loading film in his camera.

Now for my production. Because this was 1925, my location was the wide-open range at the corner of 3rd Street and La Brea. I was mounted on my rented horse on the far side of a vacant lot, and the cameraman was behind a rail fence. He waved his hand. Action! Camera!

I gave the poor nag a belt and charged the camera. This was no time to spare the horse—that film was costing money. Just before reaching the fence, I hauled back, made a flying dismount in a cloud of dust, leaped the fence, and in front of the camera I swept off my hat. For a close-up, I gave out with a ghastly grin. Cut!

When my production was in the can, I went to John Waters, director of Zane Grey Westerns for Paramount, and persuaded him to run the film through a projector.

"It won't take long," I told him.

It didn't. That strip of film whipped through in about twenty seconds—ten seconds of action and ten seconds of a big cloud of dust. Waters just sat there in a sort of stunned silence.

Finally he turned to me and said, "I couldn't see what happened there at the end. Tell me, friend, did you climb over that fence or were you thrown?"

The scene popped up in my memory three years ago, when I was working on a picture down in Mexico. Between takes the talk got around to Stanley Kramer, and my part in his production of High Noon. The picture had done right well (Continued on Page 108)

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Benjy lay on the tracks, limp and unmoving. Then suddenly there was the roar of a train.

MURDER IN DISGUISE

The story of a man who saw a chance to impersonate the heir to millions. All he had to do was forget he had a conscience . . .

First of six exciting parts By NANCY RUTLEDGE

The late-August heat had seemed unbearable when the local train had been moving through the flat Midwestern countryside. Now, as the antiquated day coaches stood on a shadeless side track in a one-streeted town, it was degrees hotter.

Inside the train, Raphael felt the sweat dripping down his face, down his back. His arm touched the sun-hot metal of the window sill. He jerked quickly away.

Around him were familiar sights. Very familiar, after his three years of almost incessant travel with a third-rate vaudeville act. Not counting Raphael's previous five years with the circus, which had its own train. Across the aisle, an old man slept, bare gums showing, snoring comfortably. A chubby little girl with a crew haircut stood by the water container, filling one of the tiny fluted-paper cups, pouring the water, not into her mouth but over the top of her head. She was a pretty child of about nine.

A blond man with a fixed smile sat staring at the car door, unmoving. A boy and a red-haired girl, two seats ahead, looked at each other with rapt absorption, oblivious of the heat, the soot. They made Raphael, at twenty-eight, feel old enough to be their grandfather.

And yet it had been just three years ago this month since he had looked at Lynne in exactly

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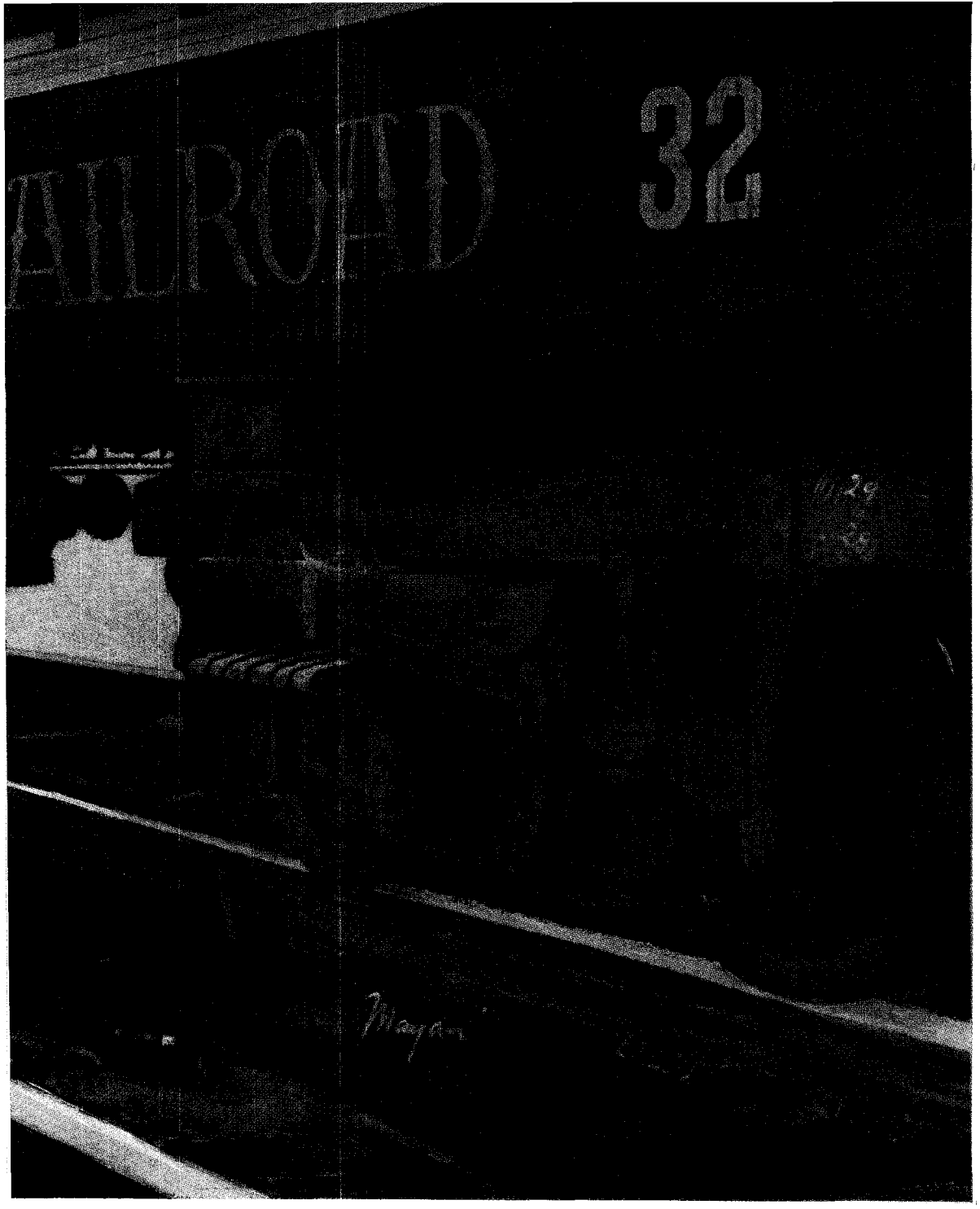

Illustrated by EARL MAYAN

that way, and she at him. Incredible that the great trapeze artiste, Lynne Lamonte, fifth generation of the Lamonte circus family, she who was herself, at twenty-one, the only woman ever to perform the Lamonte Somersault without a net, should love a circus unknown like him, Raphael. But the magic had been there, between them, as they looked at each other. He could see her now, slender and dainty in her pink tights and brief costume, standing on the high platform, with the noise of the circus crowd and the brightness of the lights fading to nothing below them. And there had been just the two of them in the entire universe, existing there in space. Lynne, the loveliest of girls, shaking her black hair, smiling at him, as she did now only from the worn picture in his wallet. Lynne loosing the trapeze toward him, swinging it as she had done a thousand times before, catching the one he sent her. Lynne soaring confidently out into space to meet him, to twist her tall, graceful body, catch his strong fingers. The one chance in a million, the split-second catch of a rope, their timing off. His hands reaching out to catch only air. The jerk of his body as he tried frantically, impossibly, to reach her. Her scream going down, down, where there was no net. The great sucking roar of the crowd. . . . Raphael moaned aloud, hearing it again, as he had so often since Lynne's death. Lynne's scream fading, fading. . . .

It faded now into the flat reality of Mynnelu's voice. Mynnelu Schultz, owner and feminine half of their magic and juggling act, the Nimble Schultzes. Impossible that the world which had contained Lynne, young, uncompromising, ecstatic Lynne, should also contain worldly-wise Mynnelu. Impossible that Raphael, he whose likeness, with Lynne's, just three years ago had been plastered on billboards in successive cities from coast to coast, cheered daily for his daring feats, should now wearily stand up and give mediocre performances—they had many times been called worse than that by angry managements—of juggling balls, producing a white rabbit out of an empty series of boxes, sawing Mynnelu in half.

Incredible, and vague to Raphael, exactly how he had come to be here. He suspected that it was not at all vague to Mynnelu. Since the day of Lynne's accident, Raphael had not climbed a rope or even a ladder; the slightest height brought on an instant, often physical sickness. He had left the circus, and having been raised in a Michigan orphanage after being abandoned at the age of three with no known family, he had drifted into the nearest method of survival, part-time employment as a carnival barker. It was there that he had met

Mynnelu and she had offered him a partnership in the Nimble Schultzes, equipment and all. Dabbing at her eyes, she had told Raphael that the previous Mr. Schultz was just deceased. Now, knowing Mynnelu much better, Raphael suspected that Mr. Schultz had, instead, decamped. But as Mynnelu had pointed out, Raphael had absolutely nothing to lose by trying to learn the routines.

Numbly Raphael had accepted the not-too-good food Mynnelu had cooked for him on hot plates in shabby rooming houses; the professional effects of the deceased or decamped Mr. Schultz. Accepted even his name professionally, since it was as the Nimble Schultzes that the act had been booked and its following, such as it was, built. As numbly Raphael had taken Mynnelu's directions: Lift this, juggle that, SMILE, bow, SMILE!

And though he winced now at the flat sound of her voice, in fairness he had to admit that three years ago he had also accepted the comfort that Mynnelu's soft, reassuring little presence had given him. Dressed up and professionally groomed, Mynnelu was an exceedingly attractive girl, of her somewhat flamboyant type. And a wise and experienced one. Cheerfully she had let him talk about Lynne, making no demands. And he had been grateful to her in his loneliness, until somehow, without understanding the process, he found himself where he was today, completely enmeshed by Mynnelu, tied up with contracts, debts. Mynnelu had no intention of losing another Nimble Schultz. Raphael had no hope of ever getting away from her. No hope at all.

As much as at the sound of her voice, he winced at the words she would now inevitably say. "Hot enough for you?" asked Mynnelu.

She half sat, half lay on the double seat facing him. Mynnelu was small, yet solidly built for her one hundred and fourteen pounds. She kicked her shapely (Continued on Page 58)

"The world is full of people who would kill for the sort of money Miss Amelia has," Kathi said.

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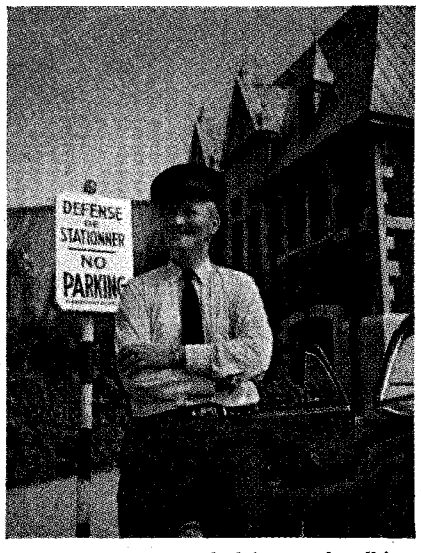
CITIES OF THE WORLD No.17

QUEBEC CITY

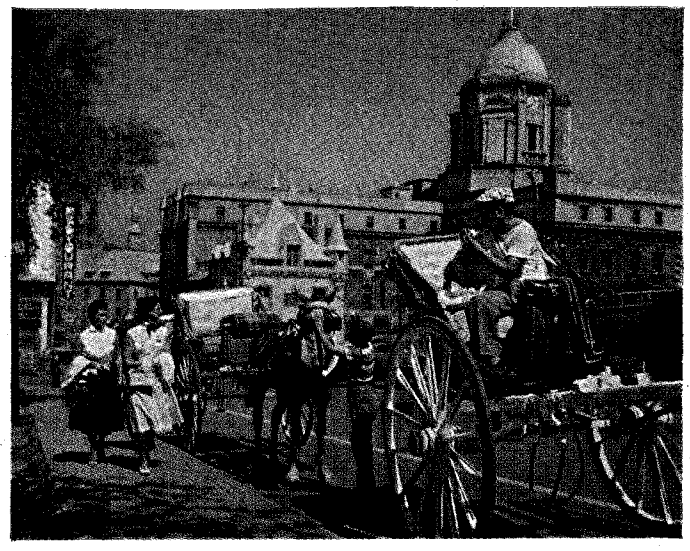
By George Sessions Perry

A Post writer takes you to "the most glamorously European city this side of the Atlantic."

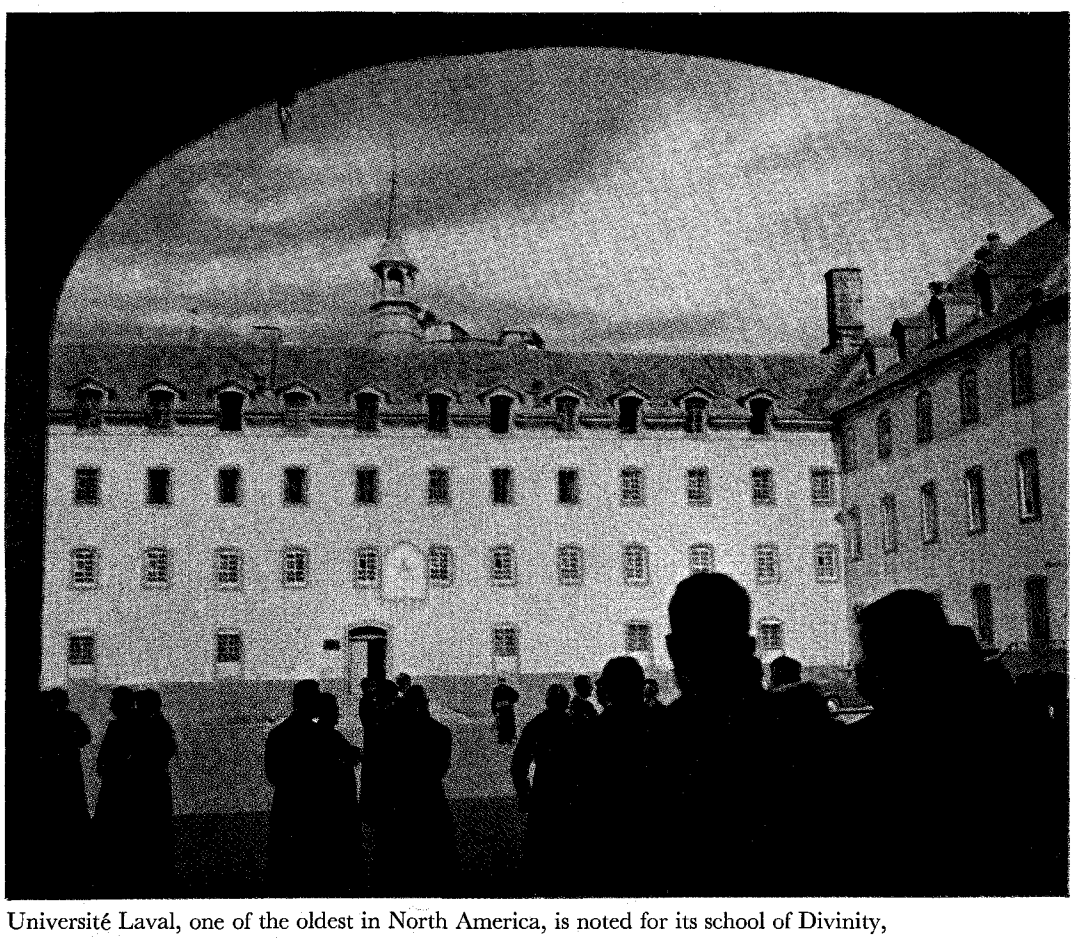
Canadian Mounties are the main targets of tourist cameras at the historic Plains of Abraham.



Tommy Sheridan: cab driver and walking encyclopedia on the lore of Quebec.



For leg-weary sight-seers, there's no better way to tour the city's narrow, twisting streets than by *calèche*.



Université Laval, one of the oldest in North America, is noted for its school of Divinity, which furnishes many of the priests serving predominantly Roman Catholic Quebec.

The walled city of Quebec, built on a 333-foot bluff above the mile-wide waters of the St. Lawrence River, is just the way you've always heard it was, only more so.

The air is alive with the ringing of church bells, the lonesome plaint of steamboat whistles and the beeping of horn-happy motorists. Everywhere the sky is pierced by towers, cross-topped spires, statuary, and steep copper roofs designed to shed snow. Many of the buildings have a dreamy, slightly lopsided look, reminiscent of a medieval French town.

On the leg-killing inclines of the narrow, twisting streets there are attractive shops selling such tourist essentials as Hudson's Bay blankets, British woolens, French perfumes, English bone china and Canadian furs. These same streets are threaded by brightly painted, two-wheeled carriages, called *calèches*, driven by besashed Quebeckers.

Quebec City, population 220,000, is predominantly French, molded by French traditions and culture. In the province of Quebec 75 per cent of the people speak French and in Quebec City the percentage rises to 94. These people are proud of their Gallic origin and are absolutely determined to preserve the spirit of New France. The city has four radio stations, but only one gives programs in English, and only one newspaper of the city's three is printed in English. Traffic markers and other public notices are printed in both languages.

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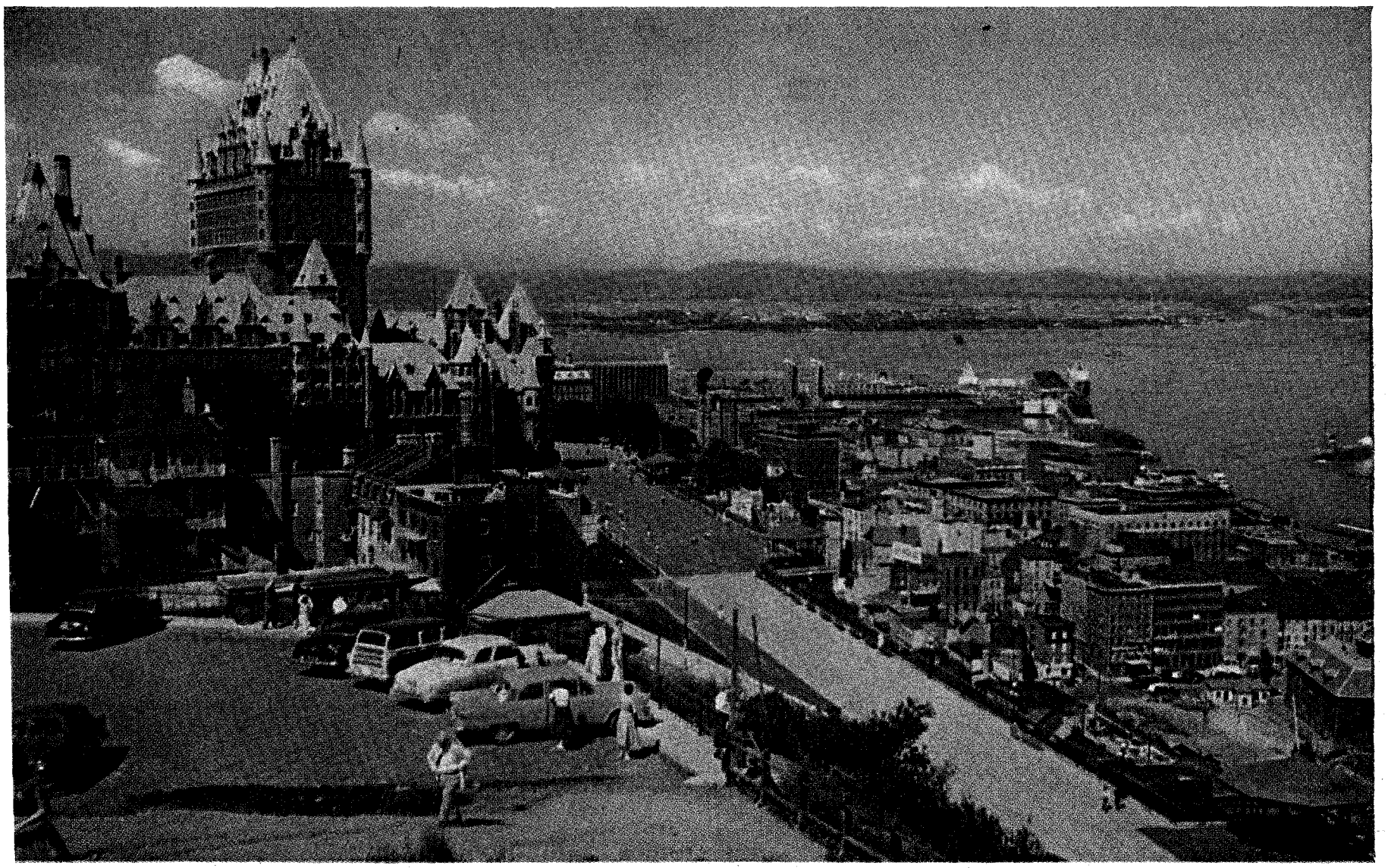

Château Frontenac, Quebec's most famous landmark, towers above the Lower Town and the busy St. Lawrence River. Although it looks like a medieval castle, the Château is actually a 723-room hotel, and dates only from the 1890's.

Photographs by FRANK ROSS

The French Canadians were the real pioneers who civilized Canada, and its first rulers. Canada was claimed for France by Jacques Cartier in 1534, and the colony of Quebec was settled by Samuel de Champlain in 1608. Canada spent more than 200 years under the French flag, but the population grew slowly. Quebec was less successful at luring colonists from the old country than in breeding brand-new ones right on the spot.

To facilitate this enterprise, shiploads of young women known as "the king's girls" were sent from France to marry the *habitants*, as Canadian settlers were called. Nor were these girls mere leftovers. It had been stipulated by the colonial government that they have agreeable dispositions and "be not bad looking." Bachelors were fined 300 livres if they were still unmarried fifteen days after the boatloads arrived. Boys who married before age twenty and girls before sixteen were rewarded with cattle, swine, poultry and twenty livres in cash. When General Montcalm was defeated in 1759 and Canada came under British rule there were only 65,000 French Canadians. Since then they have multiplied so rapidly that there are now about 3,000,000 in the province.

The British are still regarded as interlopers by the French Canadians of Quebec, who stick together in all things religious or political. The French-speaking population votes as a solid bloc. Since Quebec has so many seats in the federal Parliament, this province, under the leadership of its perennial premier, Maurice Duplessis, is the keystone of Dominion politics. No party can long remain in power without its approval.

In essence the French-Canadian voter wants more and more provincial independence, more rights. His approach to all questions is conservative. In world politics he is isolationist, and dead set against having his sons conscripted for foreign service. The Quebeckers have no love for Louis XV, the monarch who, in their minds, abandoned Quebec to the British. "France," you will hear it said, "will always be the mother country. It was the king who betrayed us."

To emphasize its difference from the rest of Canada, Quebec has its own flag, a white cross of Lorraine on a blue field, with a white fleur-de-lis in each quarter. This banner is raised on every possible occasion.

Quebeckers are almost as ready to quote statistics as Texans. The province, measuring almost 600,000 square miles, is the largest in Canada. It has more developed water power than all the rest of Canada, and can triple the supply when it wants to. It produces 65 per cent of the world's supply of asbestos. Forest preserves add up to 174,000 square miles.

Almost 100 per cent of French Canadians are devout Catholics. All French-Canadian children are taught (Continued on Page 52)

Chef Emile Cheneau hustles a special order of Boeuf Bouquetière for customers at the Kerhulu Restaurant.

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"Sahib brings me luck,"
explained Cynthia, stroking her tiger.
"He's been my pet two years now.
I wouldn't move without him."

The Lady's Imagination

She was a perfectly normal young woman, except in one respect.

By JAMES NORMAN

There was one thing John Debra hated. It was cats. Small or large, tabbies or tigers, he had a passion for getting rid of them. Since he was a person of some means, this was usually not too difficult. It was only when he encountered Cynthia Kelly's striped cat that he ran into trouble. A man just doesn't toss out his leading lady's pet. For one thing, Cynthia's cat was a healthy young Bengal tiger; for the other, it was invisible.

Except where cats were concerned, Debra was a pleasantly normal man and a very fine director. His was an old and respected name in the theater; there had been Debras on the London stage ever since Shakespeare and Burbage. Like his ancestors, young John Debra had carved a respectable niche for himself, not only in the British theater but as a director of exceptional documentary-film dramas.

For a man of note he was neither flamboyant nor Bohemian, but rather, was a slim, correct bachelor. In place of being handsome, there was an air about him of attractive melancholy. His smile—always somewhat casual—gave one the feeling that it was an understatement.

To watch Debra at work was an exciting experience. When rehearsing a new play or making a movie, he was subtle, refreshing and dynamic. He had many of the qualities of a mature Belasco or a Stanislavsky, and when he showed an actor how to make an entrance, when to twist a gesture or arch a brow, his powers of suggestion were such that he seemed to bring about in his people not only inner psychological but even outward changes. Under the visual conditions of the stage and screen, *l'optique du théâtre*, he created uncanny illusions of reality.

When not at the theater or studios, Debra was always abroad somewhere, getting rid of cats. This usually meant hunting lions and tigers, though if the opportunity afforded itself, he was not above doing in someone's pet mouser. He wasn't precisely a sportsman. He hated felines too intensely—an obsession that ran deeply in his blood, like his sense of theater.

The reason for his cat mania was a rare allergy. If a live cat brushed too close to him his breathing became asthmatic and he broke out in raging hives. Oddly, dead or stuffed cats had no such effect upon him.

(Continued on Page 44)

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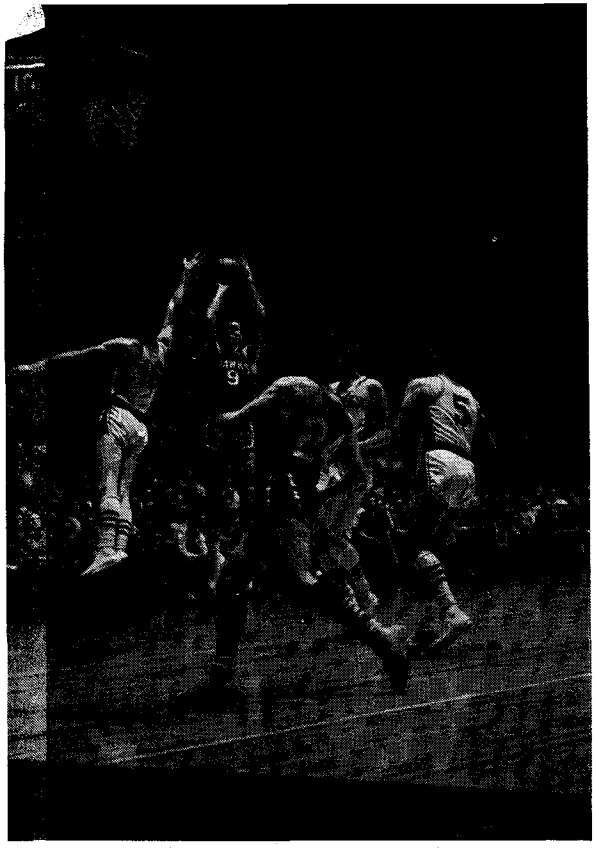
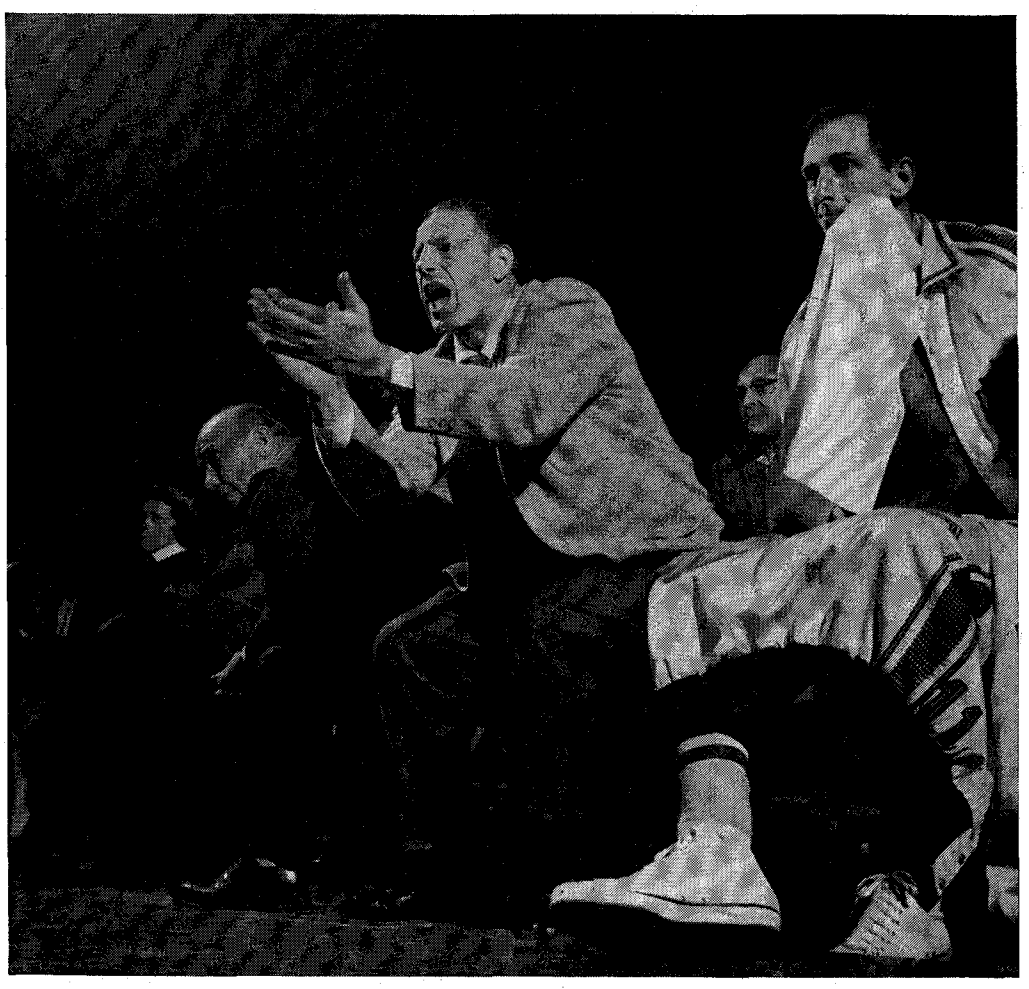


Cervi's Nats, defending N.B.A. champions, won this Jan. 12 home game against the St. Louis Hawks, 93–78.

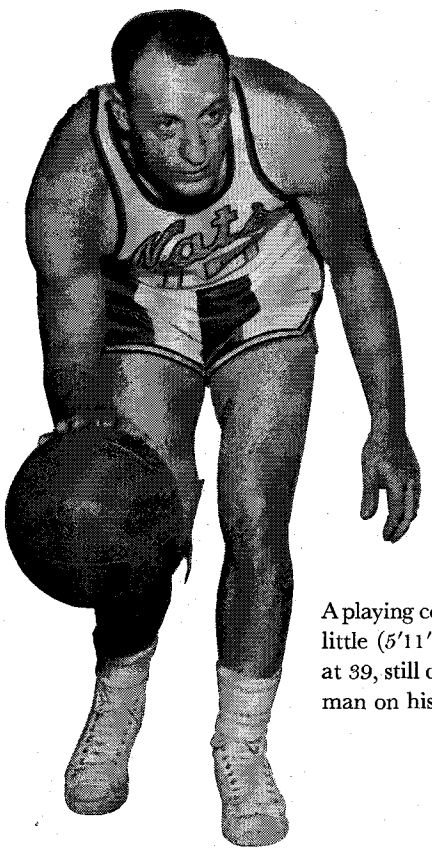
One of pro basketball's canniest and most colorful figures is Cervi of Syracuse,

The Coach With the Terrible Temper

By EDWARD LINN



"I'm one coach without ulcers," says Cervi, shown next to 6'9" Red Rocha. "I'd rather be noisy and healthy than quiet and sick." Up to this season, the Nats had won 295, lost 179 under Cervi.



A playing coach until 1953, little (5'11") Al Cervi, at 39, still can outrun any man on his squad.

It would take a long day's looking, even in this sport where the fiery type is commonplace, to find another man who is quite so obsessed with the idea of coming out ahead as Al Cervi, coach of the defending professional basketball champions, the Syracuse Nationals. Cervi has more than just the urge to win. Despite the up-and-down performance this season of his injury-hampered Nats, he is widely rated as the soundest coach in the National Basketball Association, because he is strong in every phase of the job—as a bench coach, a gym coach, a talent judge, a handler of men. But his greatest asset is his ability to transmit to his teams his own passion for winning.

The thought of defeat—even a token defeat—seems to be wholly intolerable to Cervi. Once, clowning around in the gym, he challenged a no-longer-youthful reporter to try to get the ball away from him. By one of those freaks, the reporter took a swipe between Cervi's legs and knocked the ball loose.

All at once, the good humor left the gym. "Very good," Al said grimly. "Very good. Now let's see if I can get the ball away from you." He had no trouble, of course, in taking it away again and again. And while he was doing it, he was using his elbows and shoulders so freely that the poor old guy could hardly walk for the next few days.

When a team falls so far behind in a game that victory is out of the question, the players normally forgo teamwork and concentrate upon building up their own scoring records. Cervi won't stand for that kind of thing. One quitter, he feels, can subtly undermine a whole team to the point where it will be giving up a little earlier every game.

"I don't want a quitter wearing my uniform," he says. "I don't want him sitting on my bench. I don't want him in my locker room. Hell," he exclaims in distaste, "I don't want to have to even look at him."

It is little wonder, then, that the Syracuse Nats have been notable over the years for their spirited, aggressive play. They haven't had too much big-name talent. Since Cervi began coaching them in 1948, the only Syracuse player of N.B.A. all-star first-team caliber has been Dolph Schayes. Yet up to this season, Cervi's Nats had (Continued on Page 91)

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TOUGH LITTLE ARMY

A correspondent's dispatch on the surprising strength of Israel, a new nation with a passion to survive—no matter what.

By DON COOK

Gen. Moshe Dayan, only 40, is Israeli Chief of Staff. He got his military training—and lost an eye—fighting for the British in the Second World War.

TEL AVIV, ISRAEL.

Back in the 1920's and 1930's when the Israeli Army was an underground force called Haganah, training secretly and organized with all of the tightly compartmentalized security of a superspy ring, an army song was born:

I fought and fell to set our homeland free.
By day I plowed the land,
At night I held a rifle in my hand
Until the very end.

It is far from the rollicking "wild blue yonder" or the sentimental Lili Marlene type of music that soldiers usually sing—for the Israeli Army is not that sort of army. This old Haganah fighter's song—now part of the tradition of as rugged a military force as you'll find anywhere in the world today—is a minor-key song with the searching sort of music Jewish cantors chant. It has the sadness and power of folk music, born of both despair and hope—it leaves a haunting, unfinished note in the air. It is music of the synagogues and the ghettos, of gas chambers and survival, of a thousand tongues with one faith, of wanderers searching for the security of home. It is a people's music as well as an army's music—and this is the inner strength and spirit and hallmark of the Israeli Army today: The fusion of a people, a cause, a religion, a nation born at last, and now to be defended.

But the Israeli Army is also an army commanded by highly competent young professional officers, tested in battle, tough, and completely sure of itself. More than that, it has become perhaps the greatest welding social force in the state of Israel, except for the common Jewish faith which brought the country into being. There are Jewish immigrants from no fewer than thirty-five countries in the Israeli Army today—without doubt the most polyglot military force in the world.

Finally, it is an army backed up by the most effective national mobilization system ever

ISRAEL'S FIGHTERS COME FROM MANY LANDS

Bulgaria

Argentina

Great Britain

Czechoslovakia

Romania

U.S.A.

Italy

India

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Bitterness in the Israel-Arab dispute is without parallel. This Israeli was wounded when a wedding, held near the "Gaza Strip," was broken up by unidentified raiders.

devised by any nation—far more complete even than that of Switzerland. When the Israelis press their "M-day" button—and they do this unit-by-unit all over the country almost every day in the week—they not only can rush 250,000 men and women into uniforms within forty-eight hours. They also can mobilize every bus, taxicab, truck and private automobile in the country into army motor pools. Every car owner has a mobilization order instructing him where to report and hand over his car. Every hospital becomes a military hospital. The army takes control of all communications circuits, roads and railroads. Food and oil stocks immediately are under the tightest rationing control. Most important of all, every village in the country breaks out a secret cache of weapons ranging from rifles to mortars and antitank guns. A village military-reserve unit is mobilized and a reserve officer puts on his uniform and takes command of the area.

Israel overnight can thus be turned into 8000 square miles of planned and determined hedgehog defenses, village by village. The standing orders of the Israeli general staff to every village commander are: "You must defend your own soil. We, the army, will be fighting the enemy as we see best. We may be able to give you help. We may not. You must defend yourselves."

Here again is the top-to-bottom identity of the Israeli people with their army and the defense of their country. The persecutions suffered by the Jewish people in Europe and throughout the world, the energy, money and sheer physical strength which have been put into the building of the Jewish state—all of this has bred in the people a cold national determination to fight for every inch of the Promised Land, no matter what the sacrifice. Incidentally, the tension created by this spirit undoubtedly was responsible for the recent Israeli raid on Syrian military posts, with the result that the United Nations Security Council last month unanimously condemned Israel's action.

Israel's military strength, plus will to fight, is a simple fact. To state it, is not to take sides in the Israel-Arab conflict, or to judge the question "On whose land is the state of Israel built?" or to dispute the case of the 900,000 Arab refugees whose homes are in the Israeli part of what used to be Palestine. The facts of the state of Israel—its defensive potential and military strength and its determination to use that strength and not to cede anything but border-straightening bits of territory—are stark realisms of the problem of the Middle East today.

It was this passionate fighting belief in the cause of the Jewish homeland which won the war for Israel against the Arabs in 1948—and which has been passed on from Haganah to the Israeli Army of today. When the fighters of the underground emerged to take on the invading armies (Continued on Page 94)

Hatred for Israel is written in the face of this Arab woman who displays fragments of a bomb allegedly exploded by Israelis in an attack on a Jordan village.

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SUMMER IN THE AIR

This is the time of adventure. A boy can do almost anything—once he shakes winter off his feet.

By RAY BRADBURY

Late at night, going home from the show with his mother and father, Tom saw the tennis shoes in the bright store window. He glanced quickly away, but his ankles were seized and his feet were suspended. The earth spun, the shop awnings slammed their canvas wings overhead with the thrust of his body running. His mother and father walked quietly on either side of him. Tom walked backward, watching the tennis shoes in the midnight window left behind.

"It was a nice movie," said mother.

Tom murmured, "It was."

It was June and long past time for buying the special shoes that were quiet as a summer rain falling on the walks. June and the earth full of lightning, and everything everywhere in motion. Grass poured in from the country, surrounded the sidewalks, stranded the houses; the green flood was endless. Any moment the town would capsize and go down and leave not so much as a stir in the clover and weeds. And here Tom stood, trapped on the dead concrete and the red brick streets, unable to move.

"Dad!" He blurted it out. "Back there in that window, those Cream-Sponge Para Litefoot Shoes."

His father didn't even turn. "Suppose you tell me why you need a new pair of sneakers; can you do that?"

"Well——"

It was because they felt the way it feels every summer when you take off your shoes for the first time and run in the grass. They felt as it feels sticking your feet out of the hot covers in wintertime to let the cold wind from the open window blow on them suddenly and you let them stay out a long time until you pull them back in under the covers again to feel them, like packed snow. The tennis shoes felt as it always feels the first time every year wading in the slow waters of the creek and seeing your feet below, half an inch further downstream, with refraction, than the real part of you above water.

"Dad," said Tom, "it's hard to explain."

Somehow the people who made tennis shoes knew what boys needed and wanted. They put marshmallows and coiled springs in the soles and they wove the rest out of bleached grasses from other summers that had fire in them from the wilderness. Somewhere deep in the soft loam of the shoes the thin hard sinews of the buck deer were hidden. The people that made the shoes must have watched a lot of winds blow the trees and a lot of rivers going down to the lakes. Whatever it was, it was in the shoes, and it was summer.

Tom tried to get all this in words.

"Yes," said father, "but what's wrong with last year's sneakers? Why can't you dig them out of the closet?"

Well, he felt sorry for boys who lived in California where they wore tennis shoes all year and never knew what it was to get winter off your feet, peel off the iron leather shoes all full of snow and rain, and run barefoot for a day and then lace on the first new tennis shoes of the season, which was better than barefoot. The magic was always in the new pair of shoes. The magic might die by the first of September, but now in late June there was still plenty of magic, and shoes like these could jump you over trees and rivers and houses. And if you wanted, they could jump you over fences and sidewalks and dogs.

"Don't you see?" said Tom. "I just can't use last year's pair."

For last year's pair were dead inside. They had been fine when he started them out, last year. But by the end of summer, every year, you always found out, you always knew, you couldn't really jump over rivers and trees and houses in (Continued on Page 71)

Illustrated by Amos Sewell

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Tom fe
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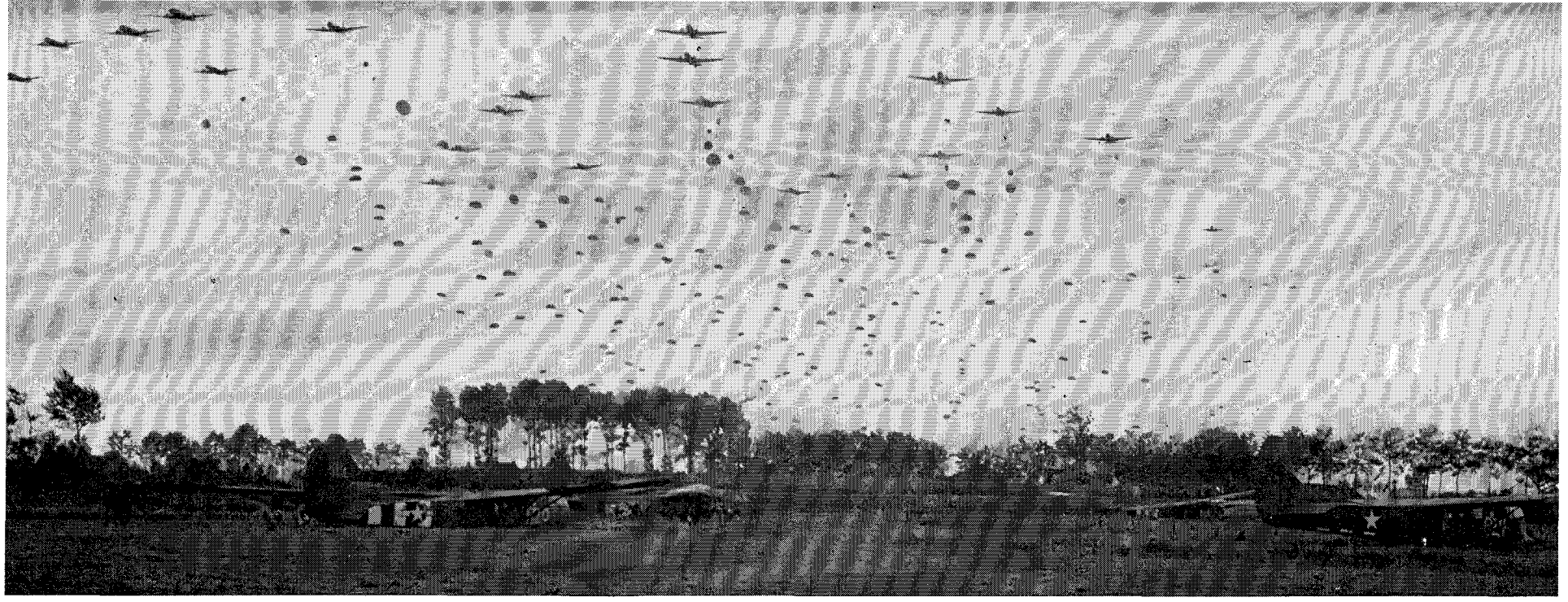

Paratroopers of the XVIII Corps drop into Holland in September, 1944, to lay a carpet for British troops. Ridgway blames the ground armies for the failure of this campaign.

MY BATTLES IN WAR AND PEACE:

★ ★ ★ ★

PART FIVE: THE PRICE OF VICTORY

By **GENERAL MATTHEW B. RIDGWAY** AS TOLD TO HAROLD H. MARTIN

Ridgway tells how courage and prayer and laughter carried the casualty-torn 82nd Airborne from Normandy to the Elbe.

Below me in the dark I saw the canopy of the jump-master blossom as we fell through the night sky, 600 feet into the fields of Normandy. Above me and to the right, the chutes of the men who had followed me out of the plane showed dimly against the moon. I came down straight, into a nice soft grassy field, rolled, spilled the air from my chute, slid out of my harness and looked around. Dark shapes were moving nearby. I challenged, got no answer and grabbed for my pistol. It was gone, and as I stooped to grope for it in the grass, I caught the bulky outline of a cow. I have never been so pleased to see a cow. Her presence meant that this field was not mined or spiked with "Rommel's asparagus"—sharp wooden stakes that could impale a paratrooper or rip the bellies out of the gliders that were to come in at first daylight.

After Sicily, I had got nearly everyone equipped with a .45. Buckled in his tight harness, a paratrooper is helpless in the first few seconds after he hits the ground. Trussed up as he is, he cannot possibly get to a rifle or a carbine, and a pistol may be his only salvation if somebody is after his scalp at the moment of the landing. But I had dropped my pistol, and was still groping for it, fussing and fuming, but trying to be as quiet as possible. Then my eye caught a movement in the shadow of a hedge at the edge of the field. Again I challenged. This time I got the proper response instantly. I moved over toward the hedge to find a man lying on the ground. It was Captain Follmer—the same officer I had first encountered after the drop into Sicily. Then he had a fractured ankle. This time he had hurt his back.

The planes were still going over, dim shadows against the sky, and the Germans by now were putting up one of the finest fireworks displays I have ever seen. Rockets and tracers were streaking through the night, and big explosions were going off everywhere. I had gone in with the second battalion of the 505th Parachute Infantry Regiment, a magnificent outfit, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Vandervoort, as brave an officer as I ever knew. He broke an ankle in landing, got it set by one of the parachute surgical teams who had dropped with us, and, limping on a stirrup crutch and a cane, led his battalion throughout the rest of the campaign. He was still leading his men months later, in the Holland drop, when he was shot through the face and blinded in one eye.

All through the night the troopers came in, by twos and threes, and by first light Colonel Vandervoort had enough of his battalion assembled to proceed on his mission. My little command group of eleven officers and men set up shop in an apple orchard, almost exactly where we'd planned to be before we left England. We had no vehicles. We had only hand weapons, and our first job was to get in touch with the other elements of the division.

They came in slowly. The unexpected clouds my formation had struck as we neared the drop zone (Continued on Page 114)

NEXT WEEK . . .

The general presents his own report on

THE KOREAN WAR

Gen. Eisenhower and the author at Ridgway's headquarters shortly before the surrender of Germany.

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HOMICIDE HARBOR

The boy stared in horror at his ghastly catch. What was he going to do with a corpse?

By KINGSLEY TUFTS

I live on Pico Street and I am called Gonzalez," my uncle says respectfully. "This boy is Pedro, the son of my brother who is called José."

"Your first name?" the policeman asks.

"Luis."

"And the number on Pico Street?"

"There is no number," Uncle Luis answers. "She is on the alley. A one-room house which belongs to Fernando Gomez. His daughter, Rosa, is married to Sam Hondo, who has the garage."

"No number," the policeman says. "Where do you work?"

"Work?" Uncle Luis smiles. "It is bad enough to be poor, *señor!*"

"Where can we find you when we want you?"

"After my morning coffee I am often at Manuel Velez's barbershop," Uncle Luis replies with patience. "She is a place known to all. You are acquainted with her?"

"What do you do there?" the officer growls.

"I sit with my friends," my uncle replies with dignity. "Is there a law against that?"

"I suppose your brother sits there too?" the officer observes. "And the squirt here too?"

"She is a very pleasant place," my Uncle Luis answers, "and my nephew is not a squirt."

My uncle Luis does not like people to make fun of me because I am small for my ten years. He is beginning to stand heavier, with his chin pulled lower against his neck. I think this policeman would be smart to lay off my Uncle Luis before he finds where a turtle puts his head.

"I'm told you spend a lot of time out here on the pier," the cop says. "Why? What do you do around here?"

My Uncle shrugs. "One must eat, *señor*." He looks out to the breakwater and over the many fishing boats riding at the buoys in the Santa Monica harbor. When my Uncle Luis stops talking, there is a big hole in the air.

"We fish here," I explain, when he stays clammed up. "My (Continued on Page 72)

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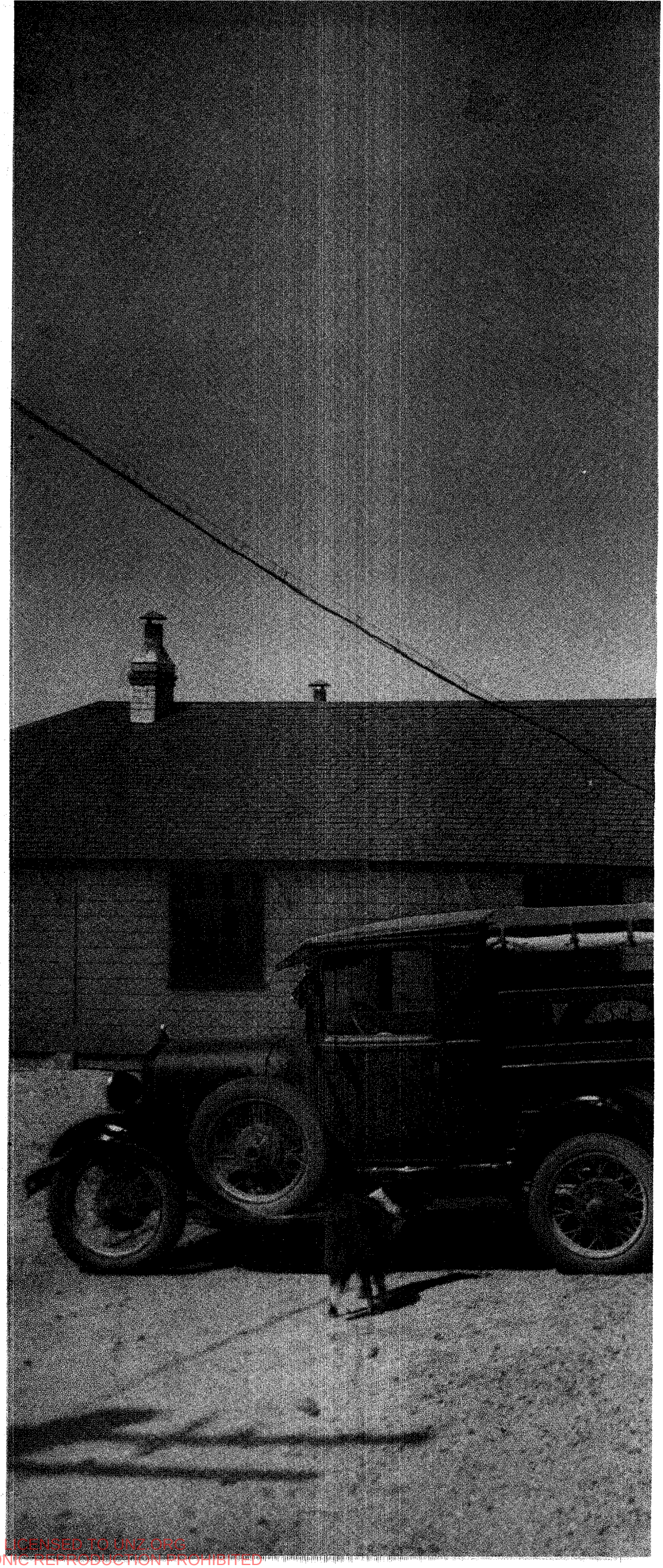
The Face of AMERICA

Whistle Stop

Sometimes the fast freight pauses for orders at this way station in Hidalgo County, New Mexico. The event is a welcome diversion in a lonely land. This is Steins Stand, once a stagecoach stop on the old Butterfield Trail from Missouri to California. It perches atop the 4347-foot summit of the pass through the Peloncillo Mountains. Here, when New Mexico was still a territory, travelers to the West had one for the road before descending through Doubtful Canyon where Geronimo's murderous Apaches lurked. For some, Steins was the Last Town on Earth. But in September, 1880, Southern Pacific track gangs, pushing eastward from Arizona, made the Butterfield Trail obsolete. Steam engines put the stagecoach drivers out of work and soon the Apaches were left unemployed too. Steins became a whistle stop—population 45—where the ghosts of whisky-breathing whipcrackers and redskins prowl. Also the ghost of the Army paymaster, who was murdered near Steins. The Army found the corpse, but not the payroll (it was in gold). The paymaster evidently buried it before the Indians killed him. Maybe it's out there in the hills somewhere. Just where, nobody knows. ● Photograph by Bill Shrout



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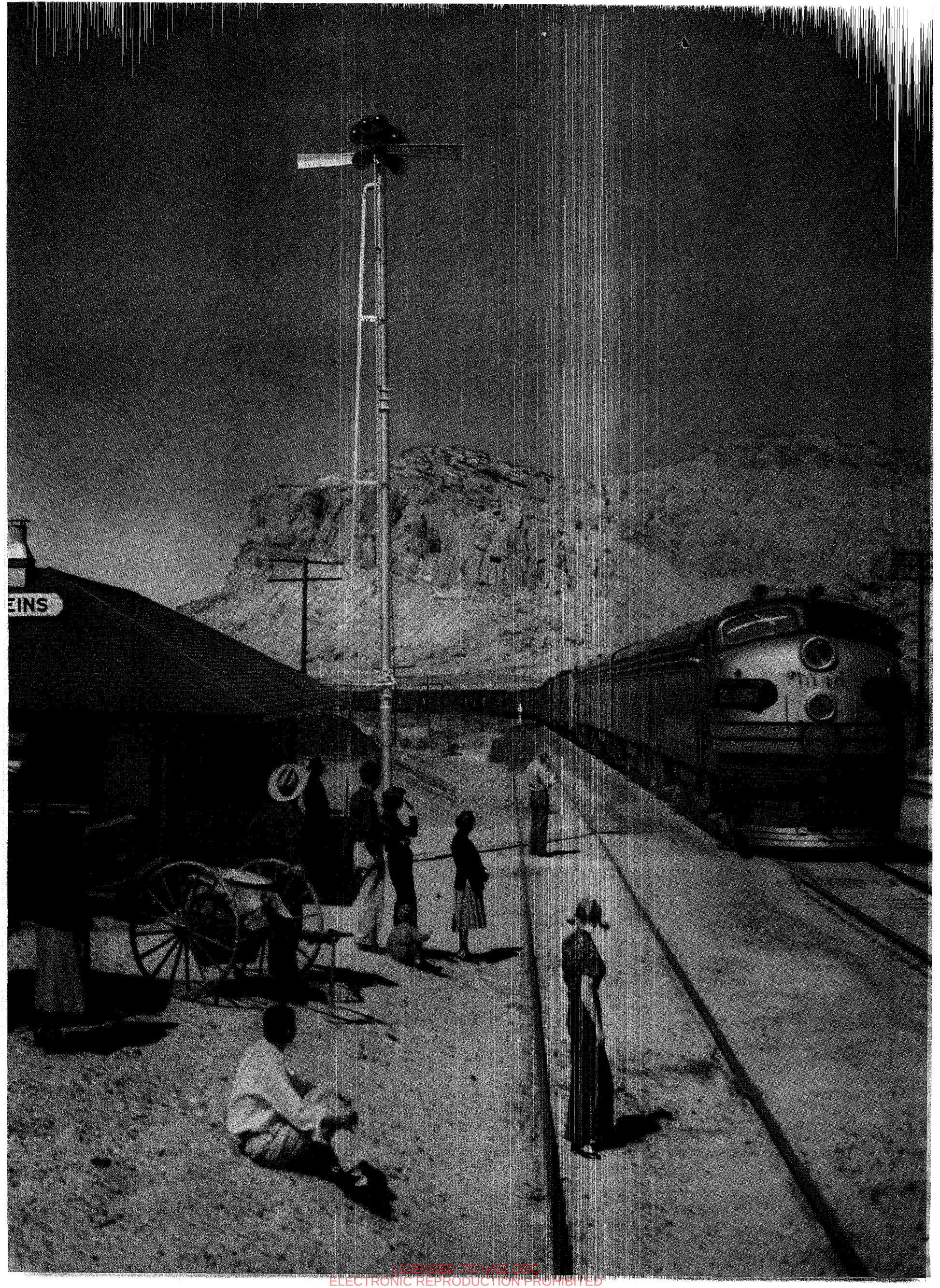

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New Yorkers, accustomed to such flamboyant characters as Fiorello LaGuardia and Bill O'Dwyer, have a hard time figuring out young Bob Wagner. A Post Editor reports on

The Case of the Modest Mayor

By JACK ALEXANDER

The Mayor (right) and some fellow Democrats: Gov. Gary of Oklahoma; Tammany Boss De Sapio; President Harold Moskovit, of New York Young Democrats; Gov. Williams, of Michigan.

His Honor at the oars in Central Park. Passengers are Manhattan Borough President Hulan Jack (left), Robert Moses (right) and two little friends named Nancy.

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As a student at Yale in 1933, Bob managed the baseball team. Today, his favorite relaxation is to spend an evening reminiscing with other Yale alumni.

The late U. S. Sen. Robert F. Wagner and his son cast their votes in a 1940 election which saw "Young Bob" re-elected to the New York state assembly.

During his junket to Europe in 1955 Mayor Wagner was startled as publicity-minded Miss Paris and Miss France greeted him at the airport. Mrs. Wagner (left) went along with the gag, which left Monsieur the Mayor somewhat shaken.

Each era fashions its own image of the ideal candidate and it is conceivable that Robert Ferdinand Wagner, now happily reigning as the 102d mayor of New York, will someday be classified by political anthropologists as a prototype, or swing man. His chances of winning this posthumous distinction are really very good, as he is generally considered to be on his way up from City Hall into higher regions. Though only forty-five, he is no one-man youth movement, being too smart politically for such juvenile nonsense. He is the kind of young man who doesn't push his elders around. Should he make the grade nationally in one way or another his political bones will probably bear a label which translates from the scientific Latin as The Somewhat Extroverted Introvert.

Within his own Democratic Party Wagner faces strong competition for the honor, principally from Gov. Averell Harriman and Adlai Stevenson. But both of these men, on the record to date, have overdone the pitch, behaving as if they were trying to skip a notch and qualify as The Quite Extroverted Introvert. This attempted skipping, even if it succeeds, is biologically unsound, the way a man who manages to grow three perfectly good ears is unsound, and Wagner's rivals have already shown evidences of the dire consequences of their pushfulness. Harriman's ancestral genes gibber audibly when he is addressing a proletarian audience, often causing him to fumble for the right vernacular word. Stevenson suffers from an acute compulsion to write his own speeches, a fault which is hopelessly aristocratic and which may cause him to miss important plane and train connections, and disappoint voters by the thousands.

Wagner, by temperament and by home training, is incapable of talking down to anybody. He was raised in a political household and from the time he could comprehend simple ideas he had the benefit of expert instruction in the art of attracting votes. He was later to need this training, as he was born a Grade A introvert.

Introverts in high government office today are rarities, except, of course, in appointive spots such as the Supreme Court of the United States, where an associate justice may well mumble his way into the history books without anyone being the wiser. The winds of political fortune in the elective field tend to reward full extroversion. Its identifying marks are the muscular handshake, the stentorian blast at enemies foreign and domestic, and the firm assurance of deliverance from any morass in which the country—or city or state or county or sewer district—happens to be currently mired.

(Continued on Page 98)

An evening at home in Gracie Mansion, the official residence of New York mayors: Wagner, wife Susan, and their sons, Duncan, nine, and Robert, twelve.

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THE BACK-TO-NATURE GIRL

By MICHAEL FESSIER

How could he convince Velma that it isn't nice to run around without clothes?

Most cars overheated on the long, steep grade climbing from the valley to Pinecrest, but Velma Winthrop didn't know that. She was, therefore, alarmed at the clanking noise that came from beneath the hood and fearfully expected her small sports car to fall apart at any moment. A slender, blond girl with green eyes and wearing a halter, white shorts and sneakers, she bit her 'ower lip and leaned tensely forward against the steering wheel as if to help propel the car the few remaining yards to the service station which stood between tall pines on the edge of the rutted dirt road. Finally the car staggered and gasped its way up to the gasoline pump and Velma turned off the ignition. She waited while the motor gurgled and belched and steamed ominously. When no attendant appeared, the girl pressed down on the horn ring and kept her hand there for half a minute.

Through the door of a rustic cottage in the rear of the service station came a tall, lean-faced, tow-haired young man who was eating a large slice of cake. He ambled leisurely up to the red-and-white car and peered with concern at the driver.

"Goodness," he said reprovingly, "do you have to make such a racket?"

"Do something," said Velma urgently. "I think it's going to explode."

The tall young man seemed not to have heard. He continued to peer at Velma. "Don't you recognize me, Miss Winthrop?" he asked.

"No, I don't," snapped the girl. "Will you please do something?"

He looked dubiously at the seething hood. "It might," he said cautiously, "be dangerous."

He thrust the piece of cake into Velma's hands and walked warily to the front of the car. Then he leaned down and lifted the hood. There was a louder hissing sound and a cloud of steam enveloped his face. He sprang aside; then went up to Velma.

"Thought I was a goner," he said, wiping his face with a handkerchief. Then he looked interestedly at the front of the car. "What do you think's wrong with her?" he asked.

"How should I know?" said Velma irritably. "Aren't you the mechanic?"

"Well, sort of," confessed the young man. "I'm kinda filling in for my Uncle Fred. You see, Uncle Fred—Fred Simmons, that is—and Aunt Norah run this place, and he had to go to the city on business and, it being my vacation, I volunteered to help out. It's been quite an experience. Only yesterday ——"

"Listen, you ——" said Velma.

"Hank," said the young man. "Hank Simmons. As I was saying ——"

"I don't care what you were saying!" snapped the girl. "I don't want to hear it! Will you get this car fixed? I've got to be at Camp Elysia by sundown, and it's already ——"

"Camp Elysia!" exclaimed Hank. "Why on earth ——" Then he snapped his fingers. "Of course," he said. "It was in all the newspapers." Then he quoted, "Automobile Heiress Defies Father; To Wed Horn-Tooting Head of Nudist Colony." He glanced briefly at Velma. "You might," he said censoriously, "have waited until you got there before you took your clothes off."

"I'm wearing clothes!" said the girl furiously. "If you'll only notice!"

Hank looked closely at her, then grinned. "Well, bless my soul," he said. "So you are. You shouldn't sit scrooched so low in the seat, Miss Winthrop; you give bystanders the wrong impression. When's the wedding, Miss Winthrop? Tonight?"

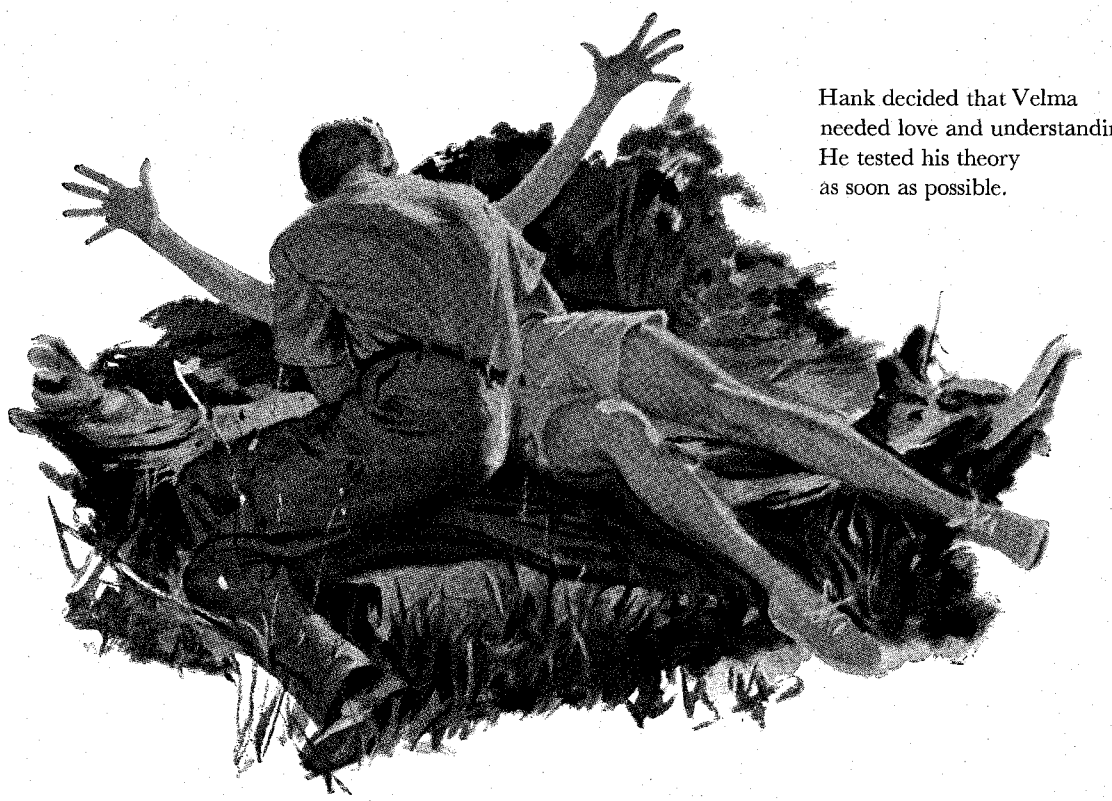
"Tomorrow at sunrise," said Velma. "And now will you please ——"

"Lordy," said Hank in a delighted voice. "I sure would like to attend that wedding. Never saw a naked preacher before in my life."

"For the last time," said Velma, gritting her teeth, "will you quit yammering and get to work on that motor?"

"I should say not," said Hank indignantly. "You want me to get scalded to death? We'll just have to wait until she cools off." Then he stared hungrily at Velma. "If you haven't got any use for that cake," he said, "I'd like it back." She picked up the cake and handed it to him. "Come

(Continued on Page 86)



Hank decided that Velma needed love and understanding. He tested his theory as soon as possible.

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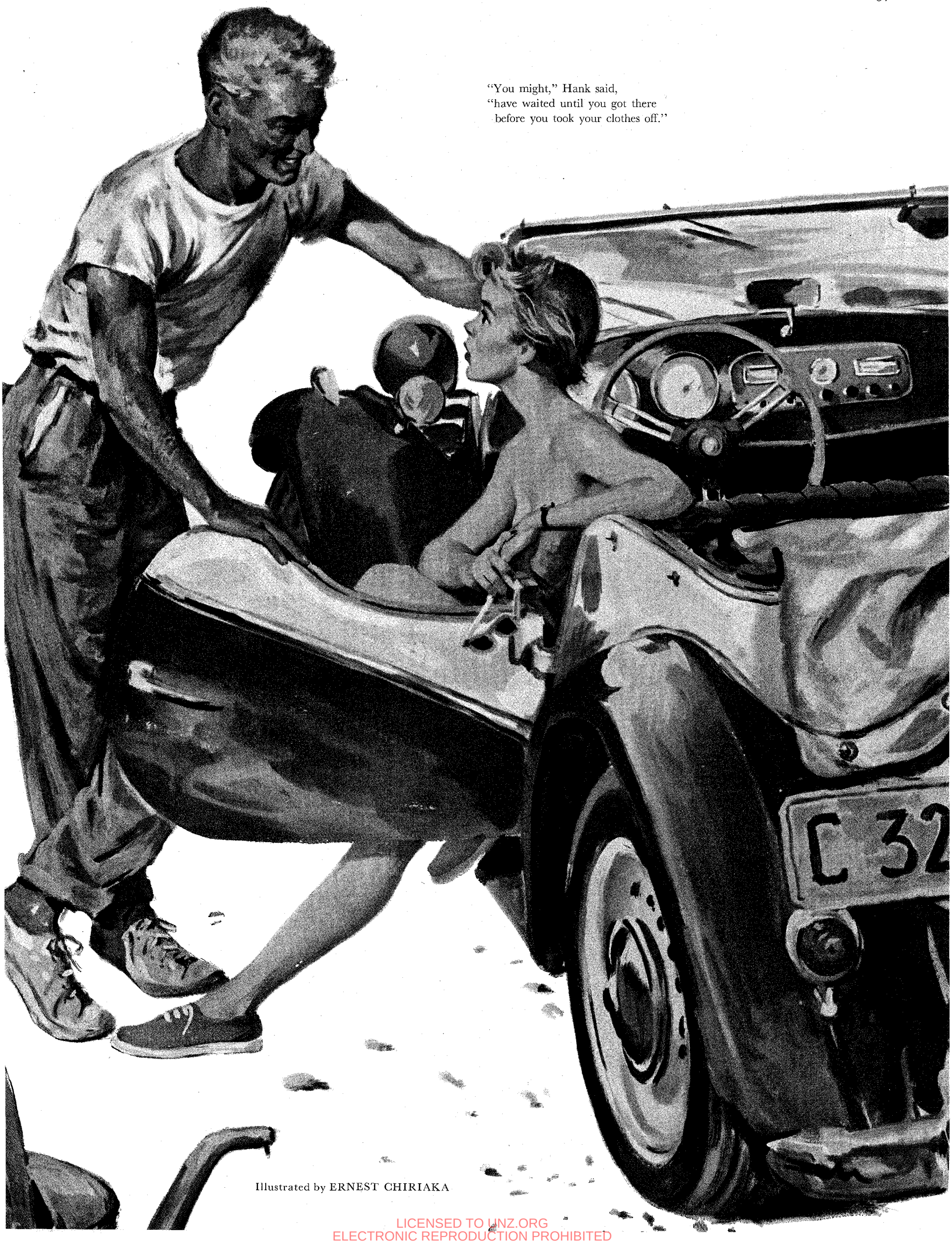
"You might," Hank said,
"have waited until you got there
before you took your clothes off."



Illustrated by ERNEST CHIRIAKA

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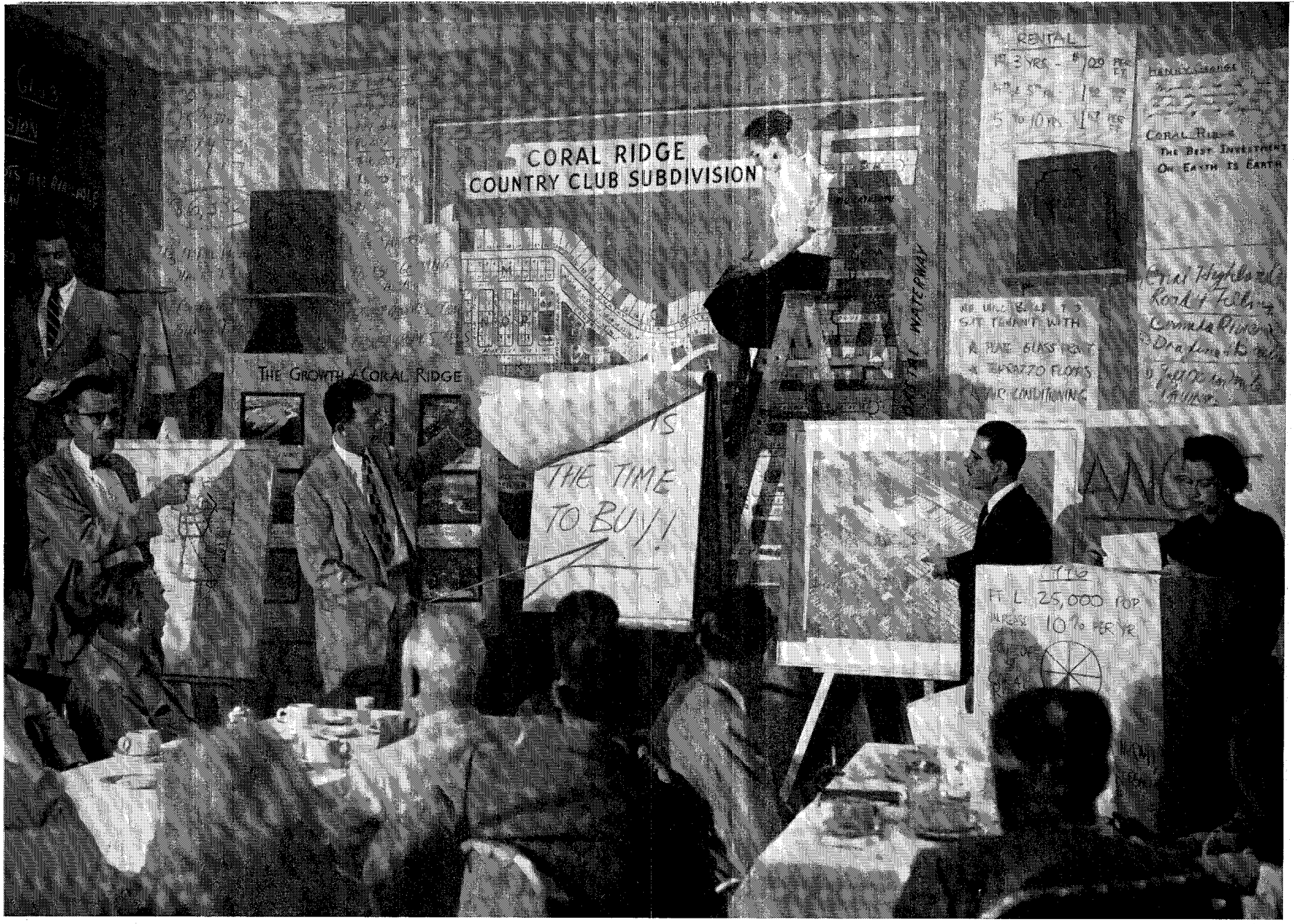
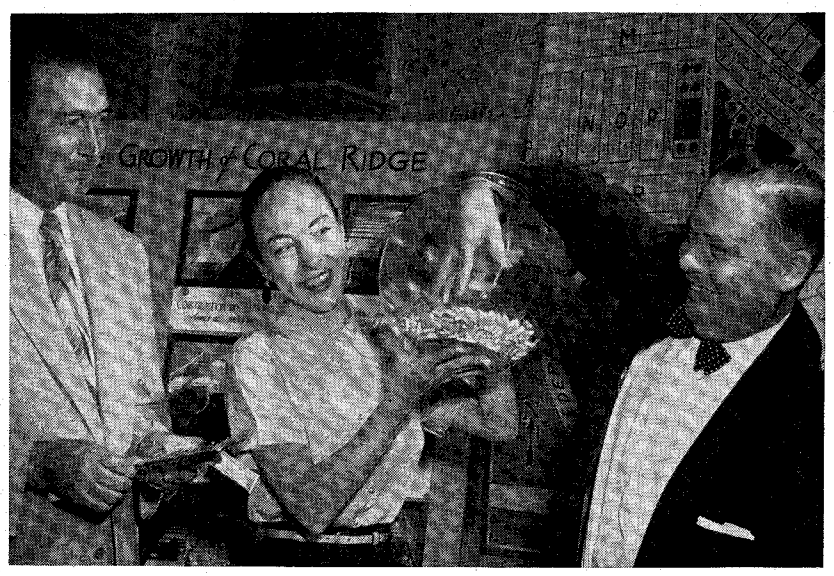


At daily breakfast meetings in James Hunt's Fort Lauderdale offices, realtors are fed coffee and rolls—and a steady line on the virtues of Hunt's new development.

New Style in Florida Booms

How a Detroit auto salesman turned a neglected Florida shore line into a $75,000-an-acre "paradise."

By RUFUS JARMAN



Brokers selling Coral Ridge lots get to draw a "bonus capsule" worth $10 to $500.

Ever since the spectacular collapse of the Florida real-estate market that seemed so rainbow-hued back in the 1920's, conservative businessmen in the Sunshine State have been inclined to regard "boom" as a decidedly unpleasant word. For this reason they have, until recently, been extremely reluctant to admit what appears to be the case: that their state is once more in a highly interesting condition.

In the past couple of years there has been a noteworthy revival of that old heady feeling, chiefly in the vicinity of Fort Lauderdale, a coastal city between Miami and Palm Beach. At a business breakfast there recently, for instance, the Coral Ridge Development Company sold $2,000,000 worth of residential lots within ten minutes, a feat which inevitably set old-timers thinking back to the gaudy days of thirty years ago.

Beneath the surface hoopla, however, observers noted distinct differences between this sale—and the present boom, which it represents—and the dizzy doings of the '20's. Back then, buyers paid astonishing sums for pieces of Florida, to be sure, but they paid mainly in paper and promises. By contrast, those who bought from Coral Ridge paid hard cash—as much as $15,000 for one fifth of an acre.

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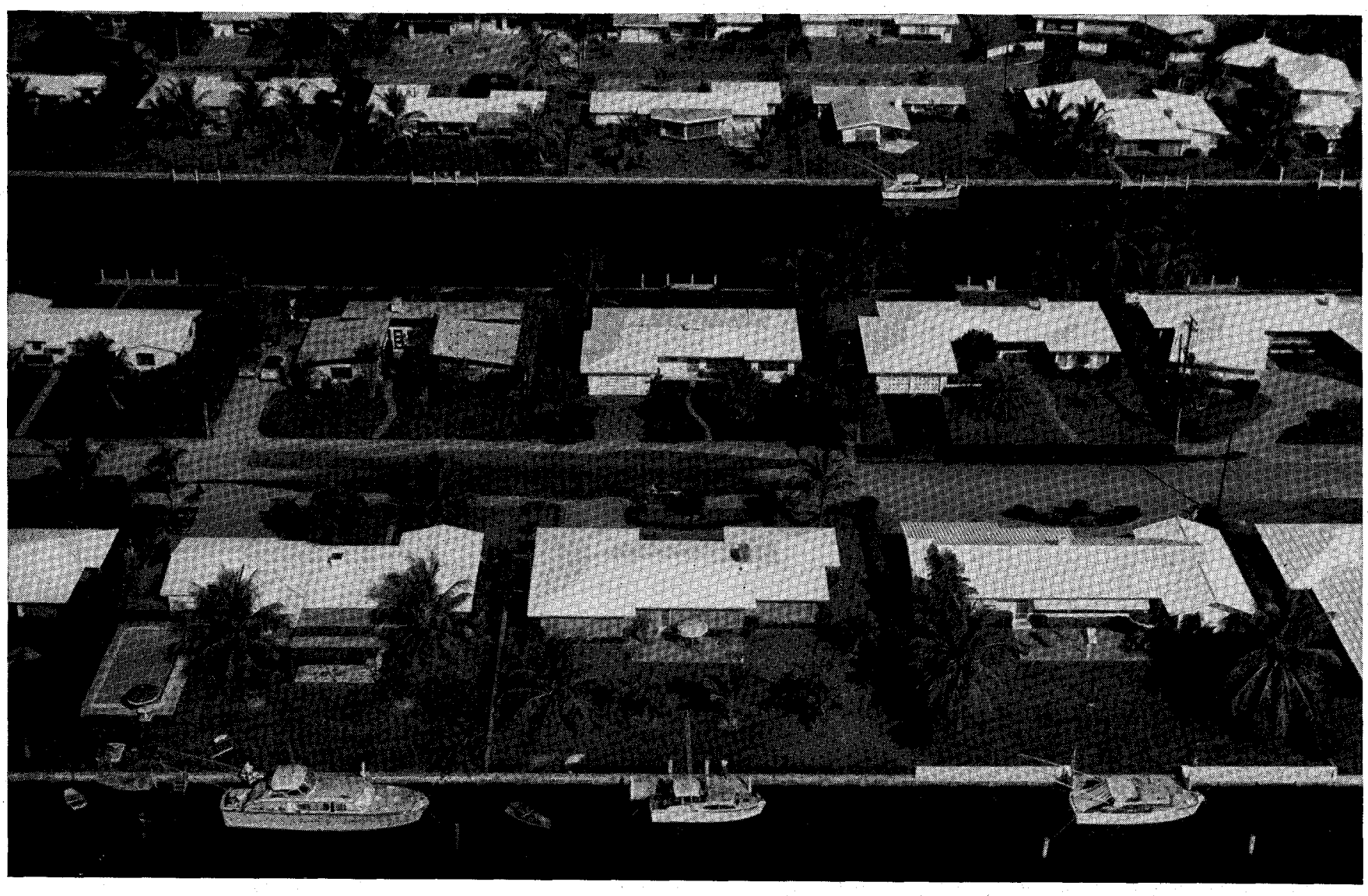
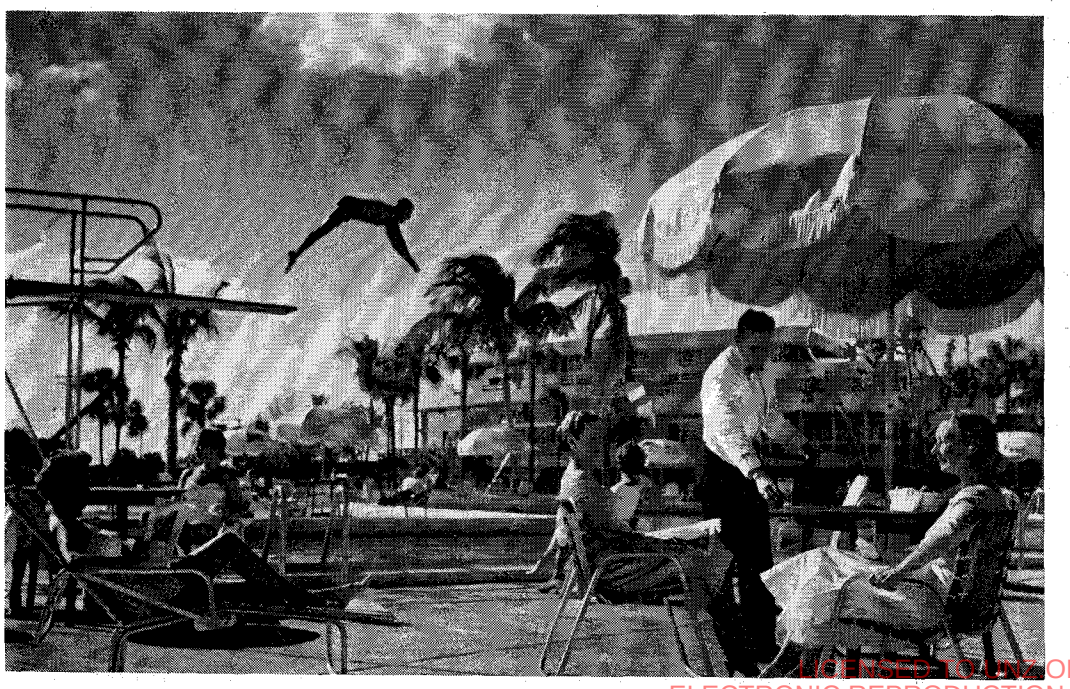


Choicest lots in the Coral Ridge development are located on reclaimed land alongside the famed Intracoastal Waterway. Houses here are in the $20,000 to $40,000 bracket. Below: The water front close up. Householder Frank Hagmann brings home his catch.

Furthermore, they knew very well what they were getting—home sites systematically reclaimed from the swamps and jungles just north of the city—whereas in the earlier boom, many people bought land they had never seen, frequently winding up with bogs full of mosquitoes, snakes and alligators.

This breakfast sale was the idea of a hard-driving former automobile salesman named James S. (for Stone) Hunt who with his partner, Stephan A. Calder, has made Coral Ridge Florida's largest land-development concern. For the occasion, Hunt invited a number of his friends—about 600 of them, mostly real-estate men, civic leaders and city and county officials—to join him for ham and eggs at the Governors' Club Hotel.

In addition to feeding these people, he wanted them to meet Arthur T. Galt, a Chicago millionaire (Continued on Page 104)



Photographs by Ollie Atkins

An elegant new $1,000,000 beach club occupies a stretch of land which sold for a dollar an acre forty-five years ago. Today, this property brings $2000 a front foot.

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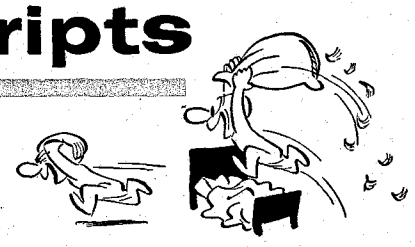
Post Scripts



Justifiable Homicide

"What kind of pie do you have?"

"Well, let's see—there's apple, blueberry, boysenberry, cherry, gooseberry, mince, peach, pineapple, pumpkin, red raspberry and rhubarb. In the cream pies, we have banana, butterscotch, caramel, coconut, pineapple and strawberry."

"Piece of that chocolate cake over there."

"Twenty-seven, twenty-eight, twenty-nine, thirty, thirty-one ——"

"Hey, Mac, have you seen Joe?"

"Thirty-two, thirty-three, thirty-four ——"

"Hey, Mac, I said have you seen Joe?"

"Thirty-five ——"

"Hey, Mac ——"

"THIRTY-SIX, THIRTY-SEVEN. . . ."

"Are you through with your half of the paper yet, dear?"

"No, not yet."

"Could I have the page with the funnies?"

"Oh, for Pete's sake! Well, the funnies happen to be on the page opposite the page on which the story I'm reading is ——"

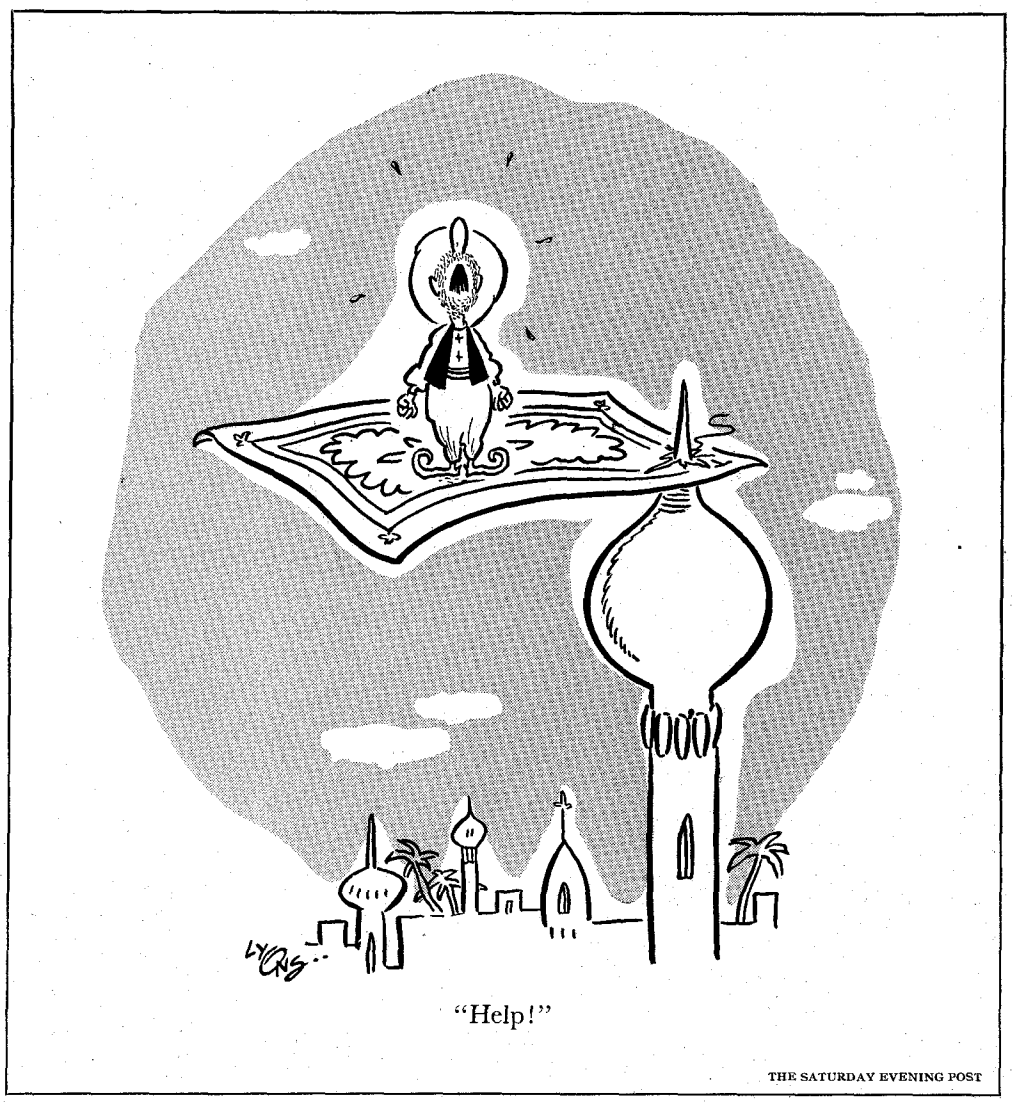
"Well, then, perhaps I could look at the theater section. I can see right where it is, so you just go ahead and read, and I'll just slip out these pages that ——"

"Good morning, pal!"

"Skoodmarken."

"Sorry to wake you up at seven o'clock on Sunday morning like this, but I seem to be having a little trouble with my car radio. Wonder if I might borrow that small wrench of yours that ——"

VERNON H. KURTZ



"Help!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Bargain

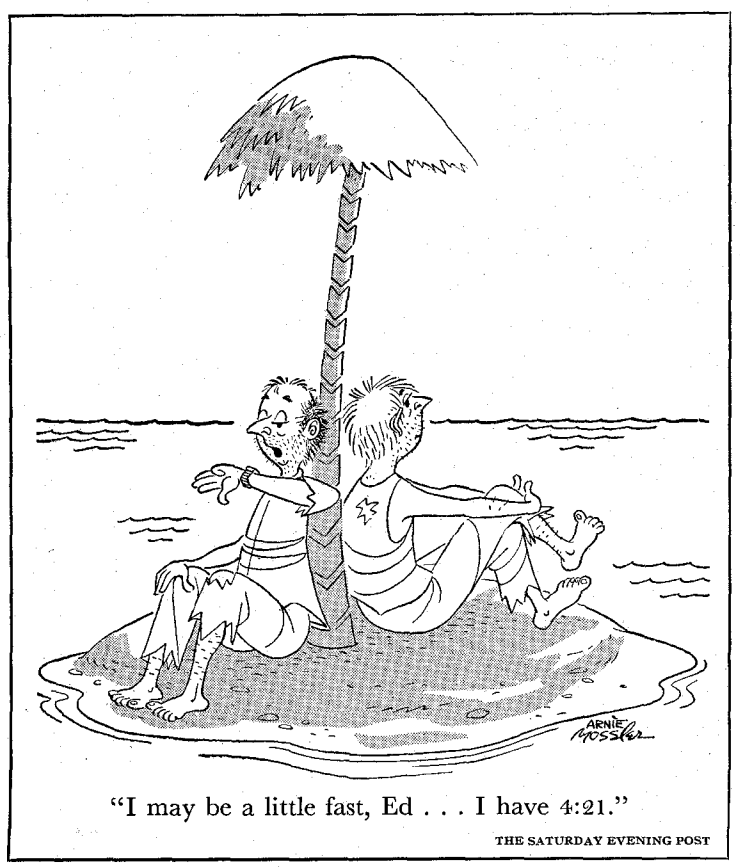
No flaw in the thing is discernible,
So you buy it, and hurry along with it,
And, of course, it isn't returnable
When you finally find out what's wrong with it.

STEPHEN SCHLITZER

Recollections

Among all men, the most harried man
Is the just-about-to-be-married man!

DAVE MORRAH



"I may be a little fast, Ed . . . I have 4:21."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The Dept. Store Customer Tackles the Information Booth

"Where is the Women's Dress Department, please? Larger sizes."

"Gowns for the Graciously Mature are on the second floor, madam."

"That's not exactly —— I mean, I just want something to fool around in. Large size."

"Oh. A bit less formal, yet with vast chic? Just one magic step past Debu-tots to the Sport Cavort 'n' Resort Shoppe, for ——"

"Look, I don't think you quite get it. All I want is ——"

"Or possibly Continental Casuals for those Little Evenings?"

"Well, our evenings wouldn't put anybody in a sweat, that's for sure, but I mean something more like for washing the dog, dragging the kids to the dentist—stuff like that. Large size."

"Oh. Pardon me, madam. You want Marvelous Little Basics for Today's Casual Living Noontime to Moon-time. Or would you perhaps prefer Pin-money Petites?"

"I said I want a large size. I wear a ——"

"Madam, our Petites are large size."

"For crying out loud, then what's average?"

"Teentsy-weentsies, madam."

"And small is ——"

"Itsy-bitsies, madam."

"Listen, how do you get to Basement Dresses?"

"We have no basement, madam. Just escalate one floor down to our Southern Esplanade. . . . Next?"

PEG BRACKEN

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"So when she said that to me, I merely shrugged slightly, smiled in a condescending manner, said I was awfully sorry she felt that way about me, and hauled off and hit her with my handbag."

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FRANCO-AMERICAN IS A TRADEMARK OWNED BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

How to make 4 little boys appear–like magic

WHISTLES, yodels, even cowbells don't always succeed in getting youngsters to meals on time. But just try heating up a steaming potful of FRANCO-AMERICAN Spaghetti.

The minute that word gets around—*there they are,* ready for a treat!

Everybody in the family simply adores Franco-American Spaghetti. It's such *fun* to eat. And that rich tomato sauce with cheese makes "seconds" inevitable.

That's because the ingredients that go into our Spaghetti are as carefully chosen and blended as if you did it yourself. Such as tomatoes that have grown red and roly-poly on the vine. Aged natural Cheddar cheese. Homey seasonings.

You may be wondering if a dish that's so much fun and so good could be good for you, too. Franco-American Spaghetti is.

There's body-building protein in every plateful, and *energy* that children and mamas and papas need every single day.

And all this for *less than 8 cents a serving.* Thinking of getting several cans—today?

Take your choice of two sizes: Regular Size can or this popular Large Size.➔

Spaghetti

by Franco-American

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You'll be fast friends . . . right from the *start!* All-out *action goes with* Oldsmobile's inspired new Starfire styling for '56. The Rocket T-350—mightiest Rocket ever—blazes forth with an emphatic answer to your demand for power. In a flash you streak from standing to cruising . . . ever so smoothly with revolutionary new Jetaway Hydra-Matic*. There's new beauty, new protection, too, with "Intagrille Bumper" design. See Oldsmobile for '56 at your dealer's . . . *now!*

**Standard on Ninety-Eight models; optional at extra cost on Super 88 models.*

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THE FLOODS OF FEAR

Donavan could have escaped forever. Why did he refuse the chance?

By JOHN and WARD HAWKINS

When Elizabeth Matthews awakened, the sun was well past noon. For a long time she did not move, then she turned her head slowly to study the man asleep beside her. This was not the face of a murderer. Without willing it, Elizabeth found herself trying to defend him.

The man was Bruce Donavan, a convicted killer. Donavan was among a gang of convicts recruited for flood-fighting work. He escaped when the dike on which he was working was overrun by flood waters.

Donavan had found Elizabeth in the middle of the flood. Despite the danger to himself, he rescued her and brought her to the safety of a deserted farmhouse. Donavan also managed to rescue Peebles, a fellow convict, and Tom Sharkey, a prison guard.

"It's suicide!" Elizabeth cried. "Is that what you want?"

Donavan rejected Sharkey's demand that he give himself up. Instead, he built a small raft and set the guard adrift. At first, Elizabeth was terrorized at being left alone with the two criminals. Although she knew Donavan had killed a woman, Elizabeth was more afraid of what Peebles might do. But Donavan warned Peebles not to touch Elizabeth.

That night, Elizabeth and the two men headed downstream in a rowboat Donavan found. Donavan promised Elizabeth he would set her ashore as soon as he could. Donavan himself had a mission in West Mills. There he planned to kill Jack Murphy, the man who sent him to prison.

Meanwhile, Sharkey had reached the town of Lebannon. He immediately organized a search to find the escaped convicts and the girl.

Just before daybreak, Donavan's party reached an island. There they set up camp and slept. Elizabeth woke before Donavan. She was grateful to him for saving her life, but knew it was her obligation to put him back in prison. In a nearby field of grain she tramped out a help sign.

Donavan was awake when she returned. "The girl's been up to something," he told Peebles. "I think she's rigged a signal of some kind. Shake down the island and find it."

V

Peebles rubbed sleep from his face, coughed and spat. He stared angrily at Elizabeth and then at Donavan. "Why don't you ask her what she did?" he said. "Or let me take her for a walk and ask her. She'll tell me."

"Do what I told you to do."

Peebles went away, cursing. Donavan used the razor he'd brought from the farmer's house. He said nothing to Elizabeth. She stood helplessly beside the fire, watching him, waiting. Peebles would find the signal she'd tramped into the grain or he wouldn't, and there was nothing she could do about it. After a half hour of torment, Peebles came back.

"Couldn't find anything," he said. "And I covered every foot of the island. Maybe you were wrong. Maybe she didn't ——" He looked at Elizabeth. Again her face betrayed her. "Oh, yes, she did!" Peebles said. "She's lookin' too smart!" He went to her, small and angry, his round eyes glittering behind his glasses. "When're you gonna learn that nobody gets smart with me?" he asked. "You're going to tell me what you did or I'm gonna mess up that pretty face. C'mon, now, what'll it be?" He waited a moment.

Elizabeth stared at him, hating him. Peebles cursed her. His (Continued on Page 78)

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What MOTOR STARTER was most popular at the Chicago Machine Tool Show?

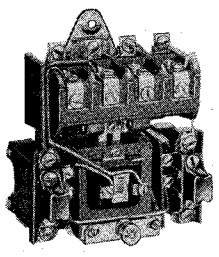
ALLEN-BRADLEY!

41% of all motor starters were A-B

A survey of 849 motorized machine tools exhibited at the recent Machine Tool Show in Chicago's International Amphitheatre showed that 41% of the motor starters that could be checked were Allen-Bradley. This is almost as many as all other makes combined!

Why is Allen-Bradley so far ahead of all other makes of control? Simply because, for the exacting requirements of automatic operation, Allen-Bradley motor starters are more reliable and trouble free. Their simple solenoid mechanism has only *one moving part*. This means less chance for trouble . . . plus remarkable consistency in operation . . . and *millions* of trouble free operations.

It will pay you, too, to specify Allen-Bradley quality control.



Allen-Bradley starters and relays are a label of quality and add "sales value" to any machine.

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A-B Quality

ALLEN-BRADLEY
QUALITY
MOTOR CONTROL
The Preferred Line

The Lady's Imagination

(Continued from Page 24)

As a lad, he had chased them, shut them in closets, thrown stones at them and, when he could, had discreetly drowned them. In manhood he extended his range. He hunted Tibetan lynxes, African lions, and snow leopards along the higher shelves of the Himalayas. In India, where he had hunted almost every block of the great rain forests, he was most welcome on beats and hunts. His rifle was deadly, and once he had downed a tiger or leopard, he cared nothing for the trophy.

Instead of doing him harm, the obsession enhanced his reputation. He was considered a distinguished big-game hunter as well as a director. Naturally, Hollywood had an eye upon him. Metro tried to get him for an African picture, something along the order of The Macomber Affair. They missed hooking him by a month; the Indian monsoons had just ended and he was off to the plateau forests of Mysore, prowling after leopards. A year later my studios had better luck.

We signed John Debra to direct one of those on-location documentary dramas, the kind Louis De Rochemont does so well, but Debra does better. Our picture had nothing to do with hunting. It was a small-town drama which we planned to shoot in the Connecticut village of Chiddester. We expected to use the townspeople in all the roles except that of the star, Miss Kelly.

Since I was responsible for bringing Debra to the States, I met him in New York the day he arrived. Although I had spoken with him, interocean, I hadn't seen him since the war, when we had worked together on RAF films. He looked as young as ever; there was that engaging melancholy about him, the understatement smile and a magnificent tan. He had been hunting in Persia.

Over cocktails I began briefing him about the picture, but I had scarcely got started when he almost threw the job overboard.

"A great script," I explained enthusiastically. (Debra expected superlatives from Hollywood and would have regarded me with suspicion if I hadn't applied them.) "The location, Chiddester, is colossal. We've also soaked a lot of money into getting the right star for you." I paused, meaningfully; then added, "Cynthia Kelly!"

Debra returned a melancholy stare.

"She's a great box-office peg," I went on. "A fine actress. Her play has been on Broadway a hundred and eight weeks. It closes this week. You'll see it tonight."

"Kelly?" Debra asked. "Stage?"

I felt shaken. "Don't you know her? Hasn't London heard of her play, Animal Story?"

The understatement smile touched his lips. "Yes, indeed," he said. "I recall the title. Haven't had time to read it yet. No reviews either. She's in it, eh?"

"She's terrific. Nothing like her since Audrey Hepburn and Jeanmaire. The girl with Sahib—that's Kelly."

"Sahib?"

"You haven't heard of Sahib either?"

Debra was amused by my state of shock. He replied casually, "I can't say that I have."

"My heaven! The Kelly Cat!"

Debra reacted instantly. "She has a cat?"

"A tiger," I replied. "It's a national pet. If you think Harvey was a sensation, wait until you meet Sahib. Harvey was just an overgrown rabbit. Now, Sahib ——"

Debra stood up in agitation. An adamant line squared the corners of his mouth. "Really?" he said. "Well, she'll have to get rid of the cat or I'll ship out. I can't abide them. My allergy, you know."

I vaguely recalled that he had never liked house cats, but I didn't know of the allergy at the time. I grinned, saying, "You hunt big cats."

"Only to kill them."

I sighed. "Well, you can't shoot this one. It's invisible!"

"Invisible? You mean, a fiction?"

"A gag," I nodded. "But Miss Kelly doesn't think so."

Between our first Martinis and evening when we went to see Cynthia Kelly in Animal Story, I gave Debra a fill-in on our star.

Cynthia Kelly was an elfin creature, a wisp of a girl with intriguing high cheekbones, honey-colored hair and a Peter Pan voice. Orphaned during childhood, she had lived with an elderly aunt who had grimly kept cats. A lonely girl, Cynthia dreamed of becoming an actress, and a great deal of her loneliness was spent in acting out plays for an audience of her aunt's cats.

At eighteen she came to New York—one of the several thousand girls who flutter into the city each year bent upon becoming actresses.

Unlike so many of them, Cynthia understood how bitter was the competition, how few the prizes. She also realized that success sometimes hung on a slim thread of luck. She believed in luck, backed by a tiny girl's fierce ambition.

At first, nothing happened. She worked hard and got parts, but none important enough so that people would keep her name. During this period her companions were cats. She no longer needed them as an audience, but they came anyway, soft-footing off rooftops, out of gray alleys into her drab furnished rooms. They were a kind of barometer of her successes; when she had a part and money, cats came to eat; when she was hungry, they deserted her.

Her big break came with Animal Story, a charming play designed to frame the actor, Douglas Barrett. Cynthia had a good role in it—that of a waiflike girl who befriends a tiger in the zoo. She believes the animal has escaped; she finds it and hides with her imaginary friend in the forests of Central Park. Simple as that!

When the play was mounted in Boston, a rare thing occurred. Either the play was a natural for her and she warmed to it or her knowledge of felines served to bring Sahib, the tiger in the play, to life. Playgoers were charmed by Cynthia's impish qualities and the manner in which she coddled an imaginary tiger through three acts. Her part had to be rewritten up and up until the play became her vehicle. Barrett, being a good showman, rode along with it. When Animal Story opened on Broadway, it was an immediate success.

Cynthia's simplest gestures: the waiting for an invisible animal to follow her through a doorway, the taut straining of her eloquent wrists pulled by an imaginary leash, were all done beautifully. You felt there was a tiger there. It was no wonder people left the theater feeling uneasy about tigers, and that some people swore they had seen Cynthia strolling with Sahib on Madison Avenue.

Debra was amused, but not impressed by this buildup. He accepted Cynthia Kelly as a valuable property, but questioned her status as a great actress. He had always taken a dim view of American tastes. We were provincial, uncritical. He wanted to see her act before meeting her.

At eight-forty we were in our seats at the theater. When the curtain rose I watched Debra closely. By the end of Act I some of the melancholy left his face and he sat up attentively. Cynthia was not exactly a Miss Universe type. She was too slim, too elfin in personality to move in and out of a scene like some mannequin in a dressmaker's heaven. But she could act!

Debra nodded his head several times. I could guess which cogs were working in his British brain

(Continued on Page 46)

What's Going On Here?

Without fanfare or publicity, a small band of intrepid Americans, including a woman and child, sets off on a scientific expedition to regions reputedly never visited by man. Congress has quietly voted an appropriation for the explorers after receiving a confidential message from the President stressing the importance of the expedition. The little party is led by the President's own secretary. The leader is nearly killed later on, and the party is given up as lost. What President? And what did the party explore?

Irving Petite

(Answer on Page 46)

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The TAREYTON Twosome

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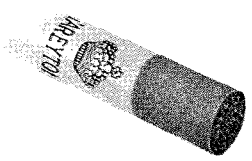

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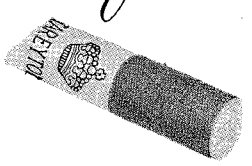

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Only FILTER TIP TAREYTON gives you Activated Charcoal filtration

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When you buy any painted metal product, look for the Bonderite seal. Ask the salesman, "Is this product protected by Bonderite?"

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Since 1915—leader in the field

PARKER
RUST PROOF COMPANY
2175 E. Milwaukee, Detroit 11, Mich.

(Continued from Page 44) as he rummaged back into his heritage, comparing. Cynthia wasn't the equal mimic in all styles as Maude Adams had been. As yet she couldn't lift a role to classic splendor in the manner of Mounet Sully. She didn't have the wild animality of a Mimi Aguglia, nor the brittle brilliance of Kate Hepburn. Nevertheless, there was a spark of each of them in Cynthia.

"Excellent, I do say," Debra commented at last. "A bit more maturity, a great love, perhaps marriage. These and experience will make her."

In the second act, when Cynthia found the imaginary tiger loose in Central Park, Debra sat up, electrified. Through the remainder of the play he looked quite uneasy.

When the final curtain came down he breathed a sigh of relief, saying, "My heaven! That tiger!"

We went backstage to see Cynthia. When she opened her dressing-room door, she surprised Debra again. She was none of the exciting things he had seen across the footlights. She had already changed to street dress: a green velvet jumper with flared skirt, a simple white blouse with a tiny collar, almost Victorian in effect. She was like a country girl, tiny and shy.

"Please come in," she said.

Her left hand grasped the doorknob. The other, with its clear eloquent wrist straining, held an invisible animal in check. Debra stepped in and gazed down at her wrist inquiringly.

Cynthia shut the door quickly. Her fingers relaxed, as though she had released the animal's collar. "One must be so careful," she explained. "Sahib hates being cooped in so small a room. If the door is left open just a crack, he'll nose his way out. He tries it always."

"Sahib?" Debra asked, glancing around as if expecting to encounter a real tiger.

Cynthia nodded brightly, saying, "Oh, you can't see him. But things you don't see can be real too. Don't you agree?"

Debra smiled wryly. "I compliment your performance," he said. "Excellent, really! But do you carry the fiction offstage?"

Cynthia nodded without embarrassment. As she sat down, her hand fell to one side, carelessly petting Sahib, who seemed to have taken a position beside her. The gesture was unnerving, it was so utterly casual and unpremeditated.

"I suppose we're all very superstitious in the theater," Cynthia chattered easily. "Are they in England? I mean, actors?"

"Oh, quite," replied Debra. He frowned stiffly toward where the imaginary tiger might be.

Cynthia stared at him with childlike candor, saying, "Sahib brings me luck. When Dick Osborne—he's my publicity man—suggested I take Sahib for a walk in Central Park one Sunday morning, I regarded it as a publicity lark. Then I got into the habit of taking Sahib for strolls. He's been my pet two years now. I wouldn't move without him."

She gave a sweet, unaffected laugh that rippled eloquently through her. I could see that it charmed Debra. Her voice had an instant appealing quality. It was bright and dark, metallic and impish. It made you think Alice in Wonderland was whispering in your ear.

"If you're not busy," Debra said, "I'd love taking you to supper." He nodded, including me.

Cynthia's face glowed with pleasure, but suddenly her features clouded. "It's lovely of you," she said. "Only, I have to take Sahib home. Can't both of you come to my place? I'll fix something for us. Oh, do."

She lived in a small penthouse apartment a step from Central Park. It was not ostentatious, yet it was up high enough to keep stray cats from wandering in. The building management, however, had no objections to Sahib. As we crossed under the canopy to the entrance, the doorman bowed politely, murmuring, "Evening, Miss Cynthia." Then he bent to pet the invisible tiger padding after the girl. When he straightened, he stared challengingly at Debra and me.

The supper Cynthia prepared was pleasant: chilled lobster, salad and a quiet wine. All through it, Cynthia was a delight to watch. Lobster still thrilled her and she was like a child who keeps pinching herself to make certain her good fortune isn't all a dream. Her ways thoroughly fascinated Debra. When I departed at one o'clock, he lingered on.

Animal Story had three more days to run before Cynthia would be free to work for us. I had hoped Debra might run up to Chiddester during this time to go over the location with the assistant director. Instead, he remained in New York, soaking up Cynthia.

He was utterly intrigued by her manners, off and on stage, and by the tiger illusion she had created. For a girl so young, she had learned the secret of acting, but she didn't realize it. Instead, she seemed convinced that Sahib was responsible. As a result, she never forgot that the tiger was near and was related to everything she did or undertook. Still, a thing like this can go too far.

One morning I dropped in at Debra's hotel suite and I found him quite disturbed. Melancholy was deep upon him.

"I'm in love with Cynthia," he confessed.

"Hardly a reason to appear glum," I said.

"It won't work."

"She's not going with anyone else," I objected. "Barrett tried, but didn't make the grade. However, I'm sure she likes you."

"That's not it, not it at all," Debra replied morosely. "It's the tiger, Sahib."

I looked puzzled. "What's an imaginary tiger got to do with it?"

"Imaginary? I'm not so sure." Debra shook his head, adding, "An illusion. But it's uncanny. I hunt big cats and I know tigers. This Sahib? I can spot exactly where he came from. The hill country above Rangpur. A distinctive cat in its mannerisms and odor. I tell you, I can smell Sahib. He affects my allergy."

I chuckled, suspecting he was pulling my leg. "Allergy?" I said. "Lord, man! There's not a sneeze in Sahib?"

Debra arched his brow and stood up. He slipped out of his raw-silk lounging robe and peeled off his shirt. He showed me a livid strawberry rash splotching his left arm and shoulder.

"Cats," he said bitterly. "This comes from Sahib."

"Have you seen a doctor?"

"Righto! It's from the cat. Another day of Sahib and it'll cover me. The asthma is already setting in. Breathing becomes difficult. Hospital only relief." He was already gasping a little.

Suddenly I realized that he was dead serious. John Debra was telling me that he suffered from a psychosomatic allergy caused by an imaginary cat! It floored me for a moment. I had visions of Cynthia, attached as she was to her good-luck cat, carrying on the fiction in Chiddester. I saw Debra gasping under an oxygen tent, my crew and cameramen idle, our shooting schedule knocked haywire—all because of an imaginary feline.

I hurried to Cynthia's apartment. She was bathing, so I waited. Although I was alone in her living room, I began to experience the uncomfortable sensation that I wasn't really alone. Where the sun slanted through Venetian blinds and its yellow rays struck the dark carpeting, there was an illusion of tiger stripes. I rose nervously and raised the blinds. A moment later, Cynthia entered. As she greeted me she casually stooped over the patch of sunlight where I had seen the stripes. She petted Sahib.

I sat bolt upright. "Cynthia," I said, "you've got to give up that cat!"

Her Puckish eyes darted toward me. "Do you think he's getting too big?" she asked. Her glance canted toward the spot of sunlight on the floor. "He is large, isn't he?"

"It's not the size," I replied jumpily. "It's Debra. He's allergic to them. They make him ill. He's already got a rash and asthma."

Cynthia stared at me unbelievingly. "From Sahib? How can that be? John must be imagining it."

I didn't argue. I simply tried to impress her with the importance of keeping Debra in good health. "I'll run him up to Chiddester this afternoon," I said. "The change might help. When you come Monday, forget the tiger!"

Although Debra's asthma had him gasping like a bobby in a London fog, Chiddester helped. The town was a restful place, sturdy and picturesque, one of those villages with a bronze minuteman on the green and an antique inn which we had booked solid. When you stood upon the inn steps and looked back across the green, you caught it all in one glance: the white town hall, a tiny pencil-spired brick church and the frame houses, all right out of Cotton Mather. Beyond the town were rolling meadows and woods thick and green with summer's first bounty of foliage.

Within twenty-four hours Debra's asthma had vanished. He brooded at being separated from Cynthia, but it didn't keep him from work. He scouted locations; he interviewed and cast the local citizens we needed for the picture.

Our crew arrived on Saturday. Just before sunset, Sunday, while I was playing checkers with Mr. Skinner, Chiddester's constable, Cynthia's car pulled up before the inn. We hadn't expected her so soon, and Debra was away somewhere with the town druggist, hunting a bobcat.

When I saw Cynthia step from her roadster my heart (Continued on Page 48)

Answer to

What's Going On Here?

(Page 44)

President Thomas Jefferson sent the expedition, headed by his secretary, Capt. Meriwether Lewis, and Lewis' friend, William Clark, to explore the vast, vague stretches of the Louisiana Purchase and map a route to the West Coast. Congress appropriated $2500. With the men went Sacajawea, Indian squaw wife of one of the interpreters, and her small child. Gone for 2 years and 4 months, the expedition was given up as lost. But it returned with a wealth of information and not a single person missing. It came closest to a serious casualty when one of Lewis' men mistook him for a deer and shot him.

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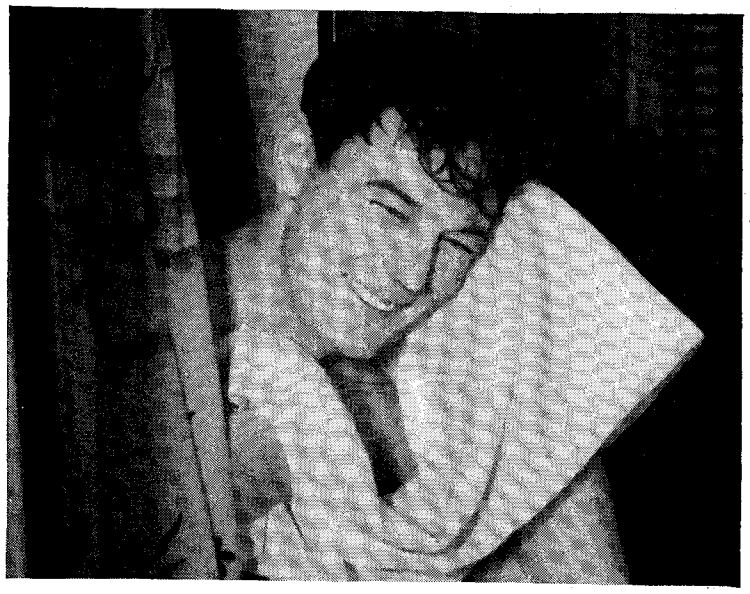

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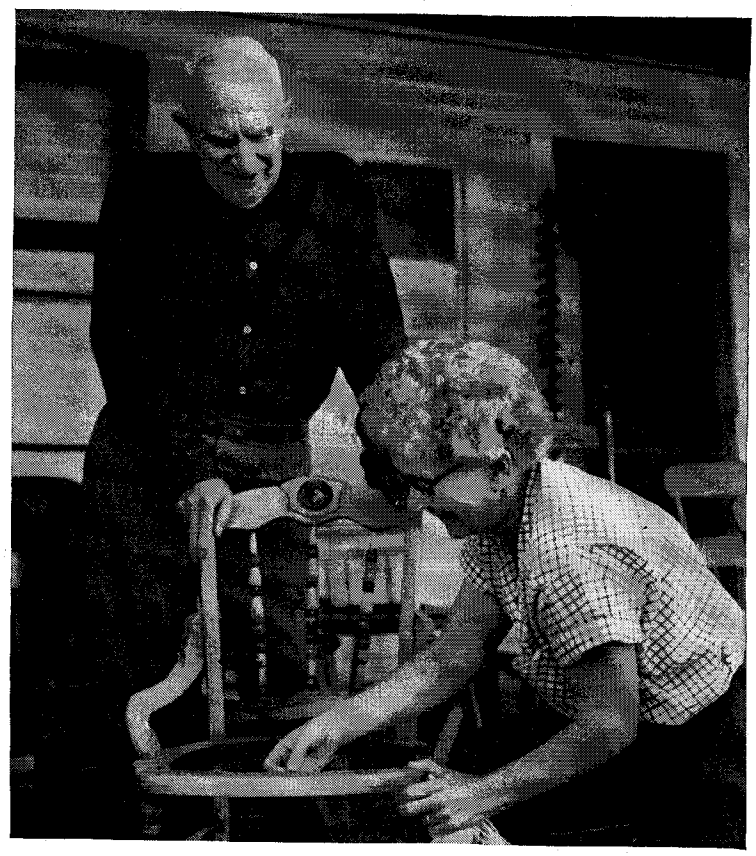

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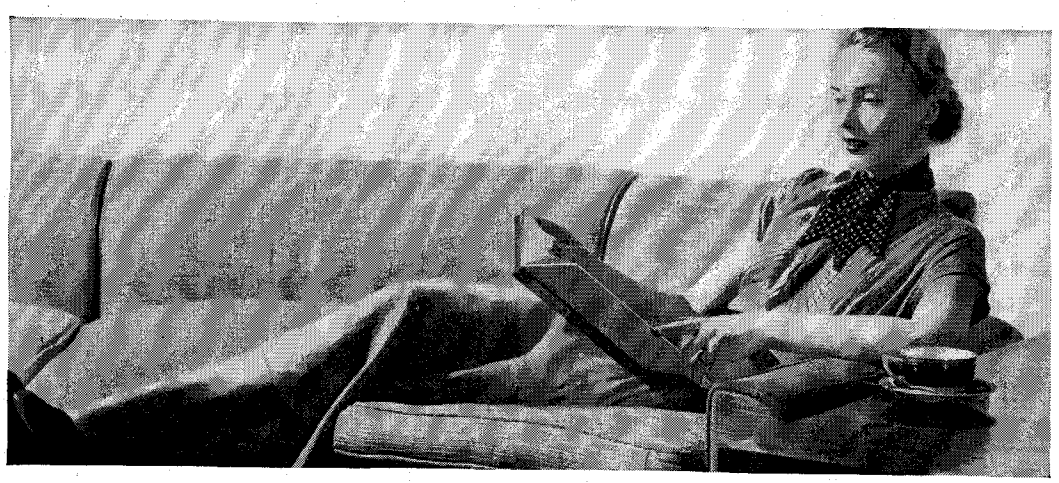
CATCHING COLD? FEEL BETTER FAST! Winter fun may cause a cold. At the first sign of a cold, take two Bayer Aspirin tablets without delay. As millions know, Bayer Aspirin not only brings quick relief from cold discomforts, but it reduces fever, as well. When your youngsters have colds, give them *flavored* Children's Size Bayer Aspirin.



HOUSEWORK FATIGUE? FEEL BETTER FAST! When you have a difficult day of housework and it leaves you feeling tired and headachy, try this simple procedure. Take two Bayer Aspirin tablets to relieve your headache . . . sit down for a few minutes . . . put your feet up and *relax*. You'll find that a couple of Bayer Aspirin tablets and a few minutes of peaceful relaxation make a wonderful difference. You'll feel better and enjoy your evening more.

You can take Bayer Aspirin any time . . .

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Feel Better Fast—Get BAYER ASPIRIN

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(Continued from Page 46)

sank. Even Constable Skinner watched her gestures with interest.

"What's she got there?" he inquired.

"A tiger," I said. "But it's invisible."

The constable favored me with a long, searching look; then he rubbed his lean cheek thoughtfully. "How d'ya know it's a tiger, then?" he said. "'Pears to me you'd have to see it, stripes and all."

Hurrying down to intercept Cynthia, I firmly guided her and the imaginary animal into the small cocktail lounge. She sensed my anger and tried to calm me with a bright fey smile, asking, "Is John all right?"

"He's O.K.," I said, "but not for long."

"You mean Sahib?"

"Precisely! Why do you drag the gag up here? Are you trying to wreck my picture?"

She was silent. She sat, small and contrite, staring through the window at the village green, now fading into twilight. She was very appealing and spritelike in her trim blue suit and soft Peter Pan collar.

Finally she looked at me and said, "I couldn't leave Sahib. I can't act without him. Nothing will go right."

"Lord!" I exploded. "You're finished with Animal Story. You're set to go on. Don't let this Sahib gimmick ruin you. It'll make a fool of you."

She stiffened slightly, saying, "Everyone believes in something."

My hands spread in a mute gesture of appeal. There was a long silence; then Cynthia reached across the table, touching my arm. "I have something solemn to say," she murmured at last.

"That you'll forget Sahib?"

She squared her slim shoulders and shook her head slowly. "I like John Debra," she said. "I've always dreamed of working with him. I'm anxious to do your picture too. But if it means giving up Sahib, you'll have to release me. Sahib has brought me luck. He's part of me!"

"Debra won't take it," I said.

She sighed. "I can't help it."

At midnight, when Debra returned from his hunt, I went to his room and laid out the story. He was upset, yet he took it in a way I hadn't expected.

Suddenly he was the English gentleman, the correct bachelor and, above all, the Debra of the theater. He ran long fingers through his dark hair and shrugged, saying, "Indeed, she must get over it. Must believe in herself; otherwise she'll never become the actress I think she can be."

"If we could see the cat, we'd know what to do," I said.

He looked at me oddly. "What would you do?"

"Poison it!"

He shook his head. "Tigers are quite fussy about what they eat."

Debra began pacing the room, pausing now and then at the Scotch decanter. His restlessness hypnotized me. After a while, he wandered into the hall and was absent quite long. When I looked for him, he was down the corridor, standing before Cynthia Kelly's door. He didn't knock or try to arouse her. He simply stood there, his head cocked thoughtfully to one side while studying the door. A melancholy expression was enameled upon his features.

Finally he popped back into the room. There was a pleased twist to his smile, like that of a Cambridge lad up to something.

"I'll do away with the cat," he announced. "My responsibility."

"How?"

"Shoot it!"

"And how do you shoot Sahib?" I demanded ironically. "With an invisible bullet?"

"A real bullet; a real gun," he replied.

"Colossal," I said. "I don't follow you. But if you succeed you're taking an awful gamble. Cynthia believes in that tabby more than you realize. She'll hate you."

Debra made a casual theatrical gesture; then pensively fitted a cigarette into his holder.

He didn't reveal what he had in mind, but next morning there were intimations. When I descended to the lobby, Debra and a small crowd of men were there: some of our location crew; Wingate, the assistant director; several villagers and Constable Skinner. Debra had a gun crooked under his arm.

"What's that?" I asked, glancing at the gun.

"A 450/400. For tigers," he replied. He said it as if he carried those things matter-of-factly in his luggage, as women carry lipstick.

"Tiger has got loose," Mr. Skinner put in. "The acting lady's tiger."

I began to smile, until a frown from Debra cut it as quickly as though I were being guided through a role.

"Extraordinary situation," Debra explained. "Cynthia's room door was left open a while ago and Sahib escaped. She noticed it immediately. It has quite upset her. I phoned Mr. Skinner to alert the town. We're going out to track the animal now. A jolly situation, really."

I looked for Cynthia. She was sitting apart from the men, and appeared tiny, pale and mesmerized by all the activity.

I went to her and said, "I don't understand, Cynthia. All of this over Sahib?"

She shook her head slowly. "I don't understand it, either," she replied in a whisper. "Is Mr. Debra mad? They can't all be insane? How can they hunt Sahib?"

"Debra said your door was left open; that you claimed Sahib had run away."

She glanced toward Debra. "He left it open," she replied swiftly. "He did it on purpose."

There was a note of bitterness in her voice. I shook my head, wondering if I were going mad too.

Debra and his men had gone out. Then Cynthia rose abruptly, hurried out and flashed away in her roadster. Again I had visions of my picture schedule going to pot. I fretted about the inn throughout the morning. Shortly after lunch, when I was on the verge of putting a desperate call through to Hollywood, Debra returned. He was followed by even a larger number of men, all garbed in boots and hunting gear.

"Found the tiger," he said. "At least the pug marks. It's down by the woods. We're organizing a beat. Come on."

Just then Cynthia drove back. When she heard what was planned, she insisted on coming along. Her calmness surprised me, as did the curious oblique look she gave Debra as we squeezed into the cars outside. I wondered if, in a kind of childish desperation, she was thinking of repeating her Animal Story role—finding her imaginary tiger and hiding with it in the Chiddester woods?

Debra gave her no chance. He was magnificent. During the next hour he managed to impart the feel of a lively, old-fashioned tiger hunt, even though we lacked some of the essential ingredients. I can still hear him saying, "A pity we've no elephants. They do make a beat, you know."

The Chiddester woods, where it was thought the tiger was lying up, lay in a shallow valley south of the town. The preserve was heavily treed—thick with rich oaks, maples and elder thickets. We motored to the north edge and abandoned the cars. Debra gave final instructions to Wingate, who was pinch-hitting as the head *shikari*, in charge of the beaters. Wingate's party went ahead, skirting to the left and right in two files. They had some distance to cover before beating back through the woods toward us.

After a short wait, Debra led Mr. Skinner, Cynthia, the druggist and me to where the woods made a narrow V in the valley. Here two *machans*, or low platforms—the sort used in the jungles of Kaladhungi—had been put up in the trees. These stood about fifty feet apart. Skinner, Cynthia and the druggist occupied the first *machan*. The constable was armed with an old Springfield, not really heavy enough a gun for tiger, yet Debra was letting him have first shot.

"I'll back you up with the magnum," Debra explained softly.

I followed Debra to the second platform, where he explained the arrangements. He said, "The tiger, alarmed by our beaters, should make his way along the footpath passing below the *machans*. He'll dash for that open, cultivated area behind us, trying to reach the cover of the other little woods over there."

Suddenly there was a distant sound of a bugle; the beat had started. Debra checked the loading of his gun. The way he went about it, so calmly efficient, made me feel jumpy. In the surrounding trees the birds began to shriek with alarm. On the other platform Constable Skinner peered alertly up the path. I was struck by Cynthia's expression. Instead of being upset, she was watching Debra with the concentration one exhibits when observing a great actor or director at work.

"A pity there are no red monkeys," Debra whispered. "Nothing like the red ones to warn you of a tiger's approach."

The noise of the beaters grew louder. I could visualize them moving toward us in a wide V, the men shouting loudly and clapping their hands.

All at once Debra stiffened. He had picked up a meaningful sound in the thickets ahead. A couple of rabbits scurried beneath the platforms. A red fox, its tail like a plume of red smoke, burst across the path and leaped into the brush.

"There!" Debra murmured. His gun came up abruptly.

My heart gave a quick upbeat of excitement. I simply couldn't help it. The illusion was perfect.

On the other platform, Skinner raised and sighted his gun, tracking an invisible prey. Suddenly Skinner fired. Debra's gun moved quickly; tracking too. Skinner fired again, at a point much closer to his platform. Then Debra's gun roared and our *machan* shook violently.

Debra stood up, calling out. "I say there, excellent!"

Mr. Skinner and the druggist peered over the edge of their platform. At the same time, Cynthia was watching, amused!

"Crimminy! He's a big one!" Skinner shouted.

Debra dropped to the ground and advanced cautiously upon the spot the others were watching. He made a small half circuit, then reached forward, pushing at the air with the muzzle of his gun as though nudging an imaginary animal. He looked up at Skinner with that wonderful understatement smile of his.

"Beautiful shooting," he said. "Beautiful!"

Constable Skinner and the druggist came down and stood over the imaginary tiger. The constable grabbed its tail, tried to lift it, then let go as though it were too heavy. He shook his head in wonder. Meanwhile, the first beaters had come in. They surrounded the tiger. Some touched it, felt its pelt; others examined the teeth. An argument developed as to whether the taxidermist in town could mount it.

I looked toward Cynthia. She had descended from the platform and stared with an odd amusement at the men; then she strolled away. Debra hurried after her. I was uneasy, waiting for them at the car. When they finally returned, I was relieved to see Debra grinning.

"She's going to marry me," he announced.

I congratulated them, and meant it. But I frowned questioningly at Cynthia. "What about the picture?"

"We'll make it," she said.

"Without Sahib?"

She slanted an elfin glance at Debra. He smiled back, saying, "A girl whose acting is so real that she creates a tiger which I felt the need to kill—she doesn't need a talisman to bring her luck."

"I don't need Sahib," Cynthia agreed. She smiled, adding, "But if you're in love, a director is useful. You know what I mean."

I knew. If she needed something or someone to help her act, who could be better than Debra? She was a fine actress, but he was a better director. When a man casts half a village, all unskilled actors, to play a tiger hunt, and brings it off as he did—that's great directing.

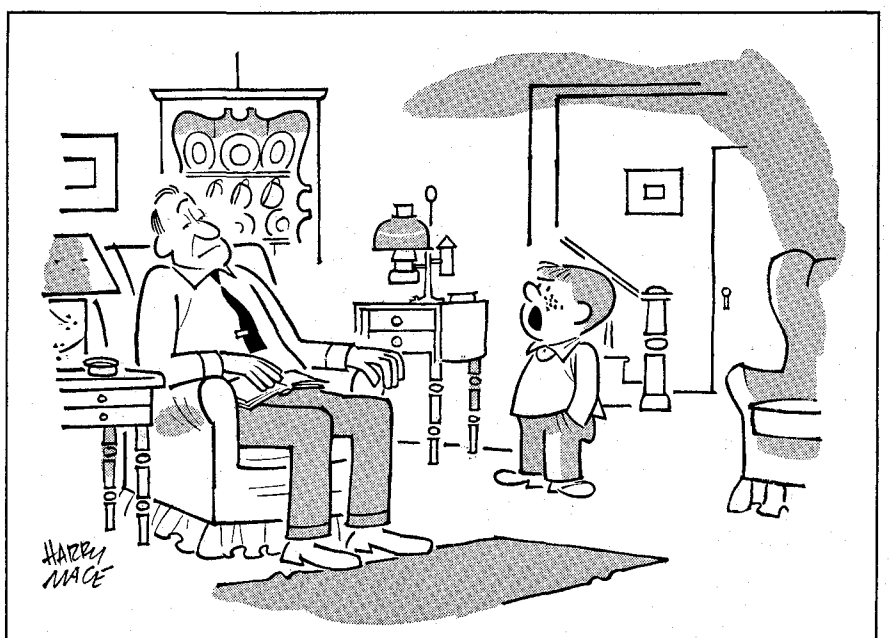
Still, Cynthia's acceptance of Sahib's destruction had come too easily. It worried me. I stared at her searchingly and asked, "You're not upset by what we did to Sahib? Shooting him?"

She smiled oddly, replying, "Oh, Sahib wasn't shot."

I gulped uneasily. "He wasn't shot?"

"Not Sahib," she replied. "I found him this morning and I took him back to the zoo. He's better off there. He has grown so big, you know."

THE END



"Beneath the spreading Chestnut Tree, the Village Smithy stands, the Smith is a big fat slob is he, with dirty arms and hands . . . Ha . . . I knew you weren't paying attention."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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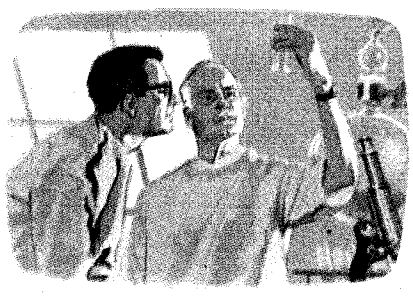

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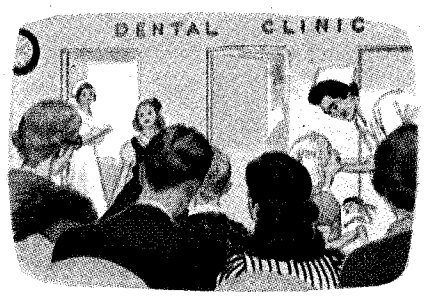

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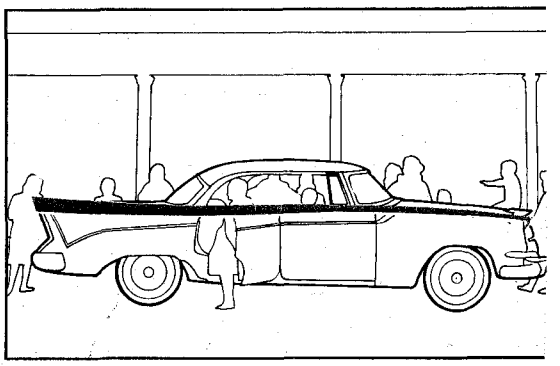

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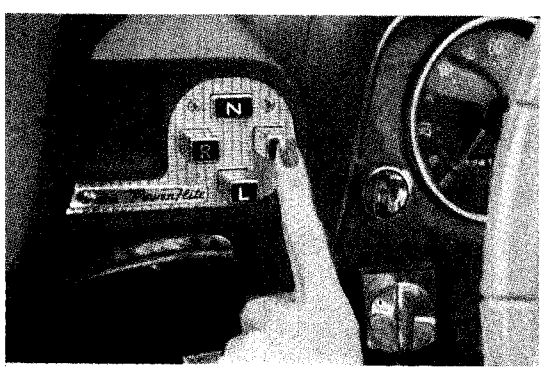

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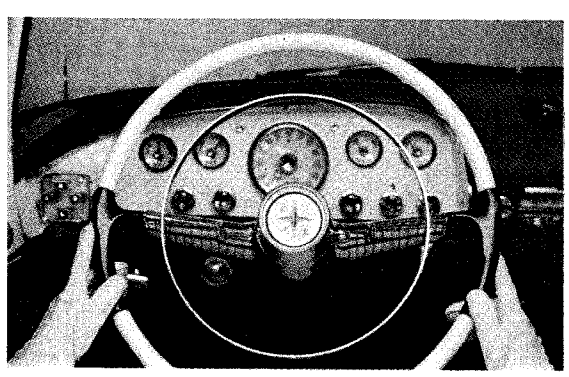

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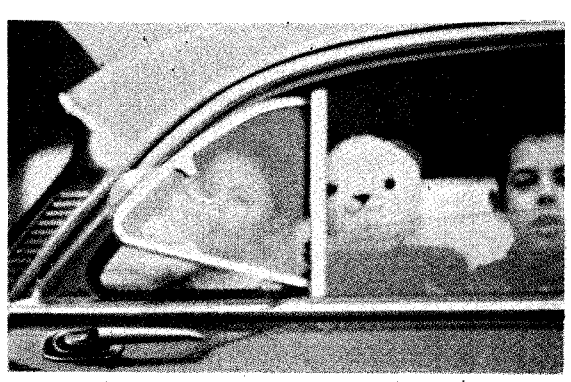

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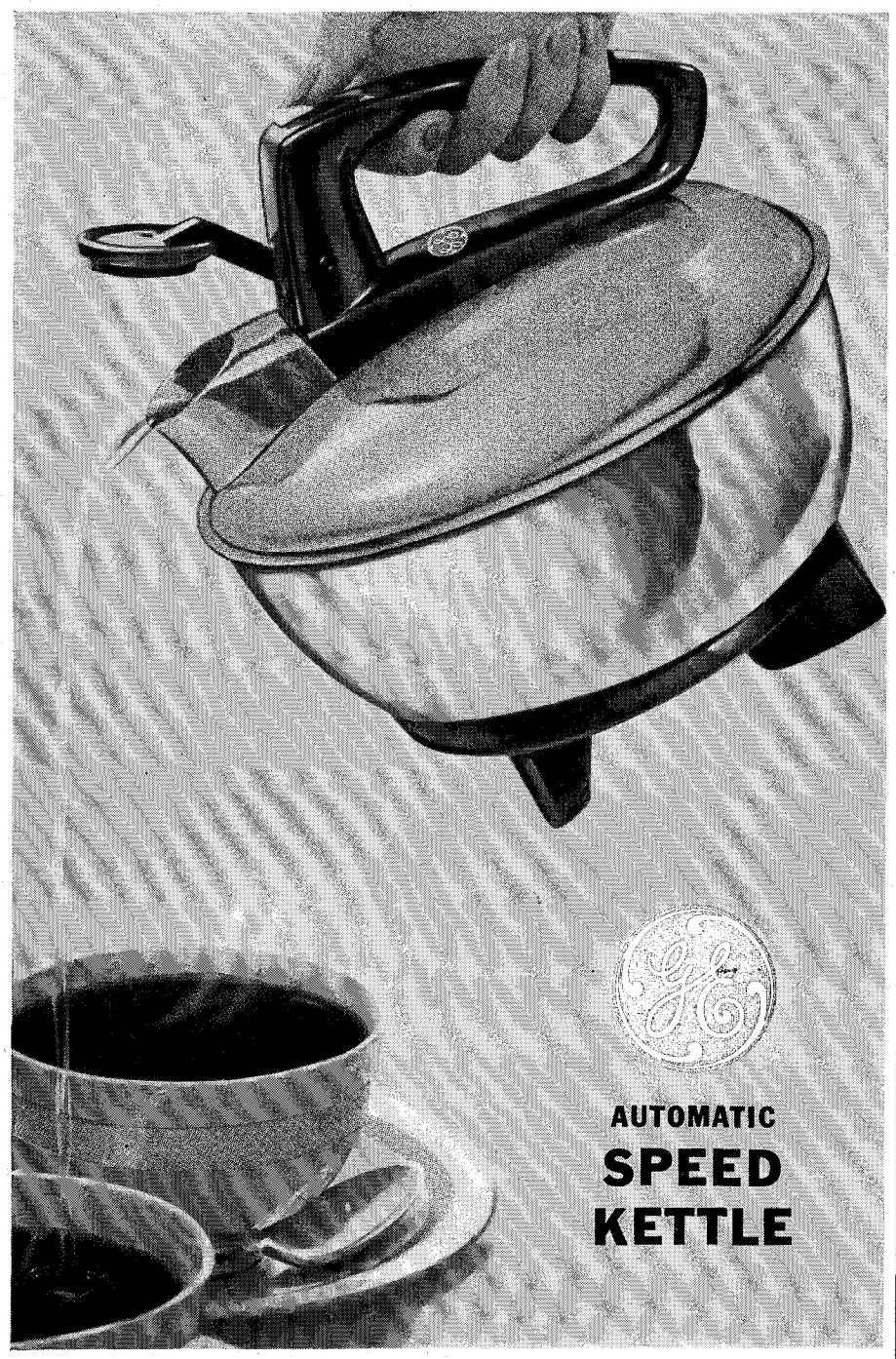

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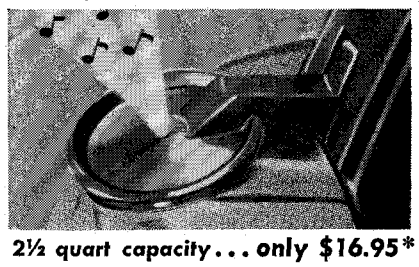

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

Quebec City (Continued from Page 23)

in French-speaking schools, which are part of the public-school system and supported by the provincial government. There are shrines in the stores. As you walk down the street you'll pass flocks of priests, many pairs of nuns.

The Church's power is reflected in Quebec's many laws to segregate the sexes. For example, there are no coeducational French high schools in Quebec. In some places mixed bathing is outlawed. A Quebec girl may marry when she is fourteen, but may not legally attend a movie until she is sixteen. Juvenile delinquency is rare; so is adult crime. In Quebec City, the only establishment licensed to hold public dances is the Château Frontenac, which, with its turrets and towers, is the tourists' symbol of Quebec City.

The original Château was erected in the 1890's and has been expanded at intervals by its owner, the Canadian Pacific Railway. Today the Château has 723 rooms, not counting its public rooms. Beside it there is an 1800-foot terrace boardwalk where, late on summer afternoons, all Quebec promenades. In winter an inclined portion of the terrace becomes a mile-a-minute toboggan run. Winter also brings the throngs who come to ski at Lac Beauport and other resorts in the nearby Laurentian Mountains.

From the hotel and the terrace, tourists have an excellent view of shipping on the St. Lawrence River. A number of steamship lines extend through Quebec City up to Montreal, but Quebec is still the terminus of the Home Lines, whose mightier vessels, such as the 26,000-ton Homeric, the fastest liner on the St. Lawrence-to-Europe run, are too large to proceed farther upstream.

Quebec City looks most exciting from water level, from where it seems to be hanging in the sky. There are long flights of stairs, but you'll probably prefer to pop into one of the public *ascenseurs*, fare five cents, for your trip down the steep cliff to Lower Town. There you can take a ferry to the town of Lévis, named after Montcalm's lieutenant.

The determined sight-seer can choose boats, buses or *calèches* for his tour of Quebec. But many travelers have discovered that the best way of all is with a cab driver named Tommy Sheridan, who is found at the Château taxi stand. Tommy is a blue-eyed, rubicund fellow, a licensed historical guide who speaks French with a lilting Irish brogue.

It was about ten o'clock one morning when I met Tommy. He thought that if we hurried we might see the changing of the guard at the Citadel, Quebec's English-built fort. This ceremony consists of a good deal of brisk wooden-soldier marching and counter-marching by members of the Royal 22nd Regiment. The guards wear tall black fur busbies, red tunics and black trousers.

While the troops went through their paces, Tommy bombarded me with facts about Quebec. It is the only walled city in North America. The Citadel, whose original earthworks were built by the French in 1703, was rebuilt of masonry by the British early in the nineteenth century at a cost of $23,000,000.

Most of the stone had come over as ballast in British ships. Tommy said he thought Dickens had hit the nail on the head when he termed this promontory the Gibraltar of North America. Certainly no man-of-war could pass on the river without coming under the fort's guns.

Now we drove on up to Cape Diamond, the highest point in the vicinity. Tommy said we stood 700 miles from the Atlantic Ocean and 400 miles nearer Liverpool than New York was. Also, surprisingly, we were closer to London than we were to Vancouver. Here we could see Quebec Bridge, one of the longest cantilever bridges on earth, and, says Tommy Sheridan, "considered to be one of the wonders of the world."

Soon he was showing me the sunken garden and a statue of Joan of Arc. Here his voice changed to that of the professional guide as he let go with a blast about "the Maid of Orleans who gave her life to save France." At the spot where Wolfe "fell mortally wounded," Sheridan abruptly announced that Quebec is the cleanest town in North America, since its streets are washed down three times a day.

By now we were approaching an open field that originally belonged to Abraham Martin. It was here, on the Plains of Abraham, that General Wolfe conquered Canada. He and his Highlanders, carrying their disassembled fieldpieces, had silently scaled the promontory by night, fallen upon the French and defeated them. Today this area is known as National Battlefields Park and, to the joy of camera-carrying tourists, is patrolled by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

After circling through the parklike grounds of Spencerwood, the lieutenant governor's residence, we came to the chapel of the Franciscan Sisters of Mary. These sisters, who tend the ill and aged, raise money by selling needlework. But perhaps the most astonishing thing is the perpetual adoration. Since 1900, pairs of white-garbed sisters have taken turns praying at the altar for thirty-minute periods.

We went on to the Convent of the Ursulines, who are charged with the education of Quebec's young ladies. It is in this convent, which in times past served as a fortress, that Montcalm's body, minus his head, is interred. His skull, encased in glass, is one of the prized relics of the Ursulines.

From here we went to the Cathedral of the Holy Trinity, the first Anglican Church built outside of England. Here was Wolfe's battle flag, "tattered and torn." Hard by was the Basilica of Notre Dame, the Roman Catholic cathedral of the diocese of Quebec, alight with bright wood carvings. Also in the vicinity was the Waxworks, called the Musée Historique, filled with lifelike wax figures of local heroes, with Christopher Columbus, George Washington, Ben Franklin and Lafayette as added entries.

Not far away was Laval University, one of the oldest universities in North America, named after the first Canadian bishop. Laval, with 6000 students, is famed for its schools of divinity, medicine and law. Any lawyer wishing to practice in Quebec has to go to Laval to learn the intricacies of provincial law. Unlike dominion law, provincial law is based on the Code Napoléon.

It was nearing lunchtime when Tommy Sheridan informed me that the Kerhulu Restaurant on Rue de la Fabrique was one of the best French restaurants in Quebec or anywhere. Nowhere in Quebec City restaurants is much made of the French-Canadian cuisine, which is mostly farm fare featuring (Continued on Page 54)

Beatitude for Eleven

By Carolyn Ellis

Blessed are you, above all mothers—
If you do not kiss him in front of others.

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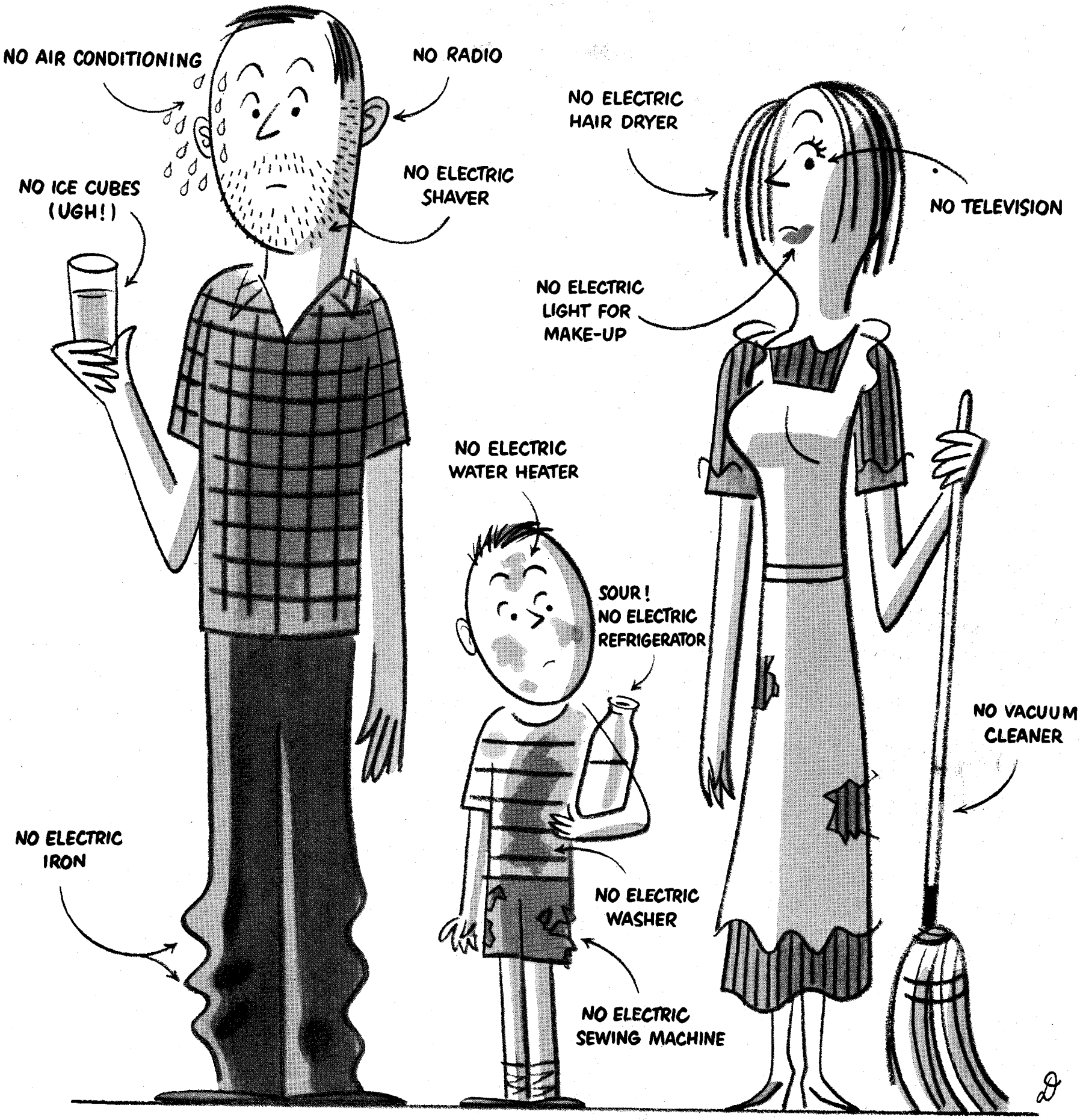

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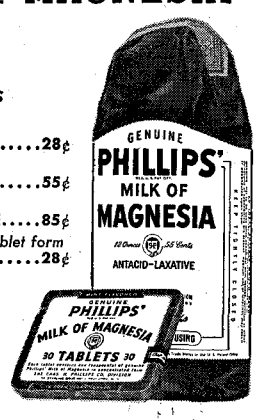


(Continued from Page 52) *tourtière*, a kind of pork pie, and *habitant* soup made of yellow "cannonball" peas. A favorite economy lunch among French Canadians in downtown snack bars consists of fried potatoes and soda pop.

Now we began corkscrewing down the face of the cliff until we came to Rue Sous-Le-Cap, said to be the narrowest street in North America. It was barely wide enough to allow the car to pass. Wooden bridges connected the second stories of facing buildings.

Many Quebec houses have winding outside stairways and second- and third-story verandas, placed there so the householder's family can have an unobstructed view of the frequent religious processions. Iron shutters were in evidence, apparently for protection against marauders, or even, at an earlier time, Indians. There is still a settlement of Hurons at Loretteville, ten miles west of Quebec City. In the early days these Indians menaced not only settlers but their dogs as well. One of their favorite delicacies was a mincemeat of boiled dog and blueberries.

Our next stop was the Marché Publique, the Quebec farmers' market by the St. Charles River. Here the *habitants* sell strawberries, blueberries, melons, vegetables, poultry, handicraft work and long brown hanks of home-grown, home-cured tobacco.

Tommy talked and joked with the *habitants* for a few moments before we bustled off to Quebec City's historical brewery. Now called Dow Brewery, it began as the King's Brewery in 1670, having been founded by Jean Talon, the king's business manager for the colony. His purpose in opening the brewery was to get the *habitants* to lay off the brandy they were swigging and turn to a more temperate beverage. And he succeeded—Quebec, unlike France, now prefers beer to wine.

We lunched pleasantly at the Restaurant Bastogne out on the edge of town; then started to the shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupré. As we drove past some sugar shanties, Sheridan remarked that it takes forty-five gallons of maple sap to make a single gallon of sugar. A good half of the production goes to cigarette manufacturers in the States.

I observed that most of the people I'd seen that day seemed happy. "Why shouldn't they?" Sheridan wanted to know. "They've all been fishing. We have wonderful trout, black bass and salmon."

Some of the best of that fishing is to be had in the 700 streams and 1500 lakes in Laurentide National Park, a 4000-square-mile area which reaches to the very outskirts of Quebec City.

We paused at beautiful Montmorency Falls, which are 100 feet higher than Niagara. A part of its power energized the big Dominion Textile plant below, while at the top stood Kent House, built to serve as the country seat of the Duke of Kent, Queen Victoria's father, when he was in Quebec from 1791 to 1794 in command of the 7th Fusiliers.

Soon we entered the village of Ste. Anne de Beaupré, where stands one of the most famous shrines in North America. For centuries, people have come here to be healed, and have left behind great numbers of crutches and other aids to infirmity. This afternoon the hillside was covered by a multitude making the Stations of the Cross. As many as 65,000 have been known to gather here on Ste. Anne's Feast Day. In this same village is a cyclorama of Jerusalem on the day of the Crucifixion, a painting forty-five feet high and 360 feet in circumference.

Thence to the 300-year-old domicile of Alfred Turgeon in the parish of Château Richer, where there was a communal roadside masonry oven, and bread that had been freshly baked. The ladies of the house were spinning linen thread and weaving handsome tea towels and tablecloths. Lying on a table were furs from silver foxes that had been raised on the premises.

After crossing the St. Lawrence bridge we came onto the Île d'Orléans, an island twenty-one miles long, famous for its apples, strawberries, cheese and absence of mosquitoes.

On our way back to town the subject of winter sports and amusements arose. Sheridan said that skiing was mostly for visitors. The *habitants* prefer to travel on snowshoes. More sedentary types patronize theatrical productions which come to the Palais Montcalm from all over French-speaking Canada. But the biggest event of the year is when the Théâtre National arrives from Paris on its annual tour, and all the French-Canadian socialites turn out. From a spectator viewpoint, of course, nothing can compete with Canada's national game, hockey.

Among the English Canadians I met, the favorite sport seemed to be discussing the character of French Canadians—their strong sense of family unity, their political obtuseness, their fondness for bright colors, their inclination to express exuberance by splurging on extras for the car. Personally, I found them more or less like anybody else. Except that they spoke and to some extent looked French, they might have been from Ohio.

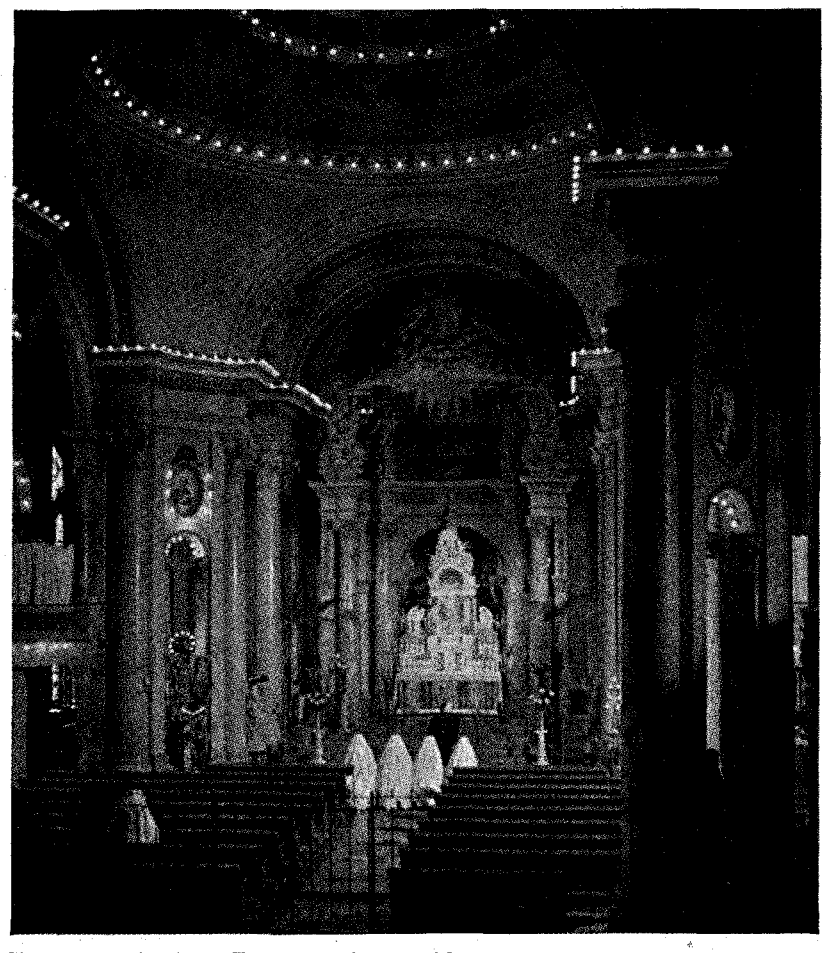
Untroubled by hankerings for progress, the French Canadians do not want to see Quebec's peaceful, harmonious ways altered. Just as he is, the *habitant* is *bien content*. It is the Quebecker of English descent, whose will so seldom prevails in the halls of provincial government, who often feels frustrated.

The primary source of income for Quebeckers is not *tourisme* but the government. Some 7000 persons support themselves working for the provincial government. Another surprise to me was that shipping, instead of falling off as more and more vessels go on to Montreal, is having banner years. Perhaps that is partly explained by the fact that all Canada has been experiencing a mild boom.

I asked several shipping authorities what the completion of the St. Lawrence Seaway would do to Quebec City.

"It will mean more traffic and more work for our shipbuilding plants," one official told me. "Besides, we expect to do a heavy business in transshipping cargo from lakers into seagoing vessels. We're planning to increase our present six miles of dock."

The manufacturing of shoes, ski boots and skate boots is big business in Quebec City. The city has the largest corset factory in the British Commonwealth and produces 50 per cent of all Commonwealth corsets. Moreover, it is Quebec City that makes the paper that streams through the presses of the Chicago Tribune. Finally, Quebec City is wholesaler and retailer to much of Northeastern Canada.



Since 1900, Quebec's Franciscan Sisters of Mary have maintained a continuous prayer cycle of "Perpetual Adoration." Sisters are relieved every 30 minutes.

Perhaps the greatest drawback to commerce is the weather. Violent winters send the thermometer to thirty degrees below zero, freeze the rivers and blanket the town in snow. Then the *habitant* keeps himself busy carving busts or boat models, while his wife makes the knitted wear and the hooked mats that will be sold with the return of summer.

Yet to the average tourist from the United States the workaday problems of Quebec City are beside the point. To him, Quebec with its rich history and Gallic ways is the most glamorously European city this side the Atlantic. It plays each summer to a capacity audience.

Naturally there is an extra bustle in the air when liners are arriving and baggage is piled for blocks along the Quai. In spring the incoming ships bring eager immigrants, while the outgoing passengers are mainly gay, well-dressed North Americans off for a holiday.

But even on the busiest day Quebec City is serene. And the feeling is: Don't worry about old Quebec. For almost 400 years she has been here. Four hundred years from now the *habitant* will still have peas for his soup, a coin for the collection box, a yard full of children, and one of the most beautiful cities on earth. THE END

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PLAY THIS EXCITING FUN-PUZZLE GAME!

$70,000.00

$30,000.00

Help Send Our United States Team to the 1956 Olympic Games at Melbourne, Australia

Never before have our Olympic teams had to travel so far as they will to take part in the games of the XVI Olympiad to be held at Melbourne, Australia, November 22nd to December 8th, 1956. *Over one million dollars* is the estimated cost to send a full complement of United States athletes to uphold the honor and prestige of our nation. Every cent of this money must come from voluntary contributions.

Here is your opportunity to help the American Flag fly in victory at the 1956 Olympic Games, and at the same time try for a Giant Jackpot of Contest Cash prizes. YOU may be the lucky winner of as much as $30,000.00, a Fortune for your very own!

Extra Puzzle Charts Sent Free Upon Request

SEND $2 DONATION
with Puzzle Answer and Qualify to Win
$4,000.00

Fun for All the Family

Take a few minutes *right now* to "try out" this thrilling game. You don't need dictionaries or reference books. There are no word pictures to identify. Everything necessary to solve this puzzle is right before you on this page. How *high a score can YOU get?*

Enter Now—Here's How!

The object of this puzzle is to place words in each name section in such a manner as to obtain the highest possible point total. You are not required to fill all letter blanks, but it is necessary that all words interlock or join together. Use only names selected from the Master Word List, and no name may be used more than once. Spell from top to bottom for upright or vertical names, and from left to right for horizontal names. The "Key" name "OLYMPIC" and the 12 "Key" letters spotted on the chart must remain in the positions they now occupy. One letter square at either the beginning or the end of a name section may be left blank.

600 CASH PRIZES

You may be the lucky winner of one of these maximum awards:

1st Prize **$30,000.00**
2nd Prize **$10,000.00**
3rd Prize **$ 5,000.00**
4th Prize **$ 3,000.00**
5th Prize **$ 2,000.00**

HERE ARE "CLUES" TO HELP YOU GET STARTED

In starting to solve the puzzle, begin with a name that will interlock with the "O" in "OLYMPIC." We suggest here a 6-letter name with "O" as second letter. In the 5-letter section starting with "P" in "OLYMPIC," you must use a 5-letter word beginning with "P." Your next step is to look over the Word List for a 5 or 6-letter name to interlock with the "C" in "OLYMPIC." To help you get a correct start, the words to use to interlock with the Keyword "OLYMPIC" are "MORNER" and "LEUCHT."

How To Add Up Your Total Score

Each letter used in solving the puzzle has a definite point value (see letter chart) and the 32 interlocking or connecting letters (which have all been circled) are given triple (3 times) their regular value. (Not necessary to show the letter values in each square.) After completing your chart by using suitable connecting words, add up each of the horizontal rows of letters and place these sub-totals in the long ladder-like column at the right of the puzzle (see specimen solution). The object is to obtain the Highest Possible Grand Total when these sub-totals are added together. This Grand Total simply is the total value of all the letters in your entire puzzle, including the letters in the "Key" word "OLYMPIC" and each of the "Key" letters, not forgetting the triple values where such occur.

Place your total score in the blank square marked "GRAND TOTAL," and then clip out and mail your completed puzzle with your donation of $2 to the United States Olympic Committee. Residents of the United States, Alaska, Hawaii and Puerto Rico are eligible to enter this contest.

SEMI-FINAL TIEBREAKER MAILED IMMEDIATELY

Each contestant who submits a Grand Total Score to this Initial Puzzle that is within 25 points of the Correct High Score will proceed at once to the Semi-Final Tiebreaker.

The same day we receive your Initial Puzzle Solution—if qualified under the 25-point rule—we shall rush by First Class Mail your Semi-Final Tiebreaker with complete Rules, Instructions and Master Word List. This Tiebreaker will be similar to the Initial Puzzle, but will contain more name sections and a larger name list.

With your Semi-Final Tiebreaker you will receive a Special Offer whereby you will have the option of increasing your $2 donation, and by so doing you can "step up" the value of your First Prize award from $4,000.00 to as much as $30,000.00. However, anyone who achieves a Qualifying Score in this Initial Puzzle and in the Semi-Final Tiebreaker Puzzle will be eligible for the finals without any additional donation required.

The popular "Qualifying Score Rule" exclusive with Gemeroy-Supervised Contests will continue in the Semi-Final Tiebreaker. If you submit a Qualifying Score within 50 points of the Maximum High, you will then be eligible to proceed to the Final Tiebreaker without any further donation required. If necessary, in the event of ties, consecutive Tiebreaker puzzles, not to exceed two more, will be employed to determine the 600 Prize Winners.

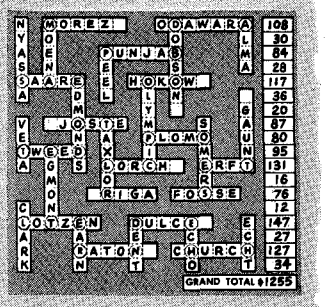
SPECIAL PRIZE FOR PROMPT ACTION!
A round trip by air for two to the 1956 OLYMPIC GAMES at Melbourne, Australia!

Officially Sponsored

The United States Olympic Committee, whose Executive Offices are at the Biltmore Hotel, New York City, has appointed G. F. Gemeroy—America's most experienced Contest Man—to conduct this fund-raising puzzle contest. Under the direction and authority of the U. S. Olympic Committee, this contest is being conducted from G. F. Gemeroy's National Headquarters in Seattle. ALL NET PROCEEDS are for the benefit of the United States Olympic Committee to help pay the cost of sending our United States teams to the 1956 Olympic Games. As a guarantee that all prizes will be paid promptly and in full, $70,000.00 in cash is now on deposit in a Special Prize Winners Trust Account in the Seattle-First National Bank in Seattle. At the close of this Contest, every entrant will receive a complete list of Prize Winners as well as photostats of the First and Second Prize Winners' actual winning solutions.

A GEMEROY-SUPERVISED CONTEST

Study this Example Chart



In the above solution, the same "key" letters and word are used as in the actual puzzle. However, a different list of words is used, so that the Grand Total here is not a suggestion of the High Score you can achieve with the Official Word List. Do not attempt to fill all the squares in the Official Chart, as it is impossible to solve the puzzle if all letter squares are filled.

"OLYMPIC STARS" MASTER WORD LIST

Use Only Words from This List

Auffray	Hill	Morner	Prokop
Bahr	Houser	Nadi	Ritola
Bate	Kauhn	Nambu	Roth
Bayaert	Kerr	Nemeth	Scott
Bilge	Kotkas	Nurmi	Sergo
Crabbe	Leucht	Oddborn	Taylor
Davis	Lewis	Osborn	Thorpe
Debret	Loomis	Owens	Tolan
Dupont	Lowe	Pahud	Tysoe
Elek	Lysak	Papp	Vast
Flack	Mathias	Pearce	Voigt
Foss	Mayer	Perez	Wambst
Henie	Medica	Porter	Wilks

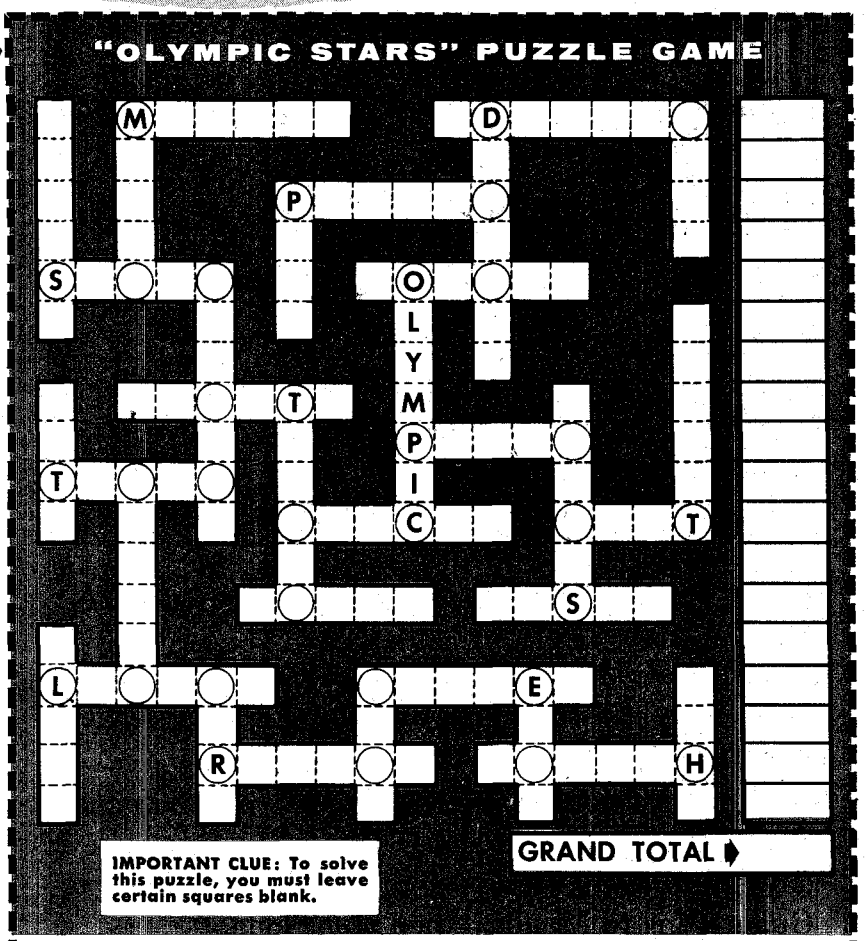
LETTER VALUES

A-5
B-8
C-6
D-7
E-5
F-8
G-5
H-9
I-5
J-8
K-6
L-9
M-6
N-6
O-6
P-7
Q-8
R-4
S-6
T-8
U-4
V-9
W-4
X-9
Y-9
Z-9

Will Russia Sweep the Olympics?

Your contribution will help send a full team of United States athletes to Melbourne, Australia.

"OLYMPIC STARS" PUZZLE GAME



IMPORTANT CLUE: To solve this puzzle, you must leave certain squares blank.

SEND TODAY and learn how you can qualify for PROMPTNESS BONUS—2 round-trip tickets from your home to the Olympic Games in Melbourne, Australia, plus $500 cash for spending money!

SEND $2 DONATION TODAY

I have shown above my Grand Total for this Crossword Puzzle and also I enclose my $2 donation for the United States Olympic Committee. It is understood that my Semi-Final Tiebreaker will be forwarded by return mail provided my answer is within 25 points of the Correct Total.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY OR P.O.....STATE.....

Mail to: UNITED STATES OLYMPIC COMMITTEE, 209 Mutual Life Bldg., Seattle, Wash.
(Remit in Cash, Money Order or by Personal Check)

SEP **DEADLINE FOR INITIAL ENTRIES EXTENDED TO APRIL 30, 1956**

UNITED STATES OLYMPIC COMMITTEE
209 Mutual Life Building — Seattle 4, Washington

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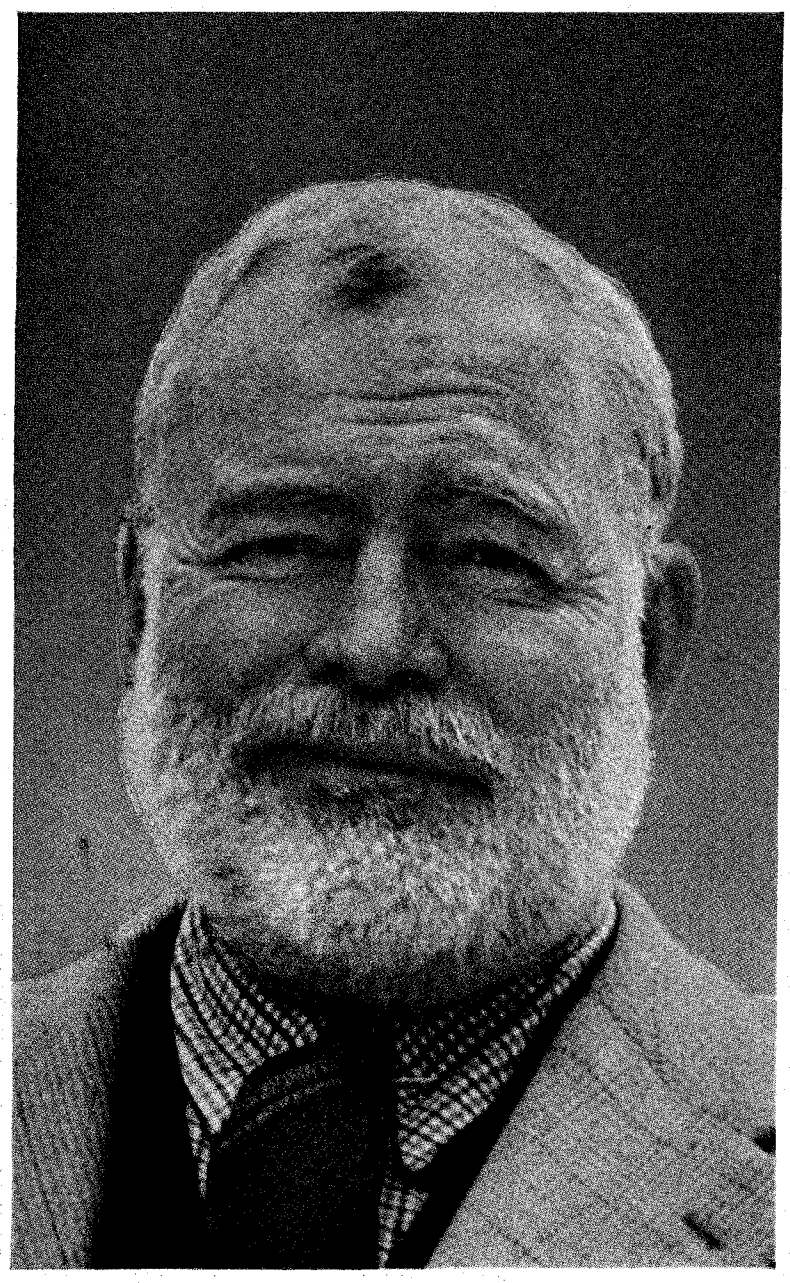
ERNEST HEMINGWAY *says:*

"Each generation of Americans

...Why? Because you'll see your own

Signed at the Finca Vigia, Cuba. Dec. 1st, 1955

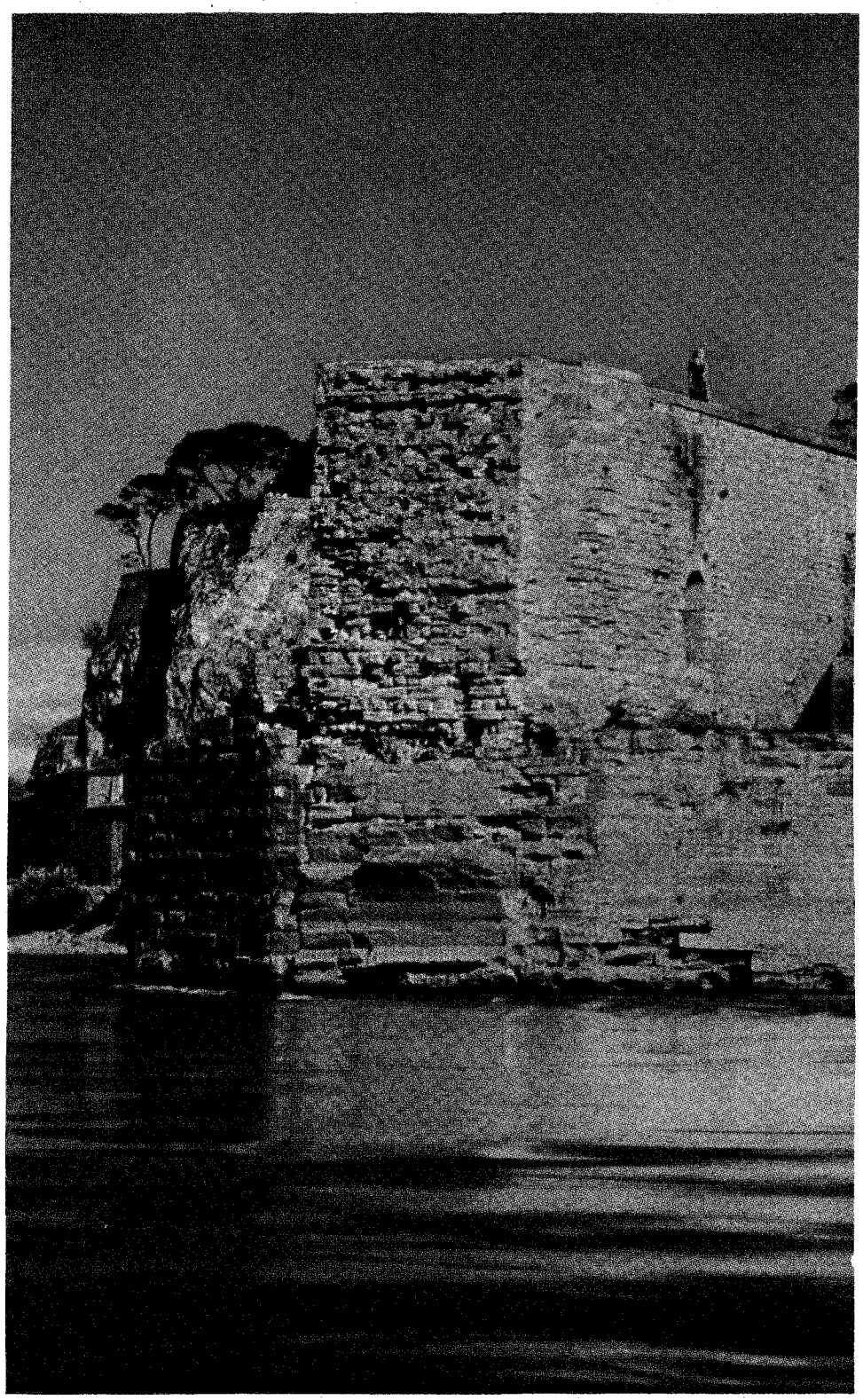


"Pan American and I are old friends"

"We started flying commercially about the same time. They did the flying and I was the passenger. It turned out to be a good partnership.

"After the old Key West-Miami-Havana-Bahamas early days, there was the Pacific when you took a day to Midway—another to Wake—one more to Guam—one to Manila—then Hongkong.

"Flying in China you had to sweat out many things. But you never worried about equipment, maintenance nor any Pan American pilot. I feel as safe with Pan American as I do any morning I wake up to a good working day."



Only Pan American offers overnight service from New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Detroit, and Chicag to 25 European cities . . . Fly Now—Pay Later!

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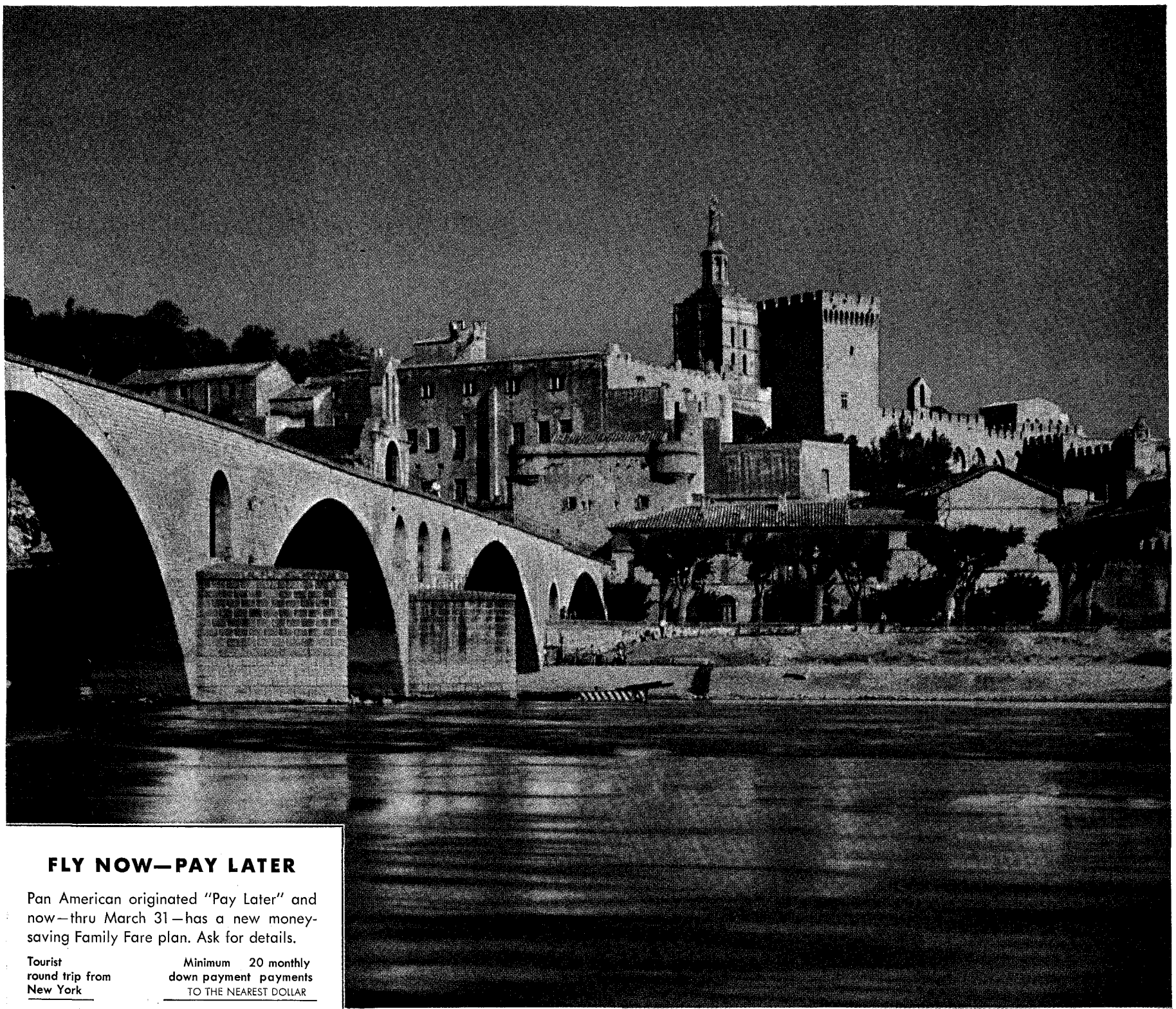
...needs to re-discover Europe

...ountry's destiny more clearly if you spend your next vacation abroad"



The Romans tried, but couldn't bridge the mighty floods of the Rhône River at Avignon. Here in the South of France, in the year 1177, Saint Benezeg built the famous stone bridge which lasted until 1680. Today, in a morning's drive from the Pan American airport at Nice, you can be dancing before lunch on the bridge where seven generations of Americans have sung: "*On y danse, tout en ronde.*"

FLY NOW—PAY LATER

Pan American originated "Pay Later" and now—thru March 31—has a new money-saving Family Fare plan. Ask for details.

Tourist round trip from New York	Minimum down payment (TO THE NEAREST DOLLAR)	20 monthly payments (TO THE NEAREST DOLLAR)
Shannon	44	23
London	49	26
Paris	52	28
Frankfort	56	30
Rome	61	33
Nice	58	31
Istanbul	79	42
'Round the World	135	73

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WORLD'S MOST EXPERIENCED AIRLINE

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DID YOU KNOW THAT SAVINGS UP TO 30% ARE POSSIBLE . . .

when you combine your many separate insurance policies protecting your home, personal property, and liability into one Phoenix Homeowners Policy?

For 98% of all homeowners this new broad contract, which is available in most states, costs less than separate policies for fire and extended coverage on the house and contents, burglary and theft, and personal liability insurance. Savings can run up to 30%. Ask your Phoenix of Hartford agent what you might save with a Phoenix Homeowners Policy.

WHEN YOU BUY INSURANCE BUY INTEGRITY

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The Phoenix Insurance Company
The Connecticut Fire Insurance Company
Equitable Fire & Marine Insurance Company
Minneapolis Fire & Marine Insurance Company
Reliance Insurance Company of Canada
Executive Office: Hartford 15, Connecticut

Murder in Disguise (Continued from Page 21)

stocking-bare legs out in front of her, contemplating her Size 4A pumps. She stared with distaste at the drops of sweat on her legs. She ran her small, capable hands down her lush little body, seeking some bit of clothing, however small, which could still be removed, in the interests of comfort. She had, however, reached the limits of decency in her skimpy green sun dress.

It was hard, seeing her here, to picture Mynnelu as a show girl. And yet, on a stage before an audience, Mynnelu assumed a gay tinkling little voice, a flashing smile. Her eyes shone, her happiness was apparent. Mynnelu loved to perform, even in a third-rate act before a third-rate audience.

On the double seat around them lay the paraphernalia of their profession: Mynnelu's cosmetic case, the shabby suitcases with their costumes, the case with the balls for juggling. It was the smallest of these cases which Mynnelu now reached over and apparently accidentally kicked.

Raphael's usually quiet voice was harsh, "Stop that!"

Mynnelu fluttered her eyelashes innocently. Raphael noted with distaste that the make-up on them was running, that her hair showed darker at the roots than the henna rinse she had given it. She said, "Sometimes I think that, except for that toothy circus girl's picture, that stupid rabbit is the only thing in the world you care about."

"Sometimes I think he's the only actor in the act." Raphael lifted the ventilated cover of the case. The big white rabbit hunched uncomfortably, his pink-lined ears folded back.

"He's hot," said Raphael.

"He is!" Mynnelu wrathfully abandoned her usual good nature. "What about me? That rabbit should be in the baggage car anyhow. If the conductor knew ——"

The streamliner for which they had been sidetracked was approaching along the track behind them. There was a great noise and a sucking swirl of air through their open windows. Mynnelu cried out as a sharp particle struck her eye. Raphael went to her rescue with his clean handkerchief.

"That train going by is air-conditioned!" screamed Mynnelu above the noise. "We could have taken it, if we had finished out our two weeks in Des Moines. But no. You had to get us fired by playing hero to the manager's wife."

"But he was ——"

"So he was beating her." Mynnelu squirmed. "So she was yelling. And we were working. So you hit him, and pretty soon she wasn't yelling. And we weren't working. And now she's back in his arms and we're on a jerk-water local to nowhere with eighteen bucks between us, and our next booking ten days away."

"I think I can see that cinder on the lid."

"Don't change the subject. I'm not going to die of a cinder. Starvation, I might die of. If you ——"

He tried to concentrate on removing the cinder, to shut out the flat sound of Mynnelu's voice. There was right on her side, a good deal of right. He had got them fired from the Des Moines job and from other jobs. He was late, he did not play up to the right people; he simply did not care.

And if Mynnelu, although still very flashy when she was dressed up, was not at this moment the trim and confident young woman she had been when he met her, perhaps that was his fault, too, for, during their three years together, hot, dirty day coaches had been far more frequent than air-conditioned streamliners.

Across the aisle a baby was shrieking. Effortlessly Mynnelu raised her voice above it. Raphael felt the other passengers looking at him. The chubby little girl by the water container came to stand beside them.

"You married?" she asked with interest. "Why do people always fight when they're married?"

"Mind your business." Mynnelu had no patience at all with children. "Three years. When I think of the partners I could have had for the last three years —— No ambition. You've got no ambition at all. You were a big name, one of the biggest in the business—billboards and everything—and you threw it away and never looked back. Sometimes I think if there was a million dollars lying on the sidewalk, you wouldn't stoop to pick it up. Or you'd start looking for the owner to return it. . . . Where are you going?"

"The cinder's out now. I'm going to wash my hands."

"Always washing. What's the use of washing, when you'll just be sweaty and sooty again in five minutes?"

Mynnelu's voice followed him down the aisle. So did the small girl with the short haircut. Raphael tried the locked door of the small washroom.

"There are big ones in the chair car ahead where you can always get into the washbowl part," said the child. "Only the door to that car is locked because we don't pay as much fare. But I just pound on the door and yell that I'm in a hurry ——"

He read the note pinned to the shoulder strap of the little girl's dress. In painfully formed letters, it said:

Sue-Ellen Malone. She is gonna spend a month with her aunt, Mrs. Malone, who cooks at 922 Riverview Drive, Waurika. Please see that she gets off at Waurika, where her aunt will be. Thanks. I got five others or I would take her myself. Her mother.

Raphael went toward the chair car. Sue-Ellen followed him, idly fanning her sturdy legs with the skirt of her brief blue cotton dress. Raphael opened the car door and found himself on the railed open platform between the old cars. A dark-haired young man was leaning against the iron railing, looking very white. He seemed oblivious of the sun that was beating down on his unprotected head. He was even wearing his coat. He scowled ferociously at Sue-Ellen.

Sue-Ellen slid her small moist hand trustingly into Raphael's. "He's tight. You should smell him. And he won't talk to me, no matter what I say to him."

The man turned a little as Raphael passed. Turned to keep his back to the wall of the car. There was something crafty about him, something evil. Raphael was glad to find the door to the chair car propped open, perhaps by this man. The cooler air was a welcome relief. Sue-Ellen bounded delightedly on toward the water container.

Raphael entered the empty men's lounge. As he stripped down to his shorts to begin his sponge bath, the train pulled jerkily off the side track. Raphael bumped his head as he leaned over the small metal wash basin.

A voice spoke directly behind him. Raphael moved so suddenly that he got soap in his eyes, for he had heard no one come in.

"You traveling alone?"

It was the white-faced man who had been on the car platform. Raphael discovered that Sue-Ellen was right; the man smelled strongly of whisky.

Raphael said curtly, "No. I'm not alone."

"Who are you with, then?"

Raphael turned his back and went on washing. The other man nudged him, hard. "Who are you with?"

Raphael's fists tightened. He shook his dark hair back. He straightened. He turned. The other man backed away. His hand slid into his right pocket.

A familiar feeling came to Raphael. A feeling he had not had since last he stood on the high platform of the circus, ready to plunge into space. A tightness, and yet an exhilaration. A feeling of danger.

The man's eyes were utterly cold. "Who are you with?"

Raphael told himself sternly that there was no future in hitting a drunk who was apparently holding a gun. Finally he said, "I'm with my partner. She's in the next car."

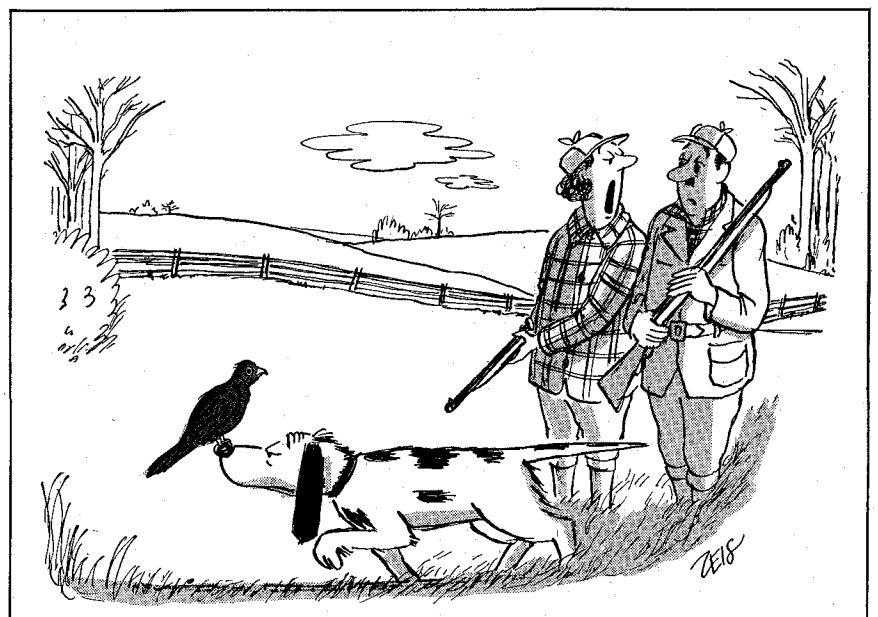
The man reached out with his left hand. A big diamond flashed on his little finger. He touched Raphael's shabby suit, hanging on a nearby hook. "How old is it?"

Raphael said through his teeth, "It's not new."

The man fingered the suit thoroughly. "Standard labels. Nothing to trace, and just what old auntie would expect of long-lost nephew. Been thinking, maybe this suit is too new—for auntie, you understand." He looked at it regretfully. "Got a hunch. Always play my hunches. Do you believe in hunches?"

Raphael, who was very superstitious, did not answer.

"No? That's why you're riding a day coach in an old suit. And your partner is probably —— Never bother with second-rate women, friend. Look at Benjy. If I hadn't known that girl was class the day she walked into my office —— If I hadn't believed her story —— No entangling alliances for (Continued on Page 62)



"Any suggestions?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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IT'S HERE! WONDERFUL NEW INSTANT CREAMER

For those who love fresh cream and modern convenience

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IF YOU LIKE IT "WITH," YOU'LL LOVE IT WITH PREAM!

Pream® is made entirely from fresh sweet cream and other milk products. It's powdered for your convenience...always handy and so economical. It stays fresh tasting!

Delicious! Rich, delectable Pream is the modern way to cream coffee or tea. You can't beat that meadow-fresh flavor.

So easy! Fresh-tasting Pream doesn't spill or spoil in daily use. Never drips – nothing to wash up or wipe off.

So economical! Pream costs about ⅓ less per serving than coffee cream. So thrifty you can use all you want.

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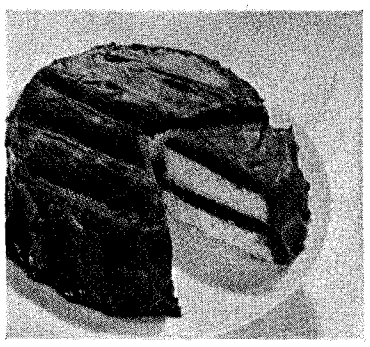

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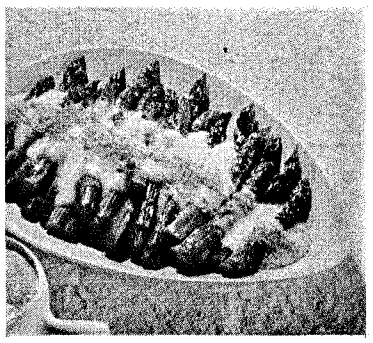

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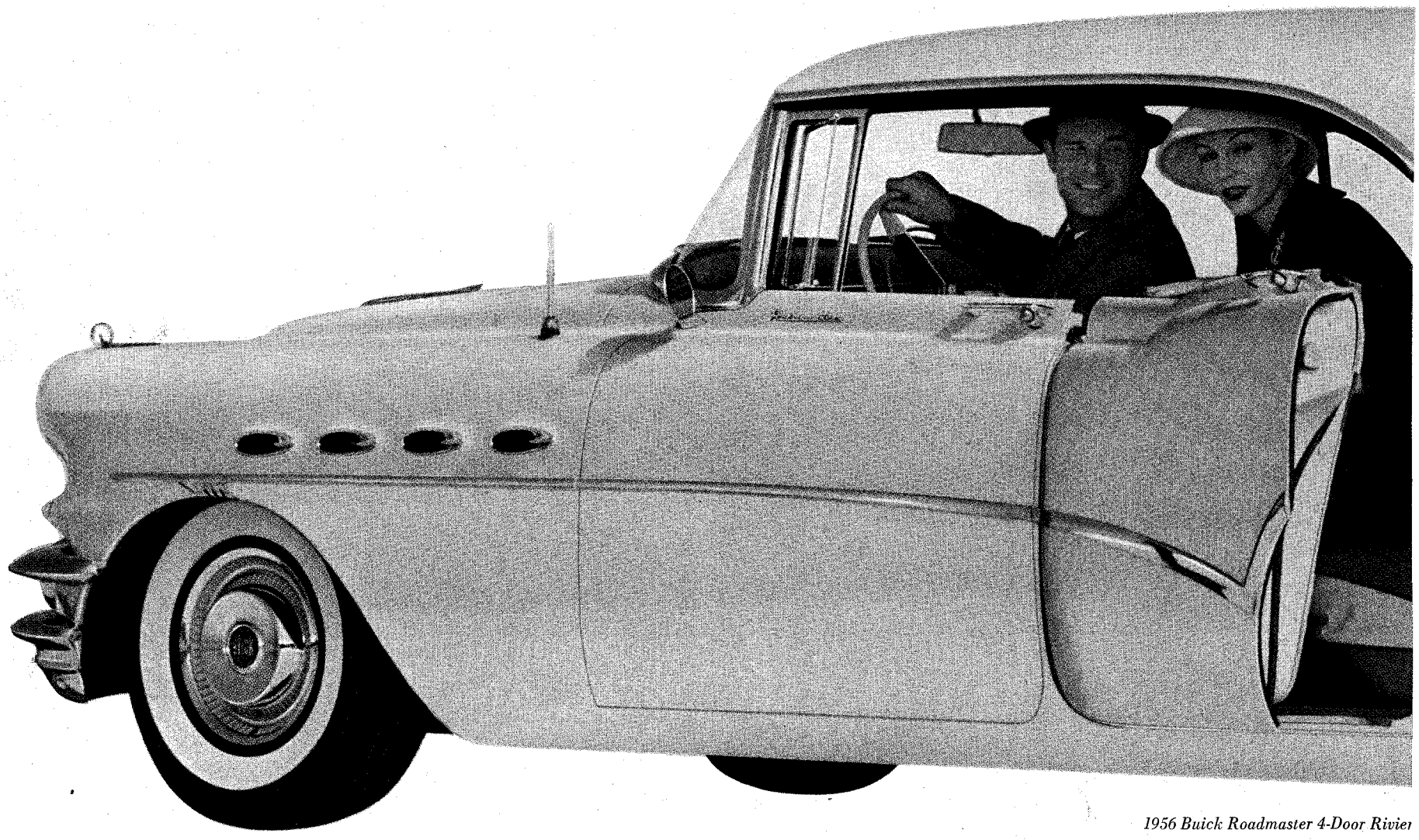

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GENERAL M

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IT'S PLAIN to see that General Motors designers have stolen another march on the field. Not since they introduced the original hardtop has any body style so completely captured the public's fancy as the new four-door hardtops now available in all GM cars.

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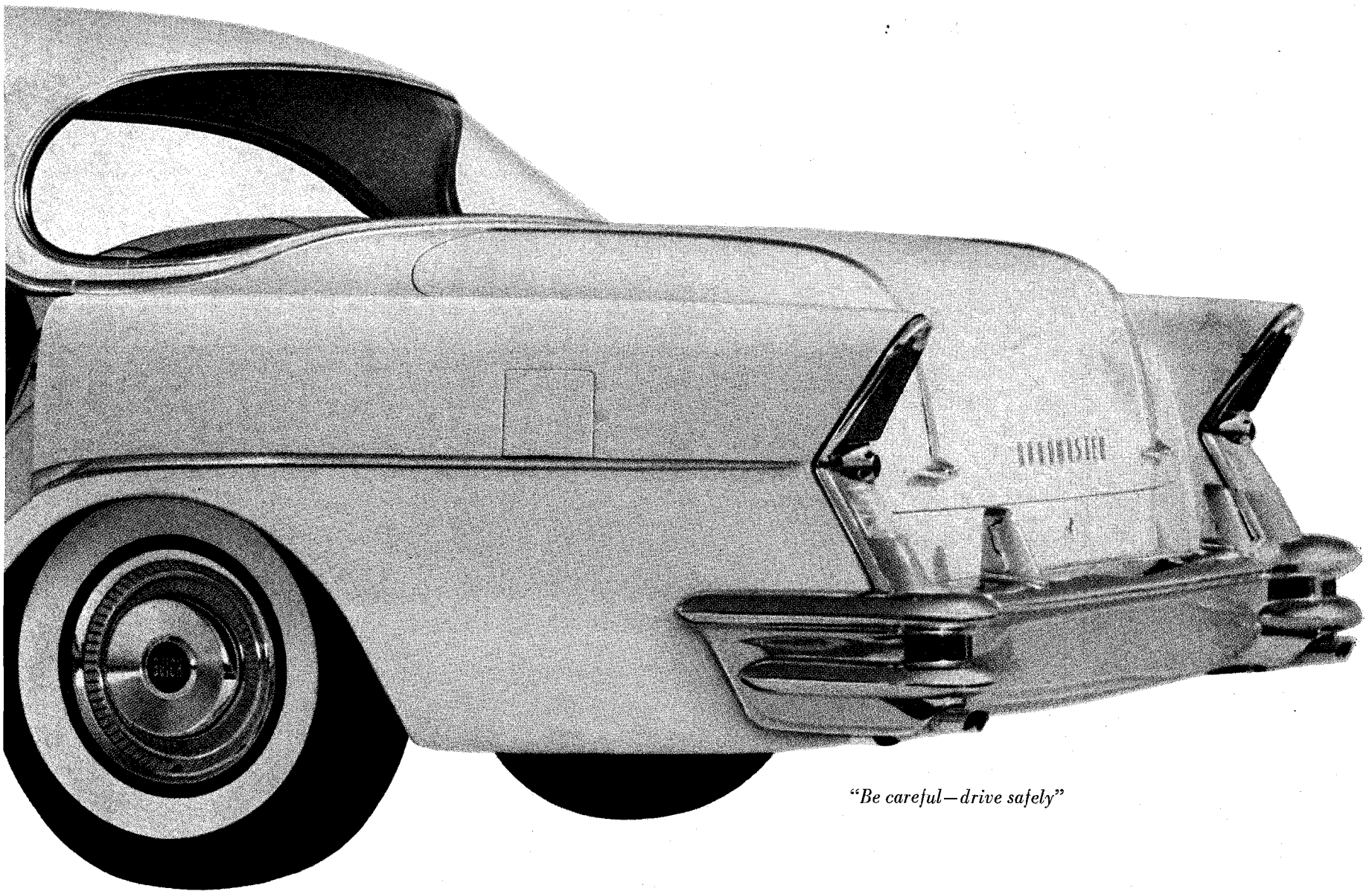

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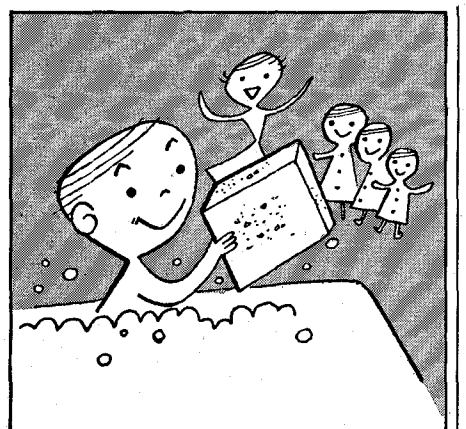

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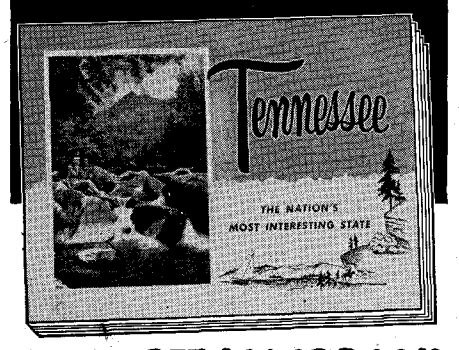

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(Continued from Page 58)

Benjy. So now, when my big chance has finally come, no wife, no family, nothing they can trace. Do you know what I'm going to do? I'm going to trade suits with you."

"No."

"Twenty bucks and my new suit for your old one."

"You're tight," said Raphael. "That suit of yours must have cost two hundred dollars. Go back to your seat and sleep it off."

"Just one little drink with—not tight. Can't see the cards if I get tight. Best little card player in the U. S., Benjy is." He fumbled in his pocket, flashing an oversized flat alligator wallet stuffed with papers and greenbacks. "Right here in my hand I've got the key to a fortune. Not this lousy little roll. Millions and millions. And it'll be mine. Just got to convince the old lady in person. These letters did the rest. Genteel poverty. I got to come from genteel poverty. Twenty bucks and my suit for yours."

Benjy's suit was new and expensive, blue with too-wide white stripes. It would delight Mynnelu, and the twenty dollars would certainly help until their next booking. Benjy plainly would miss neither the suit nor the twenty dollars.

"All right," said Raphael.

Benjy laid his wallet on the counter. He took twenty dollars from it. He transferred something heavy from the pocket of his coat to that of Raphael's. Raphael was sure now that he had been right about the gun. Raphael's suit fitted Benjy reasonably well, for, while Benjy was slightly shorter, Raphael was thinner. As soon as Benjy was dressed, he lurched out the door and toward the car platform.

Raphael dressed more slowly. In the mirror he found the striped suit not unbecoming, since his darker skin and the thinness of his face somehow eased the loud effect the stripes had had against Benjy's unhealthy whiteness. The blue of the suit made Raphael's eyes seem bluer, more ingenuous. His body, moreover, was firmly muscular, as opposed to Benjy's soft plumpness. The shoulders were a bit tight; Raphael's showed the results of his circus years.

He took up the coat, preparing to leave. He saw Benjy's wallet on the counter. Raphael weighed it in his hand. He opened it. He ran his finger down the bills. He sighed. There were some letters, too, addressed to B. N. at a postbox number in Minneapolis. "The key to a fortune," Benjy had said the letters were.

Raphael read one. The handwriting was old-fashioned, slanting, but firm.

Eagle's Point
Riverview Drive, Waurika
Wednesday

My dear Nephew: Dear Ichabod would disapprove of my calling you that. Lawyers always disapprove of everything until the final i is dotted. But since you have used only your initials, I cannot call you by your given name. And I do feel sure that this time there can be no mistake, no fraud, as there has been in all the claims so far; dear Ichabod even had to put some of them in jail. If I could only tell you how much I am looking forward to meeting you! I want you to come and stay with us here at Eagle's Point. Come next Tuesday in the afternoon around three. Of course, dear Ichabod will want to see you in the morning. We shall all look forward eagerly to hearing about your life up to now. Dear Ichabod disagrees, but I feel you are quite right to wait until then to tell us all about it. After all, you have sent dear Cecily's ring and the letter she wrote to her unborn baby. I am sure there will be no difficulty about the rest.

The letter was signed, "Amelia Dooley." Raphael did not read the other letters, and gave the other identification only a quick look. A driver's license for Benjy Neils, Minneapolis, Minnesota. Raphael sighed, put the wallet in his pocket and turned toward the car platform.

Benjy Neils was there, looking whiter than ever. "Don't—feel so good."

"I'll call the porter. But first—here's your wallet. You left it."

For a moment, Benjy stared at him. Then he crouched like an animal, clawing for his gun. "Thief!" he screamed. "Robber! Give it to me!"

Raphael acted purely instinctively, as he might have if attacked in the circus, where he had started with a job working around the wild-animal cages. There was no weapon at hand. Waiting meant inevitable disaster. So he attacked. He threw his body at Benjy. His hand was on the small gun, a .22, twisting it away from Benjy. Benjy swung at him wildly, flinging him back, hard. Raphael hit his head. It hurt. His own not inconsiderable temper exploded. He struck out at Benjy. His fist connected solidly with Benjy's jaw. All his strength was behind it. Limply, Benjy went back, back, and over the side of the car.

Benjy was clinging there, his fingers clawing. Raphael seized his coat. For a second his eyes met Benjy's. Then Raphael looked down. Below, the ground swirled. And Raphael was back on the circus high platform, looking down as Lynne fell. He shut his eyes against the old nightmare of it. When he opened them, his hands were empty. And on the tracks farther back, Benjy, who had been on this platform seconds before, now lay limp and unmoving.

Raphael picked up the little gun and thrust it into his pocket. He did not know how he reached the safety cord. He found himself yanking on it, ready to jump off and run back as soon as the train slowed. Perhaps Benjy was not dead. . . . And then suddenly there was the familiar roar of sound which could mean only one thing. A train rushed by, going in the other direction. Going over the body of Benjy Neils.

Afterward, Raphael was standing in the grass beside the train. People poured past him, not noticing him. He dove for a nearby hedge and was very sick behind it. He lay there, unmoving. He heard the babble of meaningless words:

"I wonder who he was?"

"What happened? What happened?"

Back, I've got to go back. Tell them what happened. In a minute. When my head clears.

It was some time before Raphael was able to focus on one voice. One familiar voice, louder than the rest. It was Mynnelu.

"I'd know that suit anywhere!" wailed Mynnelu. "Even if his poor face —— Oh, Raphael! Raphael!"

"We can't be sure yet, lady," an official voice was saying. "It may not be your partner. There are lots of dark suits. Maybe we'll find some sort of identification around."

Raphael opened his eyes. *Must tell Mynnelu. Must tell her that's only my suit, not my body. But suppose they think I killed Benjy on purpose? I have his suit and his wallet and his gun.*

And then the other thought came: *Mynnelu thinks I'm dead. Mynnelu thinks I'm dead. All they need to settle who is dead is his identification.*

Raphael weighed Benjy's heavy wallet in his hand. He hesitated. Slowly he took out his own worn wallet. He removed only the picture of Lynne. He threw his wallet through the hedge, along the ground. Presently he watched a small, perspiring man stumble over it, pick it up, extract a five-dollar bill, and then take it on to the authorities.

Mynnelu greeted it with a shriek of horror. "It's his wallet! Oh, Raphael! Now will you believe me that this was Raphael?"

Mynnelu was staging the scene of her life: tears, shrieks, everything. For a moment Raphael was almost touched. Could it be that Mynnelu was genuinely this fond of him? He told himself sternly that Mynnelu was such a ham at heart she was undoubtedly enjoying herself immensely. That she was thinking of the insurance the railroad would have to pay her for the loss of her partner and building up her loss proportionately.

Never mind Mynnelu now, Mynnelu thinks I'm dead. What she gets is between her and the railroad company.

Raphael moved carefully along the ground behind the hedge, a few feet at a time, away from the trains. Finally he reached a more hidden spot among some trees. He stayed there for a long time, watching as the trains at last pulled away, leaving only some police, cars and other officials.

Darkness came. Raphael started walking down the tracks. There was a glow of lights in the distance. The evening was still very warm, but he barely noticed. Some of the shock was wearing off now. He no longer felt numb. Never to hear Mynnelu's voice again! Free. Unbelievable, but he was. In his pocket was a walletful of money. And Mynnelu thought he was dead.

The glow of lights ahead began to be a town. He kept walking. Finally he came to a sign which said: WAURIKA. City Limits. NO UNNECESSARY BLOWING OF HORNS.

He moved through streets of small, new-appearing houses, many shaped nearly alike, in subdivision fashion. He came to a river, which seemed in the darkness to be a wide and swift-flowing one. Looking downstream, he could see the lights of factories against the night sky. There were several bridges, and part of the town, less brilliantly lighted, was on the other side of the river.

Presently he found himself in the business section, a busy, prosperous one. He blinked at the brightness of the lights, and fought an inexplicable feeling of panic. He felt that other people must all be looking at him. He wanted to run. Run anywhere away from the brightness of the lights. He did not run, however. He walked on, forcing himself to slowness, to deliberation.

He passed a large old hotel, the Sherman. He eyed its sedate, plush-chaired lobby without interest. He turned instead into the second hotel, a bright stone-and-glass edifice known as the Jones House.

The young night clerk in his horn-rimmed glasses might have been a college senior. He said politely, "Your luggage, sir?"

"I haven't any. I expected to drive straight (Continued on Page 64)

Put it This Way

By FRANKLIN P. JONES

A woman who continually reads her husband like a book is apt to wear out the binding.

If it weren't for mealtimes, children would probably never stop eating.

He who hesitates is bossed.

When a woman turns the other cheek she's probably getting a facial.

One reason some men can't get along on their salary is that their wives can.

When you can read the handwriting on the wall, your kids have probably learned to spell.

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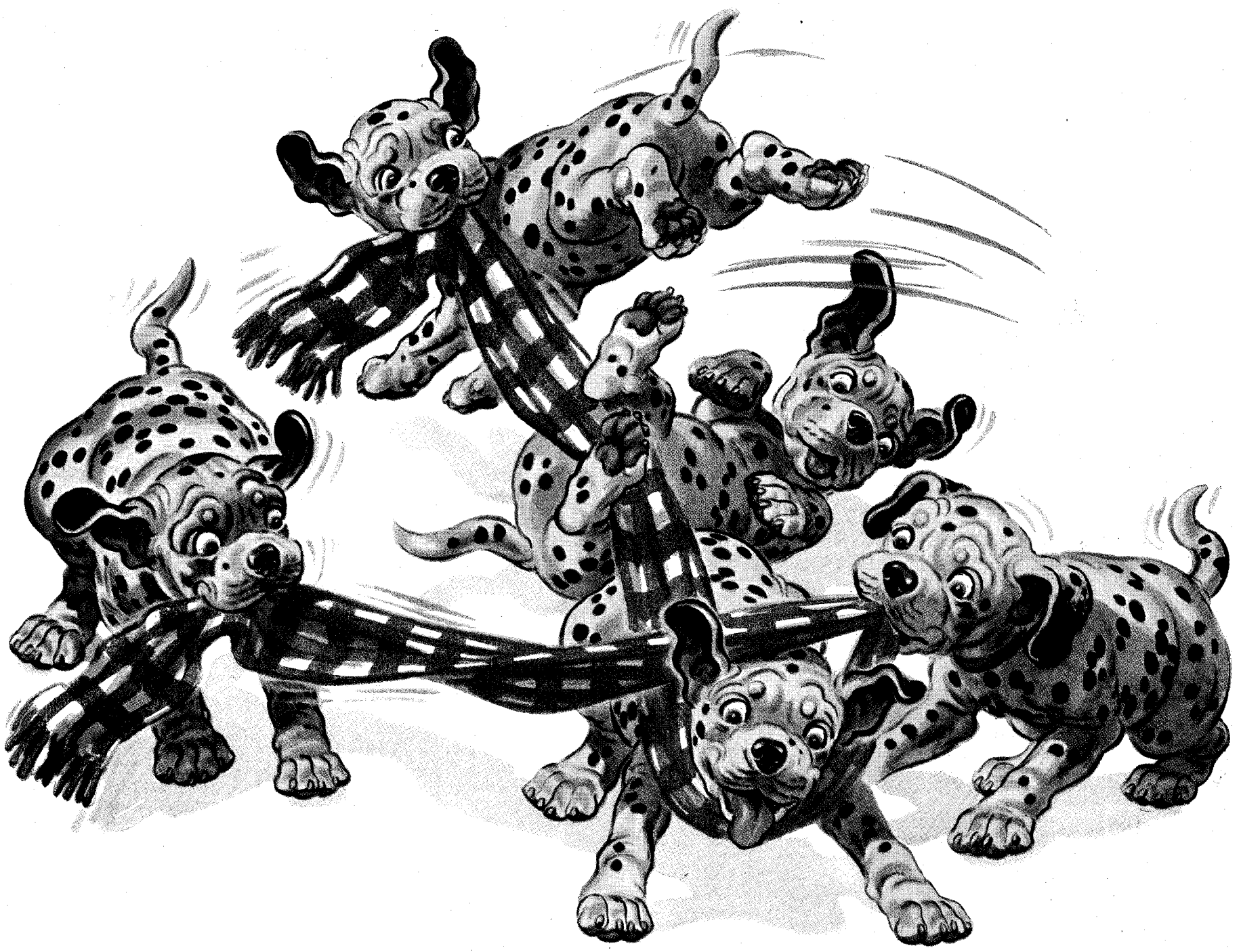

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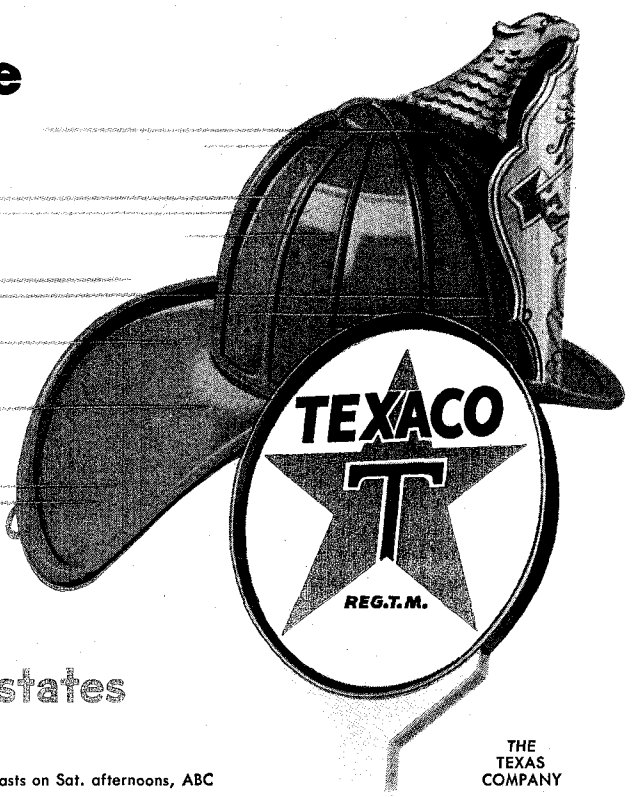

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THE TEXAS COMPANY

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(Continued from Page 62) through to home, but I was delayed. I'll pay in advance, of course." Casually Raphael laid down a greenback.

The young clerk was visibly impressed. "You'll sign the register, sir?"

Pen in hand, Raphael caught himself on the R. *Not Raphael Schultz, or even my own name, Burke. He's dead. Laid out in a morgue someplace. His name died with him. I have no name.*

Raphael saw the young clerk looking at him strangely. *Who hesitates over signing his own name? But it's a shock, knowing you have no name. Almost like being dead. But I do have a name.* And he signed the register, "Benjy Neils, Minneapolis."

He followed the towheaded bellboy up to his room, tipped him a dollar for absolutely nothing at all. The boy, like the young clerk, was plainly impressed. It was a large luxurious room, with a double bed, a thick blue carpet and draperies. Raphael breathed the conditioned air almost hungrily. He touched the expensive bedspread. He had not been in a hotel room like this in a long time. He peeled off his clothes—Benjy's clothes—and took a long shower. Still wet, he lay defiantly on the bedspread. He picked up the phone and ordered dinner served in his room. Filet mignon, rare, French-fried potatoes, cherry pie à la mode.

He drew a deep, unbelieving breath. This had all happened so fast. No ambition, Mynnelu had said. Raphael had no ambition. Wouldn't pick up a million dollars if it was lying on the sidewalk. Well, he had picked it up, hadn't he? Not exactly a million dollars, but enough for this, anyhow. He was only sorry that Mynnelu would never know—though the very thought sent a shiver through him.

He had killed a man today. Perhaps by accident. But he had hit him far harder than necessary, and if he had held onto Benjy as he clung to the side of the train, Benjy would be alive now. For an instant he saw Benjy's eyes as he clawed for a hold. But Benjy was dead. And Raphael felt no remorse. He felt better than he had felt in three years. Luxury, he thought, was not hard to take. Not hard at all. He could very easily come to like it. In fact, he liked it now.

He had had fame three years ago. Screaming crowds and his picture with Lynne's on the billboards, giggling girls waiting for his autograph. All that was gone now. Gone forever, with Lynne. It had been satisfying. But perhaps there could be another sort of satisfaction, another sort of success, in a career that might be completely anonymous. And even more dangerous than the Lamonte Somersault had been. Today he had found himself liking the challenge of danger again.

The money in the wallet would not last indefinitely. Not worry about that tonight. Tomorrow or the next day. There were also the letters in the wallet. Worth a fortune, Benjy had said the letters were. Millions and millions.

The girl sitting beside Wesley Olson in his battered station wagon was tall and long-limbed. For propriety in coming to town, she had fastened a cotton skirt at her narrow waist, above her blue shorts, but she had not buttoned it all the way down, so that her young and shapely legs remained unhampered. Though her hips were very slim, there was nothing boyish about the way she wore her blue blouse or about her daintily freckled nose, her soft brown eyes and her smooth, shining skin.

She said hotly, "I don't see how you can be such a fool!"

Wesley Olson's attention remained on the road. He smiled, a cheerful smile which did not touch his gray eyes. He said patiently, "Kathi, you can't just say sight unseen that the man's a fake."

"But I tell you he is! I know it!"

"All we know," Wes said, "is that some twenty-odd years ago, while Miss Amelia was out West married to Mr. Dooley, Miss Amelia's unmarried sister, Cecily, had a child in Minnesota. Cecily died at its birth, and Miss Amelia's mother secretly put it out for adoption, to avoid what she considered the disgrace to the family name. When her mother finally died recently, at ninety-odd, Miss Amelia learned of the child's existence for the first time—even though the child is now grown up. Miss Amelia appealed to the newspapers in an effort to find it, her only living relative. These are the facts. They are all we know."

"We also know," said Kathi hotly, "that Miss Amelia has umpteen million dollars and is fair game for any impostor that comes along. And plenty of them have already come along. Only this one she believes! She thinks he is her nephew!"

Wes drove for a block in silence. He drove well, with skill and decision, particularly considering the fact that he operated the wheel and its special controls solely with his right hand. His left arm had hung nearly limp at his side since the crash of an Army helicopter in Alaska over a year before.

He backed the station wagon into a parking space across from the courthouse. "Suppose we wait and see Ichabod. After all, he's Miss Amelia's lawyer. I don't think he's going to let any impostor take advantage of her."

"Lawyers!" Kathi ran her fingers hastily through her short red-gold hair, which curled naturally, tight to her head. "All lawyers ever do is study proofs. Besides, Ichabod Carr has never said no to Miss Amelia in his life. If she wanted the moon, he'd think it was all right and get it for her. If she thinks this man is her nephew, and wants him to be, Ichabod will think so too."

"I wouldn't exactly say that. Ichabod has character. Lots of character. Have you ever seen him in court? People come from miles around to watch him try a case. He walks up and down in front of the jury, looking at them and letting them look at him. He yanks off his tie. Then he begins to talk. Sometimes he roars. Sometimes he almost cries. When he's finished he has the jury in the palm of his hand."

"But Miss Amelia has him in the palm of hers," said Kathi. "Why didn't he take her by the shoulders thirty years ago and shake some sense into her? He's loved her all his life, even if he was younger. What does that matter now? And she accepts his devotion, and leans on it, and sits mourning Mr. Dooley and letting herself get imposed on by some crook who is after her money by claiming to be her nephew!"

"But ——"

"You'd like to say it's their business, if you weren't too polite. But my dad used to say love made a great deal of difference in whose business what was. And I love them both so much I can't stand to have some fake nephew come in and ruin the happiness they should be having together."

"We don't know yet that he is a fake. He had Miss Amelia's sister's ring and the letter she wrote to her unborn baby."

There was a break in Kathi's voice, "Oh, Wes. Can't you see that if Miss Amelia's going to be saved from this man, we'll have to save her—you and me—not a lawyer? Not even Ichabod."

"Don't let Ichabod's slow drawl fool you. Or that office. He's tough. Plenty tough."

"He's still a lawyer. He still thinks it can be proved by legal documents. But they're so easy to steal, and the right person might have no proof at all."

Wes looked at her steadily. "It's funny. I would have sworn, when you came here three months ago, that you didn't even like Miss Amelia; though you went to considerable trouble to get the job. But now ——"

"I didn't want to like her. I just wanted to fill my job as her secretary and not get involved with her problems at all. But she's so sweet and helpless."

"It is my personal opinion," said Wes, "that Miss Amelia could cope with an atom bomb without disarranging her tea hour. Did you ever hear how she got her injured husband through the snowstorm in those Western mountains when they were cut off after his accident?"

"That was years ago. He's been dead over twenty years. And anyhow, that didn't involve judgment of people. Miss Amelia has no sense about people. She trusts everyone. She took me practically without references."

"She trusted me," said Wes slowly. "So did Ichabod. Ichabod knew my father long ago in Pennsylvania, and he came to see me at the Veterans' Hospital here, and told Miss Amelia I was going to have to find a new line of work, and she gave me the job managing her farms and Eagle's Point. No experience except boyhood summers on my grandfather's farm, no references except Ichabod, and he took me on trust too."

"That's different."

"Why is it different?"

"Because you're good at your job and conscientious and work hard doing things nobody expects a manager to do himself, like working in the heat over the tractor when it broke down in the fields, and fixing it, and taking care of the horses yourself."

"Nobody else would have given me the job. I'm very grateful to Miss Amelia. And to Ichabod."

"There's no reason for you to be grateful. You've made those farms pay as they never did before. I've seen the books. All you do is work. You never even ——"

He said soberly, "I like to work. I like to be so tired at night that I fall into bed exhausted."

Too tired to think of what might have been.

Kathi's color was up. "But everybody has to play sometime. You never even ask a girl to a dance at the country club."

His glance moved deliberately to his useless arm. In spite of his best efforts, bitterness crept into his eyes. "I asked a girl to a lot of dances once. We were married while I was in college. We have a little girl—Jen's eight. And my wife has a divorce and a new husband. With two good arms."

Kathi's hand was on his, warm and soft. "Wes, I'm sorry. Believe me, I didn't know."

His smile was cheerful and matter-of-fact. "It wasn't just the arm. She said I was never home; I worked too hard. She had her own money and she couldn't see why we couldn't just live on it and have fun. She didn't see why I felt I had to go into the Air Force. She met someone else."

"You can't be much more than thirty. You still ——"

"No, thanks," he said with finality. He slid out of the old station wagon and came around to open her door for her. Just under six feet tall, he wore his dungarees well, and moved with a light grace unusual in so big a man. The hand he put on the door handle was callused from the recent hard work with the corn crop. Yet there was still something unfamiliar about the work clothes, the calluses of manual labor. Wesley Olson, one felt, was more used to working with his brains than his brawn.

Kathi got out. Even in the late-summer heat, there was a look of freshness about her, a fragrance that was not an identifiable scent. She smiled up at Wes. "I'm glad Miss Amelia trusted you," she said softly.

"Perhaps you'll be glad if she trusts this man who claims to be her nephew."

Kathi stiffened. "I will not. He's a fake. I know it."

"You can't possibly know it. You've never even seen him. None of us has."

"I do know it!"

From the big window of his street-floor office, Ichabod Carr watched them coming in, Kathi's bright head proudly high, Wesley Olson as always, quiet and soft-spoken. Ichabod leaned back in his chair, smiling a little. He was in his fifties, a big, robust man with ruddy coloring and dark eyes that missed nothing. He had a thick mane of unkempt hair, which for years had been red, but was now gray. Either way, he rarely remembered to get a haircut.

"Good morning," he said.

Kathi's brown eyes met his friendly ones and took confidence from them. Then she looked about the old office, which had belonged to Ichabod's father in the days when the population of Waurika had been a tenth of what it now was. The office remained relatively as his father had left it, ancient desk and chairs, spittoon, potbellied stove and all.

She said, "Good morning," but more doubtfully.

Wes said, "Busy, Ichabod? Kathi thought if you weren't ——"

Ichabod waved a genial hand. "I was just being very occupied making sure nobody went into the courthouse with a case I didn't know about. Handy thing, having an office across the street from the courthouse."

There was a drawl to his words, a slow and easygoing quality which had lulled unwary opponents in the courtroom. Ichabod's housekeeper of many years, old Mrs. Parker, always saw that he started out in a good suit, well pressed. But within half a block Ichabod would have mussed his hair, collected some heavy miscellaneous objects in his pockets and, more likely than not, burned one (Continued on Page 67)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I think we'd like to see something with fewer possibilities and more actualities."

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The versatile new '56 Dodge 8-passenger Custom Sierra V-8 Station Wagon

Take any number...up to 8!

LUCILLE BALL and DESI ARNAZ (above) co-star with JAMES MASON in the MGM side-splitter, "FOREVER, DARLING."* Their adventures in a Dodge Station Wagon make first class entertainment (and first class travel)!

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Here's the sort of thing we mean:

Take any number, up to 8, on a safari to the ski lodge, to the theater, the dance, the movie or what have you.

Pick up that furniture at Aunt Susie's. (With the rear seat removed and the middle seat folded forward, you have a 9-foot level platform for these little chores.)

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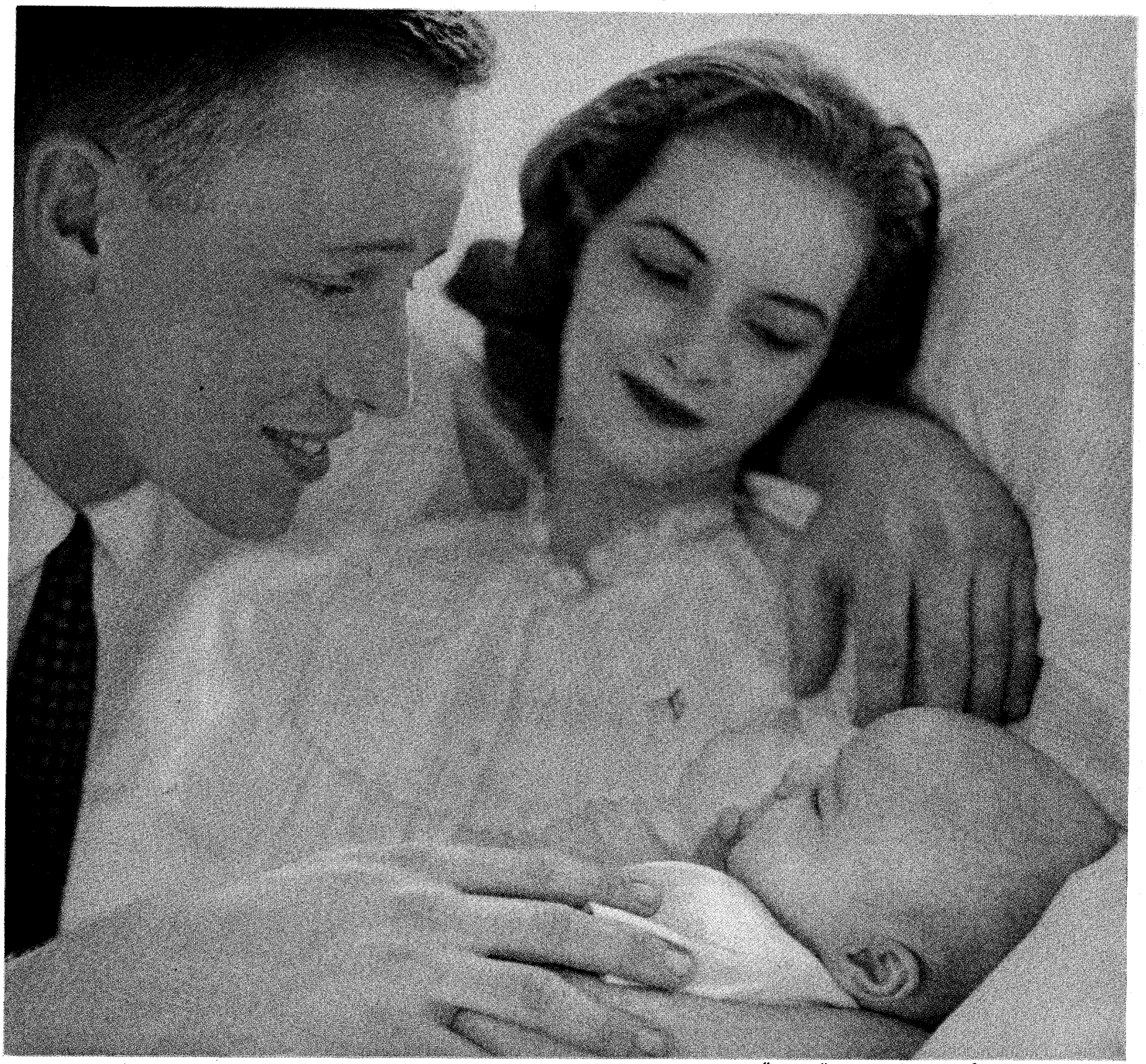

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"Woven into the Life of America"

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(Continued from Page 64) of them with his old and evil-smelling pipe. By this hour of the morning he was as happily mussed as if he had slept in his clothes.

He put his glasses on now—thick horn-rimmed ones which he alternately looked over and through. "Something on your minds?"

"This man Miss Amelia thinks is her nephew," said Kathi. "He isn't!"

Ichabod leaned back. "No?" he said gently. "How do you know?"

"I just know!"

Ichabod did not smile. "Perhaps you asked Father Tim."

"Father Tim is nearly blind," said Kathi. "He's dying. After all these years, how can he remember one baby out of all those he put out for adoption? The records are gone, burned up in the same orphanage fire that Father Tim was hurt in. How can he tell that a grown person now was a baby he saw only briefly, years ago?"

Ichabod nodded gravely. "But you can tell?"

"Oh!" said Kathi. "Lawyers!"

Ichabod grinned. "This man is the only one of six hundred and nine claimants that could possibly be genuine. He had Cecily's ring, her letter to her unborn baby ——"

... ...

Why Worry?

By May Richstone

The tendency to brood and
fret
Has never solved a problem
yet.
Worry is a rocking chair
That never gets us
anywhere!

... ...

Wes said, "Kathi feels they might be forged or stolen. She feels that because Miss Amelia is so wealthy and so trusting ——"

Ichabod was stern. "Why shouldn't she be trusting? What do you want her to do, shiver alone in that old house with the ghost of Mr. Dooley fighting the ghost of mamma, or trust nice young people like you two and fill her house with youth and happiness?"

Wes nodded soberly. "Yes. If there were more trust and less hatred in this world ——" Again the bitterness was there, far behind his eyes, as he looked at his useless arm.

Ichabod said, "All we can do is wait until the maybe-nephew gets here. After all, we haven't really heard his story yet. If it doesn't hold in every detail —— But we owe it to Amelia at least to hear him. When you consider the way she was raised—lived with mamma practically all her life, and you know what mamma's standards were," Ichabod's voice was not without its own bitterness, "so uncompromising that she would put her only grandchild out for adoption rather than admit that the parents were not married. It took a great deal of courage for Amelia to submit this story and her sister's name to the world, to thwart mamma's wishes."

"Damn mamma," said Wes.

Ichabod nodded. "Words I've thought many times, boy. But Amelia never has. And it is a measure of both her courage and her loneliness that she is willing to go through all this, on the faint hope of finding her sister's child."

"That's just it," said Kathi. "This is such a faint hope. Why not leave it alone? The real child may be dead or adopted somewhere and not even know it was adopted. Some impostor might have killed it, even, in hope of getting the money."

"Now, Kathi," said Wes. "Let's not imagine things."

"You think it's imagination," said Kathi. "Because money doesn't mean anything to you. You like to work and you don't want many things anyhow. But the world is full of people who would kill for the sort of money Miss Amelia has. Kill Miss Amelia or anyone else who got in their way!"

Ichabod's dark eyes snapped anger. "Nobody is going to kill anybody. Wes lives in the guest cottage right on the grounds and I'm as close as the telephone, and neither of us is going to let anything happen to Amelia."

"Suppose," said Kathi, "you decide you don't think this man is her nephew. But suppose Miss Amelia decides she does think so. Suppose she likes him, as she likes pretty nearly everybody, and takes him in and tells you and Wes thank you very much, she doesn't need any protecting? Then what are you going to do, proofs or no proofs?"

Ichabod said, "We'll meet that when it comes. If it comes."

Kathi said wonderingly, "You seem to want this man to come too. As if he were your nephew."

Ichabod snapped, "Nonsense! Amelia's entitled to try to find her only living relative. Do you want her left all alone in the world?"

"No," said Kathi, "I want her to ——"

"Kathi!" Wes looked at Ichabod. "That's enough!"

Tears blinded her eyes, and these made her even more angry. She dabbed at them, but they kept coming. "Stop being so clinical!" she said.

This time it was Ichabod who said, "Kathi!" as Wes Olson's face got white.

Kathi was not looking at Wes. She was moving toward the door, fumbling futilely for a handkerchief. "All right. You two sit around and weigh the evidence. Me, I've made up my mind. Those letters were too oily, too —— I tell you, I know this man's a fake. And I'm going to prove it. By any means at all. Fair or not!"

She slammed the door behind her. Ichabod rose, patted Wes on the shoulder and lumbered over to the water container. "Remember, she didn't know what she was saying, Wes. You specifically said no one was to know anything of your past. Kathi wouldn't hurt you for the world. She thinks an awful lot of you. Sometimes I think too much. Whew! That young lady has nearly as much spunk as Amelia when she was young. I remember one day when I was late to take Amelia to a picnic and she ——"

Wes said wonderingly, "I never saw Kathi mad before. She usually is very good-tempered. Gentle, even."

Ichabod laughed. Wes frowned at him, then laughed too; though his laughter, like his smile, did not touch his eyes. "Now don't be getting any ideas."

"Me?" asked Ichabod.

"Yes, you. Kathi's a nice girl, a very pretty one. For someone else. I'm not in the market. Now what about this nephew business? Do you think he's the genuine article?"

Ichabod shook his head. "There's no question that the ring and letter were genuine." Absently he put his hot pipe into his coat pocket. "But if Kathi's right and he's coming here to try to perpetrate a fraud on Amelia ——"

There was a grimness in his tone which made Wes reflect that in that event he would not care to be in the shoes of the man who was coming.

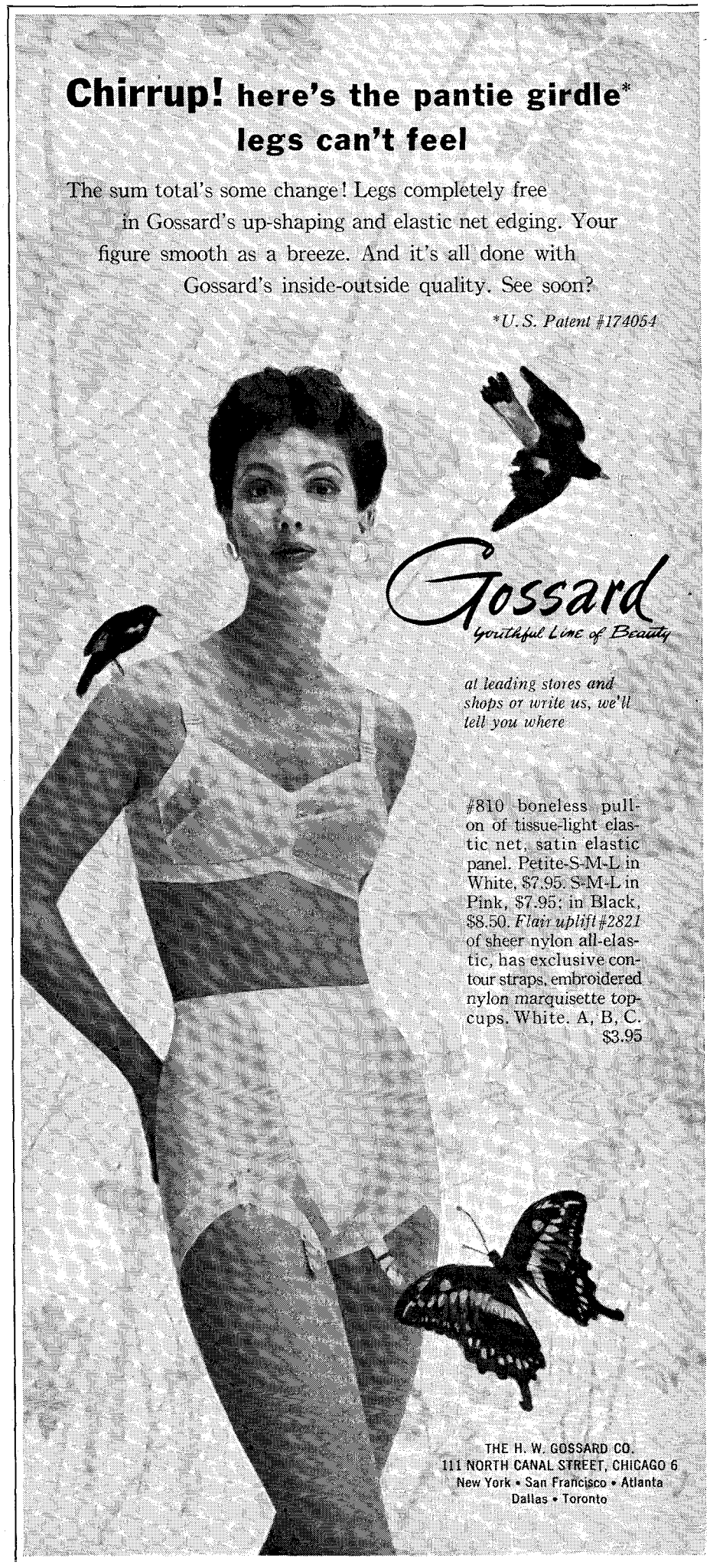
Raphael woke with the morning sun in his eyes. He blinked at the strange hotel room. He sneezed in the unaccustomed coolness of the air-conditioning. He looked at the blue draperies for a long blank moment. Then he remembered where he was.

He stretched. He picked up the phone and ordered his breakfast sent up. Iced melon, ham and eggs, coffee. He sat in an easy chair and put his feet up. But he could not recapture his gay mood of the night before.

This morning he was uneasy. Why, he did not know. But he was.

Perhaps it was just that last night he had thought only of the moment, not the morrow. And the moment had been wonderful. But now it was the morrow, and he had to think of it. He took out Benjy's wallet. He counted the money carefully: four hundred and fourteen dollars. A lot of money to Raphael. But it still would not last forever, especially in luxury hotels. Then what would he do? The only work he knew was the circus and the Nimble Schultzes. He could not return to either without revealing his identity. How would he go about getting a job at something else, without experience or references?

I wonder where Mynnelu is, he thought. *I'm free. I can do anything I like so long as Mynnelu doesn't see me. Do you suppose they bring the body from a train accident on to the next town? If they did, then Mynnelu is here too. Maybe in this very hotel, if the railroad was generous and she could choose.*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The thought made him break out in a cold sweat. Mynnelu had been unbearable enough before this, entangling him as she had by contracts, debts. But if she also had Benjy's death to hold over his head!

Forget it. Mynnelu thinks you're dead. She's busy getting money from the railroad. But even so, the thing for you to do is get out of here. As fast and as far as you can.

Still he sat where he was, unmoving. It was cool inside and probably hot outside. The room was paid for until noon. He liked it here. He did not want to go back to cheap rooming houses. If there were only some way.

Almost absently, he took the papers from Benjy's wallet. There was a newspaper clipping and six letters, three originals in the fine slanting hand of Amelia Dooley, three copies in Benjy Neils' scrawl. All were dated within the last six weeks. Benjy's, Raphael noted, had been sent simply to B.N., with a post-box address in Minneapolis. His letters were signed in the same way, "B.N." They were short and largely uninformative. The undersigned had read the enclosed newspaper clipping, stating that Mrs. Dooley was seeking the lost child of her sister, Cecily. He had reason to believe that he had been this child. He had grown up with no knowledge of his true family, except that his dead mother had left him her ring and a letter signed "Cecily Jordan."

A letter from Amelia Dooley, reserved but excited, referring him to her lawyer, one Ichabod Carr, and hoping that the proofs he would submit would indeed prove genuine.

A second letter from Benjy, stating that he was naturally making no claims on her; was not, in fact, even giving her his name and address, and hence there was no reason for him to be dealing through lawyers. He hoped that she would understand that his only concern in the matter was to find her, his aunt, that they might give each other the comfort and affection that only close relatives could give. But he was not interested in her fortune. As proof of his good faith, he was enclosing his mother's ring.

An answer from Amelia Dooley, more excited than the first, agreeing with his sentiments about relatives giving each other comfort and affection. However, her attorney, dear Ichabod Carr, was very anxious to have him submit his other proofs. She felt it only fair to tell him—though dear Ichabod did not wish her to—that the ring was indeed her dead Cecily's.

A short note from Benjy, stating that he was enclosing the letter from his dead mother to her unborn baby. He was not, however, going to submit a detailed history of his life for some lawyer's information. When he saw Mrs. Dooley, who he was now beginning to believe was indeed his aunt, his only living relative, after all these lonely years apart, he would be glad to answer any questions she might ask. If, of course, his aunt did not wish to see him——

The answer from Amelia Dooley was the one Raphael had read on the train, making the appointment for three o'clock today. The appointment which Benjy had been coming to keep before his untimely demise yesterday. Raphael sat, remembering Benjy's words. The key to a fortune, Benjy had said. Millions. Millions and millions.

Millions and millions. Raphael's eyes widened as he read the newspaper clipping and saw the estimates of Amelia Dooley's wealth. Her father, who founded the mills which were the original basis of Waurika's prosperity, had left her a fortune conservatively estimated at three million dollars. Mrs. Dooley had also been left a substantial estate by her late husband, Patrick Dooley, a successful engineer, who was responsible for building the Waurika Dam. Raphael studied the picture of Amelia Dooley. She was apparently quite small, a dainty figure, with a thin, ascetic face and masses of pure white hair, soft and spotlessly clean, piled neatly on her head.

There's nothing in Benjy's letters that couldn't apply to me. He didn't even correspond under a name—just initials and a post-box number. So the name "Benjy Neils" would mean nothing to Mrs. Dooley and I wouldn't have to fake an explanation of his life. I could just say I had been in Minneapolis lately briefly, got the letters there. I'm a genuine orphan, which I'll bet is more than Benjy was. I could tell them a straight story of my life in the orphanage after the age of three and they could check it until they were blue in the face. Nobody knows where I was before that. I could have been the baby. All I have to do is walk in and become heir to three or four million dollars. I could practice Benjy's handwriting, in case they check mine against the letters. I was always good at imitating handwriting; the graphologist with the booth at the circus taught me. I wouldn't be hurting anybody. It couldn't hurt her for me to have her money when she's dead.

He looked uneasily at the firm set of Amelia Dooley's chin in the newspaper picture. He started to throw the letters away. And then he remembered Mynnelu saying, "If there were a million dollars on the sidewalk, you wouldn't stoop to pick it up."

He set his own chin. He got up. He walked to the door. He went out and closed it behind him, not looking back. On the street, he walked several blocks, glad to find that it was much cooler. Finally he turned in at a chain department store. Being careful to make purchases only in crowded spots, he selected shirts, undershorts, socks, a razor. Then he bought a fiberboard suitcase. He retired to the washroom to shave, deciding to leave the beginnings of a mustache. He looked at himself in the mirror. Neat, clean, with his blue eyes staring blandly out of his darker face. What aunt could resist him?

Regretfully, he decided that Benjy Neils had been right in feeling that the striped suit was not proper garb for Miss Amelia's long-lost nephew. Being extra careful to make the purchase as anonymous as possible, he bought a cheap blue suit. Again in the washroom, he changed, packing the striped suit. When he shut the suitcase, he was ready to go. But he found it was still only one o'clock. Two long hours until the appointment with Amelia Dooley.

He decided to spend the intervening time perfecting the story he was to tell and practicing imitating Benjy's handwriting. He found a quiet little park by the river. Fortunately, the day had remained much cooler than yesterday had been. Promptly at two-thirty he rose and signaled a cab. He gave Amelia Dooley's Riverview Drive address. Soon they were driving along the east side of the river. Old trees graciously shaded their progress among old houses with spacious grounds sloping down to the river. Finally they turned in under an elaborate wrought-iron gate piece which said, EAGLE'S POINT.

As they rounded the driveway, Raphael leaned forward. The house itself was not so large as he had expected, but, set as it was in several acres of beautifully landscaped grounds, it was nonetheless impressive. It was a house with personality, bearing its years well. White frame, built in a Victorian style, it had a big screened front porch and a long stained-glass window on the stairs. The driveway was winding gravel, coming up to a stately porte-cochere beside the house. Passing a formal rose garden, Raphael had a glimpse of the grounds in back: a long green lawn sloping to the river's edge, a neat white guest house, an old barn made into spacious garages.

He stood on the steps for a moment, liking where he was and what he saw. Wanting it. And yet wanting to run. He was suddenly frightened. He felt as he had the first time on the high platform in the circus. He half turned, to walk down the driveway, to get away, away from here.

If there were a million dollars on the sidewalk, you wouldn't stoop to pick it up.

He turned back and rang the bell.

He glanced at the afternoon paper which lay at his feet. For a moment he stared at the headlines:

POLICE BELIEVE TRAIN DEATH IS MURDER. Child Comes Forward to Tell of Seeing Death Struggle With Man in Blue-Striped Suit.

. . . Police are seeking for questioning a man who was on the train previous to the struggle, but not after it. A good description has been obtained. A roadblock has been set up and trains and busses are being checked.... Inquiries are being made at hotels and rooming houses. Police are confident that the man in the blue-striped suit will shortly be arrested on a murder warrant.

Raphael had only one dazed second to think, *Murder. I'm wanted for murder.*

At that moment Amelia Dooley opened her front door.

TO BE CONTINUED

People are Like That

The shortage of eligible young bachelors has become so severe that our marriage rate is at its lowest in ten years or more. What is the outlook for marriage-minded girls?

Not so good, statistically. The current scarcity of young men is a result of the low birth rate of the 1930's. Not until after 1960, when war babies reach marriageable age, will there be a sharp increase in marriages. By 1965 there should be 8,000,000 men in the 20–25 age bracket—a fifth more than at present—and girls can feel more hopeful.

Arthur Larsen

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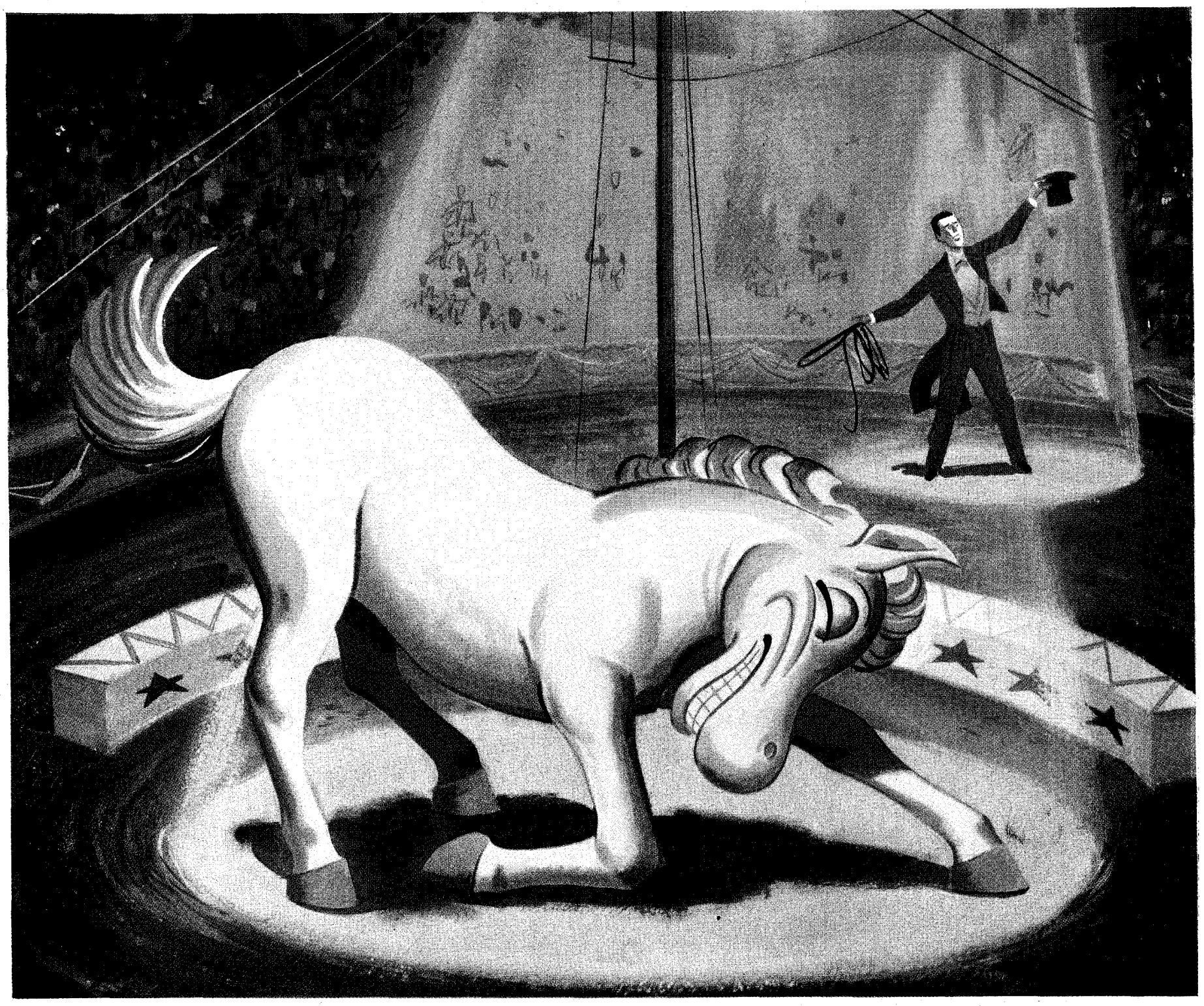

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Summer in the Air (Continued from Page 28)

them, and they were dead. But this was a new year, a new season. And you always felt that this year, with this new pair of shoes, you could do anything, anything at all.

They walked up the steps to their house silently. Inside, dad shut the door. "Save your money," he said. "In four or five weeks ——"

"Summer'll be over!"

Upstairs, lights out, Tom lay in his bed looking at his feet with the heavy iron shoes off, with the big chunks of winter fallen away from them. The feet were far away down there at the end of the bed, expressionless in the moonlight.

"Reasons," said Tom, half aloud; "we got to think of reasons for the shoes!"

Well, the hills around town were full of friends putting cows to riot, playing barometer to the season's changes, taking on sun, peeling like calendars each day to take more sun. To catch those friends, you must run much faster than foxes or squirrels. As for the town, it steamed with enemies, grown so irritable with heat they had fallen to remembering all of winter's minor insults and rages. *Catch friends, ditch enemies!* that was the Cream-Sponge Para Litefoot motto. He meant to live by it!

He shook his coin bank in his hand, feeling how little it weighed shifting its bulk inside.

Whatever you want, Tom thought, *you got to make your own way. During the night now, let's find that path through the forest.*

Downtown, the store lights went out, one by one. A wind blew in the window. It was like a river going downstream and his feet wanting to go with it. In his dreams he heard a rabbit running, running, running in the deep warm grass.

Old Mr. Sanderson moved through his shoe store as the proprietor of a pet shop must move each morning among the kenneled animals from everywhere in the world, touching each one briefly along the way. Mr. Sanderson brushed his hands over the shoes in the window and some of them were like cats to him and some were like dogs; he touched each pair with concern, adjusting laces, fixing tongues.

There was a sound of growing thunder.

One moment, the door to Sanderson's Shoe Emporium was empty. The next, Tom Williams stood clumsily there, staring down at his leather shoes as if these heavy things could not be pulled up out of the pavement. The thunder had stopped when his shoes stopped. Now, with painful slowness, daring to look only at the money in his cupped hand, Tom moved out of the bright sunlight of Saturday noon. He made careful stacks of nickels, dimes and quarters on the counter.

"Don't say a word!" said Mr. Sanderson.

Tom froze.

"First, I know just what you want to buy," said Mr. Sanderson. "Second, I see you every afternoon at my window; you think I don't see, you're wrong. Third, to give it its full name, you want the Royal Crown Cream-Sponge Para Litefoot Tennis Shoes: 'Like Menthol on Your Feet!' Fourth, you want credit."

"No!" cried Tom, breathing hard, as if he'd run all night in his dreams. "I got something better than credit to offer!" He gasped. "Before I tell, Mr. Sanderson, you got to do me one small favor. Can you remember when was the last time you yourself wore a pair of Litefoot sneakers, sir?"

Mr. Sanderson's face darkened. "Oh, ten, twenty, say, thirty years ago. Why?"

"Mr. Sanderson, don't you think you owe it to your customers, sir, to at least try the tennis shoes you sell, for just one minute, so you know how they feel? People forget if they don't keep testing things. A cigar-store man smokes cigars, don't he? Liquor-store man samples his own wine, I should think. So ——"

"You may have noticed," said the old man, "I'm wearing shoes."

"But not sneakers, sir! How you going to sell sneakers unless you can rave about them, and how you going to rave about them unless you know them?"

Mr. Sanderson backed off a little distance from the boy's fever, one hand to his chin. "Well ——"

"Mr. Sanderson," said Tom, "you sell me something and I'll sell you something just as valuable."

"Is it absolutely imperative to the sale that I put on a pair of the sneakers, boy?"

"I sure wish you could, sir!"

The old man sighed. A minute later, seated, panting quietly, he laced the tennis shoes to his long, narrow feet. They looked detached and alien down there next to the dark cuffs of his business suit. Mr. Sanderson stood up.

"How do they feel?" asked the boy.

"How do they feel, he asks; they feel fine." The old man started to sit down.

"Please!" Tom held out his hand. "Mr. Sanderson, now. Could you kind of rock back and forth a little, sponge around, bounce kind of, while I tell you the rest? It's this: I give you my money, you give me the shoes, I owe you a dollar. But, Mr. Sanderson, but—soon as I get those shoes on, you know what happens?"

"What?"

"Bang! I deliver your packages, pick up packages, bring you coffee, burn your trash, run to the post office, telegraph office, library! You'll see twelve of me in and out, in and out, every minute. Feel those shoes, Mr. Sanderson; feel how fast they'd take me? All those springs inside? Feel all the running inside? Feel how they kind of grab hold and can't let you alone and don't like you just standing there? Feel how quick I'd be doing the things you'd rather not bother with? You stay in the nice cool store while I'm jumping all around town! But it's not me, really; it's the shoes. They're going like mad down alleys, cutting corners, and back! There they go!"

Mr. Sanderson stood amazed with the rush of words. When the words got going, the flow carried him, he began to sink deep in the shoes, to flex his toes, limber his arches, test his ankles. He rocked softly, secretly, back and forth in a small breeze from the open door. The tennis shoes silently hushed themselves deep in the carpet, sank as in jungle grass, in loam and resilient clay. He gave one solemn bounce of his heels in the yeasty dough, in the yielding and welcoming earth. Emotions hurried over his face as if many colored lights had been switched on and off. His mouth hung slightly open. Slowly, he gentled and rocked himself to a halt, and the boy's voice faded and they stood there looking at each other in a tremendous and natural silence.

"Boy," said the old man at last, "in five years, how would you like a job selling shoes in this emporium?"

"Gosh, thanks, Mr. Sanderson, but I don't know what I'm going to be yet."

"Anything you want to be, son," said the old man, "you'll be. No one will ever stop you."

The old man walked lightly across the store to the wall of ten thousand boxes, came back with some shoes for the boy, and wrote up a list on some paper while the boy was lacing the shoes on his feet and then standing there, waiting.

The old man held out the list. "A dozen things you got to do for me this afternoon. Finish them, we're even Stephen, and you're fired."

"Thanks, Mr. Sanderson!" Tom bounded away.

"Stop!" cried the old man.

Tom pulled up and turned.

Mr. Sanderson leaned forward. "How do they feel?"

The boy looked down at his feet deep in the rivers, in the fields of wheat, in the wind that already was rushing him out of the town. He looked up at the old man, his eyes burning, his mouth moving, but no sound came out.

"Antelopes?" said the old man, looking from the boy's face to his shoes. "Gazelles?"

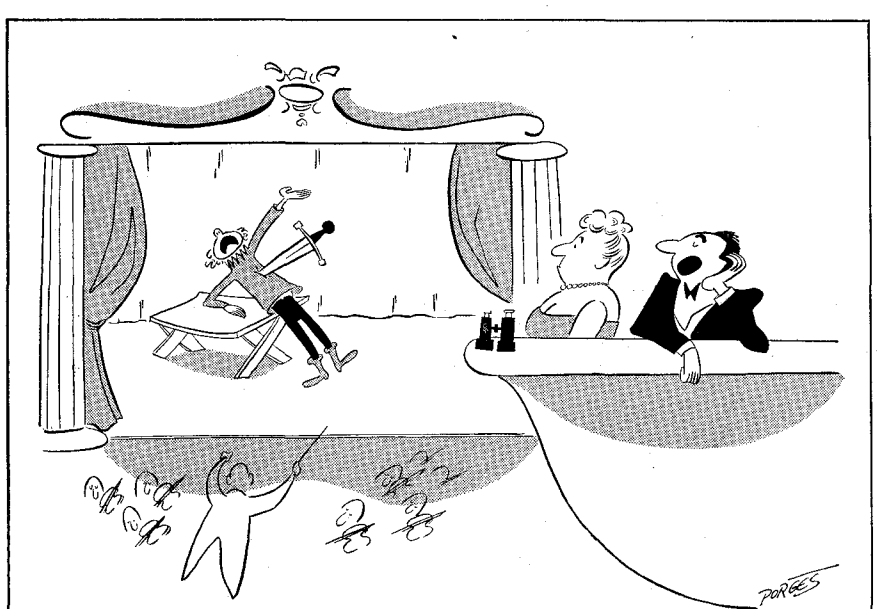
The boy thought about it, hesitated, and nodded a quick nod. Almost immediately, he vanished. He just spun about with a whisper and went off. The door stood empty. The sound of the tennis shoes faded in the jungle heat.

Mr. Sanderson stood in the sun-blazed door, listening. A long time back, in an African film, he remembered the sound. Beautiful creatures leaping under the sky, gone through brush, under trees, away, and only the sound of their running left behind.

"Antelopes," said Mr. Sanderson; "gazelles."

He bent to pick up the boy's abandoned winter shoes, heavy with forgotten rains and long-melted snows. Moving out of the blazing sun, walking softly, lightly, slowly, he headed back toward civilization.

THE END



"For someone in his condition, he sure has plenty of wind left."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Homicide Harbor (Continued from Page 31)

uncle has a grappling hook which he uses to pull small salvage from the sea. When my father has no lawns to cut, he is often with us. If we did not fish maybe sometimes we would starve."

"What about your mother? Where does she work?" This copper's eyes light up as if he has connected with something big.

There is a growl in my Uncle Luis' throat. He takes my arm as if we have to be on our way. "Pay no attention to him," he says.

"You'd better pay attention!" the cop snaps. "Where's the boy's mother?"

"She ran away with a lettuce picker from the Imperial Valley!" I say angrily. "Is there anything else you'd like to nib-nose into?"

The cop swallows and looks at me with his black eyebrows pulled together in a big storm. "Sorry, kid. That's tough." He sticks his book and pencil back in his shirt pocket, and shakes out a cigarette, which he offers to my Uncle Luis.

"No, thank you," Uncle Luis replies stiffly.

"There's this much about it," the cop says: "A lot of valuable gear has been missing off those boats out there in the harbor. Just last night the Morelia's net was stolen. Maybe it's a gang, and you're working with them. Maybe not. But get this: Whoever it is, we'll put the finger on him! So think it over." He climbs on his motorcycle and kicks over the engine. "I'm checking up on you and your barbershop pals," he says.

When he is gone, my Uncle Luis makes a fist and bangs it against the pipe railing. "Why do they not find the deck hand from the Morelia?" he explodes. "The whole pier is whispering that Kurzy Lander has stolen the net and disappeared down the coast, maybe to San Diego where he came from. Why do they always jump on me when something is missing someplace?"

"Because you are a good one to jump on," I say, "and you know it."

"So I was born human enough to sin a little sometimes," he replies. "But in this case the police are very stupid. I cannot swim, and how would I get out to the Morelia?"

"Maybe you took somebody's rowboat from the racks under the pier," I say, "the same way you get out to the breakwater at night to catch lobsters sometimes."

"You are without perception," he replies. "It is a service to wet the bottom of a skiff, which will crack open if it is left to dry out." He uncoils the rope attached to the lead shank of our small grappling hook with its three long barbs, and lowers the hook carefully beside a piling. If he can find a mess of sinkers or a lost fishing rod perhaps we can sell them to buy something for our breakfast.

"That was a new cop," I say. "We have never seen him on the pier before."

"I know," he sighs. "A new cop is the worst kind. Until they get used to people, they are very objectionable."

My uncle is an old headache to the police, but he has never been in jail. One should never become attached to portable property, he has often said. An object which becomes a worry should be got rid of at once. The best things are those which are big enough to give pleasure, but are too small to stir envy and suspicion in others. In his pocket he always carries a walnut to prove this point to people. "In this shell is a great tree," he informs them, "but only a silly squirrel would envy me such wealth."

"Hey, Luis!" It is a shout from the Harbor Office on the deck above us. Captain Harker, the harbor master, stands in the door at the head of the ladder, his pipe clamped in his teeth. "Throw your hook by that piling next to the gas dock," he says. "Some jerk dropped a reel in there yesterday."

Uncle Luis wheels with a big smile. "*Gracias!*" he says. "Our stomachs could use such a piece of bad luck."

"How'd you make out with the police?" the harbor master asks.

My uncle shrugs and spits over the railing. "A friend of yours?" he asks.

The harbor master shrugs back. He is the biggest man I know. He has been a great sea captain, and it is said on the pier that his papers are good on all the oceans of the world. In my Uncle Luis' book he is one man who can see through a fog.

"A wind from the southeast," Uncle Luis calls up to him.

"Better batten down your hatches, *amigo*," Captain Harker replies, and goes back inside his office.

"A fine man," Uncle Luis whispers to me. "If he caught us stealing from a boat he would send us both to Alcatraz."

Uncle Luis pulls up a few starfish which are worth nothing and a rusty bucket full of mud. He leans over the edge and throws the hook back under the pier.

The next minute he lets out a word which is bad even in Spanish. "I think I'm snagged!" he shouts, and heaves on the rope. "I have hooked into a chunk of seaweed."

"Wait!" I cry. I slide like a monkey over the side of the pier and down the ladder where the lifeguard boat is riding between her lines. Underneath are the wide crosspieces that brace the pilings. If I can get to Uncle Luis' rope, maybe I can pull it loose from the seaweed. I have done it many times before.

Under the pier, small waves slap a few feet below the heavy timber on which I crawl to the rope. It is already stretched tight. Uncle Luis is pulling above, and I brace my feet and heave with him. The rope gives a little, but it is hooked into something heavy which does not want to move.

"Pull harder!" I shout.

Suddenly, whatever it is begins to come, a few inches at a time. It is big and dark, and soft to the hook, like a great bunch of kelp, but the hook does not tear loose the way it would from kelp. I leave the pulling to Uncle Luis and flop down on my stomach to see deeper into the water.

It is a net. I can see the meshes now as clear as anything. If it is the stolen net from the Morelia, it can hold many tons of fish and is worth more money than an automobile.

"Harder!" I cry. I am up and pulling on the rope like crazy. For finding this net there will be a big reward and we will all be rich. We can eat all the time. I can hardly wait to look again. When it touches the edge of sunlight I almost fall off the timber, I am so happy.

Then I think I am seeing crazy. My stomach feels as if there is a sick pelican inside. There is a dead man tangled in the net. His hand is sticking up as white as paper and I can count the fingers.

"Help! Uncle Luis, help!" I hang on to the piling and scream that I have found something terrible.

It is only a minute before Uncle Luis has tied the rope to the pipe railing and is down the ladder. He looks where I point into the water.

"*Por Dios*," he whispers. "It is a floater." He gets down on hands and knees to see deeper and examine what is below us. "Pedro," he says finally, "this man is Kurzy Lander, and it's the net from the Morelia, all right."

"We must tell somebody quick!" I cry. "We must tell Captain Harker!" I have never seen a drowned man before, and I am scared.

"It is not so simple," he replies.

"But we must do something!"

"The thing to do is to get our hook loose," he growls. "This is a bad thing to be connected with."

"You're not—not just going to leave him?"

"This man was killed," he answers. "A man does not get wrapped in a net and sunk under the pier by himself." He begins to pull at the hook and tries to work it loose.

"Be careful," I whisper.

"If our hook is found in this net, it will go bad with us!" he pants. "Maybe somebody is already watching us! Whoever killed this man is not far away! There are many eyes on this pier! If it is known that we found this thing, you know what will happen?"

"What?"

"This!" He slashes his finger across his throat, and makes a dead-duck squawk in his back teeth. "Just like that!"

"But if we tell Captain Harker!" I beg.

"May we live so long!" he says. "If only this dog of a hook would let go!" He goes out on another timber to pull the hook from a new direction.

"Luis! Hey, Luis!" It is my father's voice calling softly over the edge of the pier. "Are you down there?"

"Here we are," Uncle Luis replies in a loud whisper. "Are you alone, José?"

"*Sí!*"

"Come down quick! We have found something! Be careful you are not seen!"

It is perhaps five minutes before my father comes inching along the timbers from another direction. He is a thin man and when he moves slowly he can hardly be told from the shadow of a piling.

When he reaches us, his face is sad with worry. He holds up his hand to keep my Uncle Luis quiet. "This is a very bad place to hide," he says. "I came as fast as I could. The police have been to Manuel Velez's barbershop. He said you had gone to look for uranium in the Kern River Valley. Jesús Rinaldo told them you were in Fresno picking grapes. I had already said you were in San Diego to see the animals in the zoo. Believe me, Luis——"

"*Caramba!* Will you shut up and listen!" my uncle explodes. "We have found a dead man in the stolen net from the Morelia!"

While Uncle Luis explains everything, my father gently pushes the hair from my forehead.

"If we tell Captain Harker——" I break in.

"Quiet!" Uncle Luis shuts me off. "If the police think I am mixed up in this, José, no telling what they might dig up on me. If the murderer finds out we have seen this thing, he will kill us, too, to keep our mouths shut."

My father feels in his watch pocket for the small tin box in which he carries cigarette butts. "Luis," he says, "did you have anything to do with stealing this net from the Morelia?"

"I swear I did not even know it until this morning!"

My father's eyes light up, and there is a change over his face like the sun from behind a cloud. "But the police——" he says doubtfully.

"If city hall is missing, they look in my pocket first," Uncle Luis replies. He is still yanking on the hook, but it will not come free.

"Here," my father says. "Give me the rope. A hook is like a woman. Sometimes when you want her to come, you must first let her go." He jiggles the rope and lets it go loose so the hook will sink to the bottom. In a few minutes he has untangled it from the net. But when he turns from the water his face looks as if he will be sick. "I hope I did not touch anything I shouldn't," he says.

"Blessed Virgin!" Uncle Luis cries. "Let's get out of here!" He motions that I should go first and see that it is safe for us.

The top of the ladder beside the lifeboat is at the corner of the pier. It can be seen from the Harbor Office and the Lifeguard Office on the upper deck. But the lifeguards are not in sight, and Captain Harker is at the other corner of the pier, bossing men who are painting the keel of the harbor tug. Only a few sleepy fishermen are on the benches. I signal it is all clear.

When they are beside me, my father warns we must think this thing through. "A good place," he says, "is on the pile of lumber in back of the merry-go-round at the other end of the pier."

Suddenly Uncle Luis grabs my arm with one hand and begins to push my father with the other. "Watch out," he whispers.

Two fishermen carrying poles are walking fast from the door of the café, as if they are just waking up to something.

"Not so quick!" one says. He is an ugly customer who needs a shave and has a big scar across his forehead under the bill of his fishing cap. The other man is a skinny jerk in blue sailor pants and a dirty sweat shirt. They give us a couple of nasty grins and keep walking against us until we are pushed to the railing.

"What gives with you greasers under the pier?" the scar-head wants to know.

Uncle Luis breaks into a stream of Spanish. He manages to say we have been hunting starfish to sell to tourists. He is studying the scar-head as if he is a bad smell that he remembers from someplace before.

"What else you see down there besides starfish?" the skinny jerk wants to know.

(Continued on Page 74)

"Pull over to the curb!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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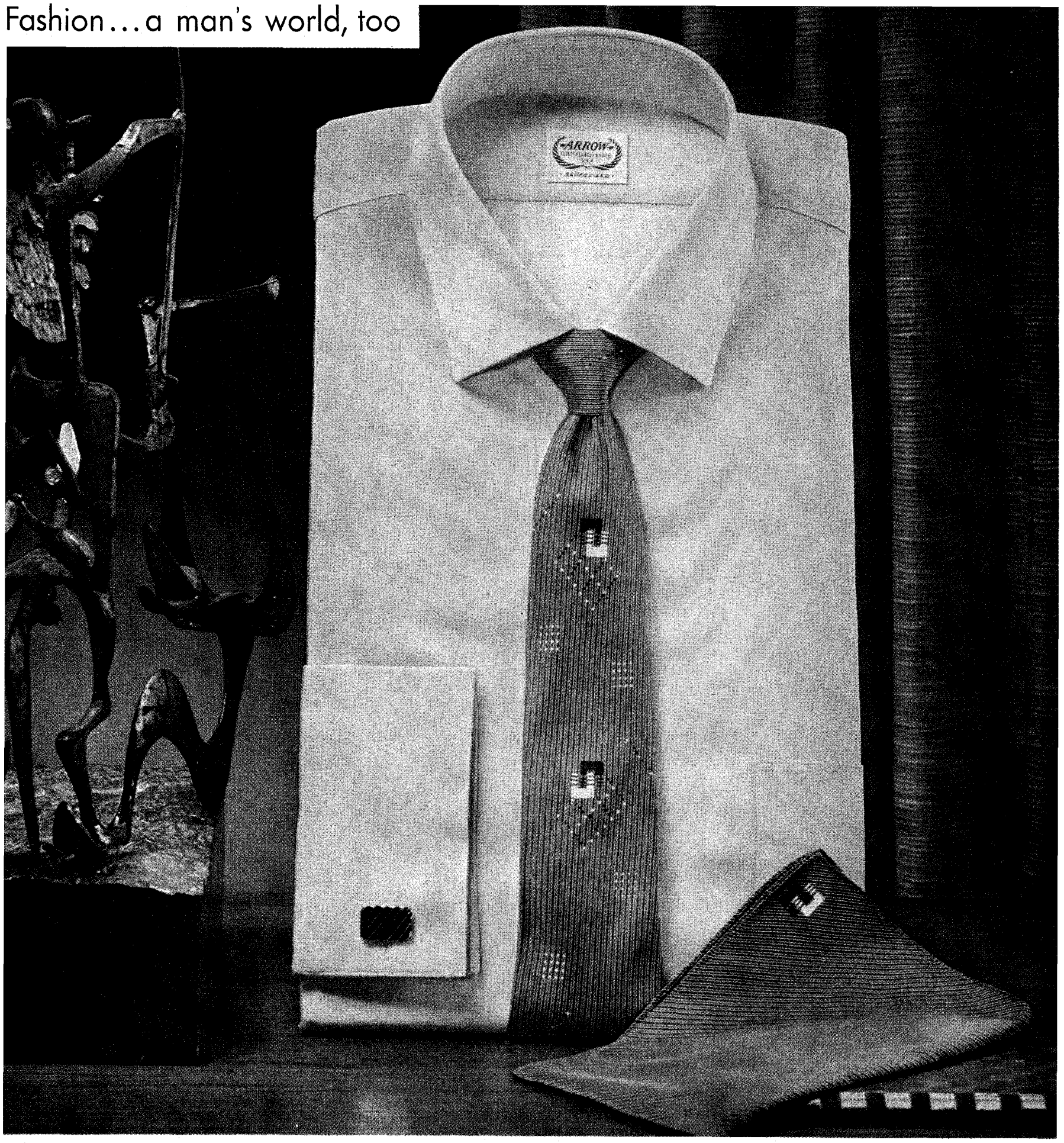
Fashion...a man's world, too



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ARROW — first in fashion

by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

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(Continued from Page 72) "The water she is very deep," my father says. "Is nothing on the pilings. No mussels even."

"You got no business under there, you know that, don't you?" Scar-head barks. All at once he grabs my Uncle Luis by the shirt front. "I know you! They call you Luis! You're the guy was tryin' to peddle a hot radiator gismo in the Casa Grande bar one night."

"Correction!" My Uncle Luis brings the grappling hook from behind his back. I think if there is more trouble he will bury it in somebody's head. "That was an object I found in the street!" he says. "Remove the hands!" When Scar-head backs away, my Uncle Luis laughs without humor. "You should stick to driving a truck with illegal lobsters to Las Vegas," he observes.

Scar-head and the skinny one cannot take their eyes from the grappling hook. It is clear they are considering the wet rope and what we have been up to.

"Just lookin' for starfish, huh?" Scar-head says with an ugly sneer. "Just pokin' around, huh?"

"Excuse me!" I say, and start to move. I think if I can get over to the other side of the pier, where Captain Harker is, I will tell him everything before something happens.

"Oh, no, you don't!" Scar-head grabs me. He makes a nasty motion with his thumb as if he will scoop out my eye. He holds my head back by the hair. "You're scared stiff!" he grits. "What'd you find under the pier?"

"Don't do that," my father says softly. There is a little click in his coat pocket as he steps forward. Scar-head is a man who could hear such a sound of a snap knife in a boiler factory. He jerks his hand from my head. "We have some business to take care of," my father informs him. "Keep away from us."

The skinny man who has said nothing has produced a fish knife and is feeling the edge with his thumb. "I think you know something that you'd better forget," he says. "Don't go to no cops. And don't go to no confessions. You don't want somethin' should happen to the little shrimp here, now, do you?"

My father's face goes tight, and Uncle Luis stands very loose, as he does when there is a great anger on him. It is the way he stood before he hit Paco Flores, who kicked the dog off Carmelita Smith's porch.

"Understand?" Scar-head asks. "You'll be watched. We'll get the kid, not you!"

"*Sí*," my father says.

"We understand," UncleLuis nods. "We also do not forget." He grips the hook, and my father's hand trembles at the edge of his pocket. We move away as if nobody is going to push us, and we will go when we please.

When we are on the lumber pile in back of the merry-go-round, my father says, "It is a lucky thing, Luis, they were in the café and did not see you and Pedro when you went under the pier."

"They are the murderers, all right," Uncle Luis answers. "They will be watching on the end of the pier until a boat comes in the night to the gas dock. It is very simple. They can hook onto the net from there without suspicion and pull it out into the channel and out to sea under water. Then they can load it and go away."

"And sink the body far out in the ocean," my father adds.

"It was a smart idea they had there to hide the net under the pier," Uncle Luis says. "It is the last place anybody would look. They must have pulled the net from the stern of the Morelia with a rowboat last night. They did not know the deck hand was aboard. There was a bad fight, and then they didn't know what to do with the body. So they wrapped him in the net."

"A terrible thing!" my father sighs. "They are evil men who will kill again if it is necessary. By now they have looked under the pier and seen the water on the timber where we pulled the rope up. They think we know already, but they will be sure when they see the wet place over the net."

"We must go to the police," I say. "I am not afraid."

"It is enough that we are afraid for you," my father answers.

"If the police find out now, no matter who tells them," Uncle Luis growls, "the murderers will think it was us. For myself I do not care, but ——" He falls silent and pats my shoulder.

"Until they are caught, we are in great danger," my father says. "They cannot afford to trust us to keep our mouths shut. They will find some other way to make sure."

"Why—why ——" I begin, and the thought which has come to me is almost too big to say.

"Yes, little one?" my father says gently.

"If we can't go to the police, we must catch the murderers ourselves and give them to the cops!"

My Uncle Luis looks at me as if I am ten feet tall. "You are a crazy kid! You are one to bite out the eyes of an octopus! *Caramba*, José! What a kid!"

"Now wait, Luis," my father says slowly. "Even a big whale can be taken with a small harpoon if it is done right."

"Sure, a whale maybe, but ——" Uncle Luis groans and scratches his chin. Just the same, there is a light in his eye as he considers the possibility. "To hang it on them, the murderers must be caught red-handed with the goods," he says. "There will be more than two of them. This is a job which requires brains."

As my father and Uncle Luis talk, I am full of ideas which they tell me are not practical. I must use my head, they say. If the police could never catch my Uncle Luis with portable property, to catch two murderers with a net and a dead man will be even harder. We must try to figure every move they will make.

Finally, when my father is out of cigarette butts and Uncle Luis has trimmed all his toenails, it looks to everybody as if there is but one handle to the bucket after all. My father rubs his hand over my hair.

"Remember," he says, "you are but a boy. A boy cannot lift as much as a man. It is the same with facing danger. You understand? A little is enough."

"I am going to Sam Hondo's garage to use the grinding wheel," Uncle Luis says as he stands up. "The points must be sharp to take hold in hard timber."

"And I will speak privately with Manuel Velez at the barbershop," my father answers. To me he says, "You will look through the scrap piles around the pier to see what you can find. Then you will go to the top deck at the end of the pier and keep an eye on the murderers. Be careful you are not seen. If anything happens, come fast and Manuel will tell you where to find me."

"We will meet here again when the sun goes down," Uncle Luis says. "Until then, the less we are seen the better."

"Remember," my father warns me again, "keep out of sight."

I am lucky in finding what we need in the wood stored under the pier. Then I sneak out toward the end. Scar-head is just coming out of the phone booth at the head of the stairs above the café. When he has gone down on the lower deck, I hide where I can watch from behind some old buoys stacked near the boat hoist. The murderers do nothing but talk and drink from a bottle in a paper sack, but they are watching everybody all the time.

In the afternoon a small fantail boat goes by outside the breakwater. Scar-head makes a big deal of wiping his fishing rod with a white handkerchief. There is a toot from the boat whistle.

At five o'clock I see Captain Harker go home. In a little while the Harbor Office is empty, except for the night lifeguard, who sits with his feet on the switchboard and reads a book. A few people who think the fish bite at night are beginning to come. A traffic cop rides out and watches the fog bank roll in from the direction of Santa Catalina Island. When the lifeguard starts the foghorn, the cop cannot hear his radio, and he goes away. On the lower deck the man from the marine-supply store puts the lock on the gate of the fence around the gas pumps, and then leaves. The two murderers change their place to fish nearer the gas dock. When it is almost dark I can hardly see the breakwater and the boats. The cold fog is drifting between the pilings, and when I think of what is under the pier, it makes me shiver. I race all the way down the pier to the merry-go-round.

My father is waiting with a coat he has brought for me, and Uncle Luis has a sack with tortillas and onions. While I chew them down, I tell everything I have seen.

"The devil is with the murderers," Uncle Luis grumbles, "but we were right about the boat."

"Who knows?" my father says softly. "If they cannot be seen in the fog, neither can we." When he strikes a match to his cigarette, the light leaps from the long points of Uncle Luis' grappling hook, which he has ground sharp as needles.

"I found good poles," I say proudly, and uncover what I have hidden in the lumber pile. "They are stakes for the sand fence which is being built near the parking lot."

"Nice redwood," my father says, bending one under his foot.

"The time for talk is over," Uncle Luis says, as he lifts the grappling hook and the rope. "They can be in and out with that boat in five minutes. We must get busy."

We keep to the edge of the buildings until we reach the ladder where the fish company has a loading hoist. My father hugs me around the shoulder.

"Remember," he says, "you are only a sea gull tonight. Make the sound twice and then once, so we will be sure."

I make the cry of the sea gull, which I can do as perfect as if I have feathers.

"Good!" Uncle Luis says. For the first time I can ever remember, he and my father shake hands.

"You on the shore side above the net, and I on the ocean side," my father whispers.

"And this in the middle!" Uncle Luis pats the hook, and his face is hard. "José, are you sure about Manuel Velez? If something has slipped, we are going to our own funerals."

"Manuel is our good friend," my father answers. "Because he has a business, he will be believed."

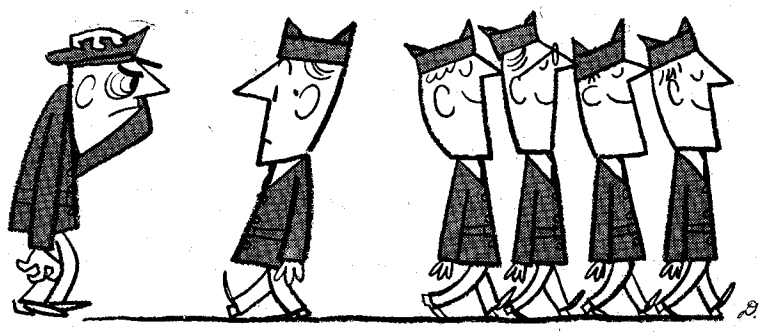
"May the saint of this day watch over us," Uncle Luis says. He makes a deep sound in his chest as he embraces me. The next minute they are over the side with the poles and the hook.

It is my job to watch near the gas dock. When the boat comes in, I must warn my father and Uncle Luis. The two murderers will have to come down under the pier to drop an anchor into the net so it can be dragged away. It is then I will cry like a gull. My father and Uncle Luis will be hidden on the timbers behind the pilings, with the long poles and the sharp grappling hook.

When I have slipped along the pier and down behind an overturned dory on the lower deck, I see that there is no light on the post at the gas dock. I think somebody has cut a wire. Scar-head and the skinny man are leaning over the railing near the ladder. The lifeguard boat has been taken away someplace, but the fog is so thick I cannot see where. There is a light in the Lifeguard Office on the upper deck, but I can see only the top of the head of the guy who is on the switchboard.

While I am holding my breath for something to happen, a terrible thought comes to me. There is a big hole in the plan we have made. If the boat does not come for the murderers and the net, my father and my Uncle Luis will go to prison as sure as I am little Pedro Gonzalez.

It was my Uncle Luis' big stupid idea to get my father to go to Manuel Velez and fix it for Manuel to go to the police station and be a stool pigeon. He was to say that my Uncle Luis and my father had the stolen net (Continued on Page 77)



The Perfect Squelch

Young Derbund, a college freshman, made no secret of the fact that he felt that drilling with the R.O.T.C. was a waste of time. He pointed out to the student officer that modern soldiers don't use drill formations in battle and that drilling was completely useless as a training agent.

This attitude, plus a liberal helping of stupidity, made Derbund a definite liability to his platoon. He always managed to misunderstand the commands and do the wrong thing. The student officer was unusually patient. But when he gave the command "Column left" for the fifth time, only to have Derbund turn right, he paused and sighed.

"Your other left foot, son," he said wearily; "your other left foot."

Charles Thornton

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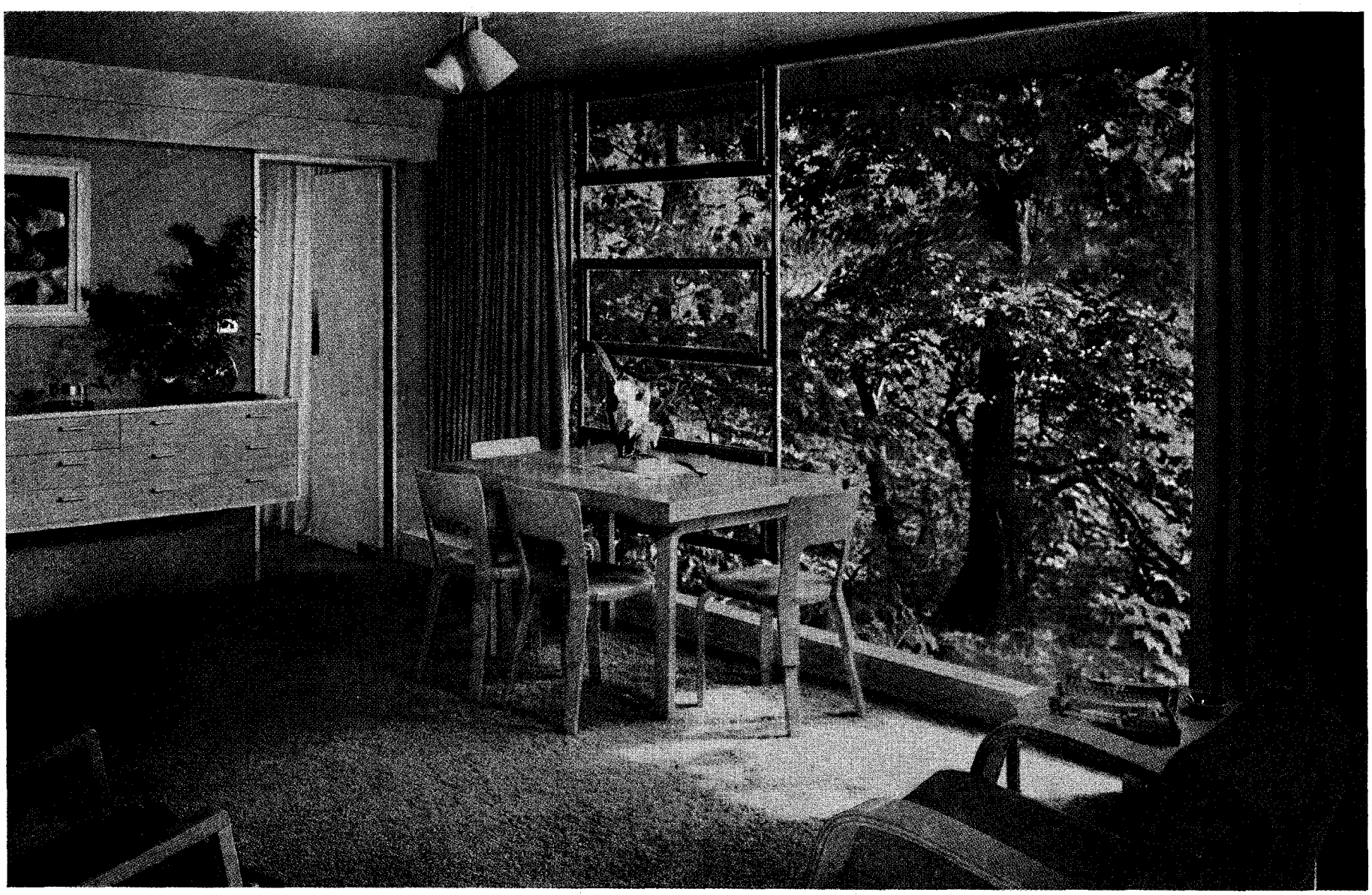

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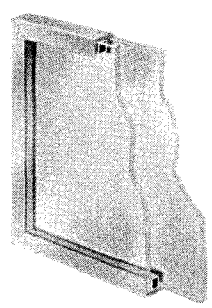

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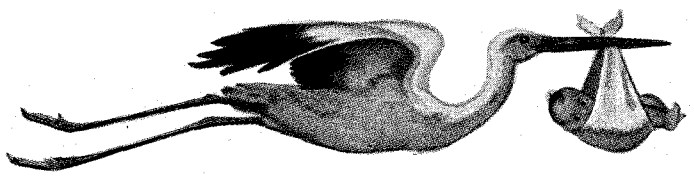
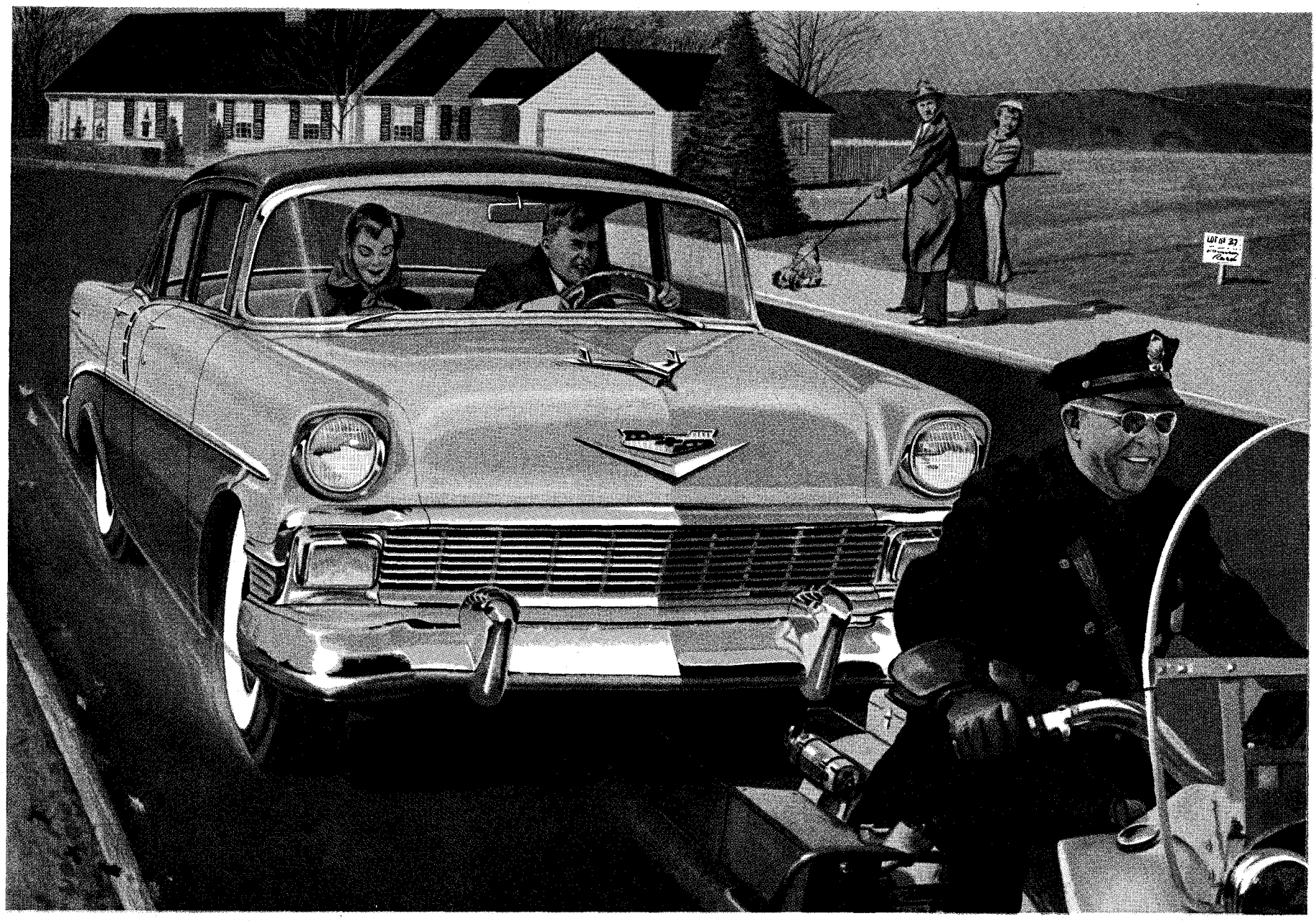


The '56 Chevrolet



It looks high priced—but it's the new Chevrolet "Two-Ten" 4-Door Sedan.

For sooner and safer arrivals!

It's so nimble and quick on the road . . .

Of course, you don't have to have an urgent errand and a motorcycle escort to make use of Chevrolet's quick and nimble ways. Wherever you go, the going's sweeter and safer in a Chevy.

Power's part of the reason. Chevrolet's horsepower ranges clear up to 205 h.p. And these numbers translate into *action* . . . second-saving acceleration for safer passing . . . rapid-fire reflexes that help you avoid trouble before it happens!

True, lots of cars are high powered today, but the difference is in the way Chevrolet *handles* its power. It's rock-steady on the road . . . clings to curves like part of the pavement. That's *stability*—a matter of build and balance that helps make Chevrolet one of the few great road cars!

Highway-test one, soon. Your Chevrolet dealer will be happy to arrange it. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

THE HOT ONE'S EVEN HOTTER

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(Continued from Page 74)

from the Morelia hidden under the pier. They were going to take it away after dark and sell it to a thief who would come with a boat from San Pedro. It was the idea to have the cops there when we had caught the murderers. Then we would not get our throats cut. But if this boat does not come, the police will capture only my father and Uncle Luis. They will go to prison as sure as anything, and the real murderers will get away.

I sneak from behind the dory to run to another part of the pier, where I can slip down underneath to tell them. It is then I see a gray thing in the fog on the other side of the pier which was not there before. It is the big Coast Guard boat without a light. Down the pier there are two cars which slip without lights to the side of the fish market. I am sure it is the police, and they have called the Coast Guard from San Pedro. Maybe the lifeguard boat is waiting out in the harbor too. If they turn the searchlights under the pier now, my father and Uncle Luis will be on their way to Alcatraz.

I do not know what to do. My lips are so stiff I think they will not make the cry of the sea gull, even if I want them to. If I gum things up now, my father and Uncle Luis will never forgive me. They have trusted me to do a job. All I know is, I must do it. As I creep back behind the overturned dory on the lower deck, I am so mad at the Coast Guard I could cry. If their boat has been spotted by the fantail job which is coming for the net, it is all over. The fantail could be ten miles away by now.

It is like waiting my whole life. Then I see a thing which raises hair on me all over. Scar-head is holding a flashlight under his hand and flashing it north across the harbor. Since the Coast Guard boat is on the south side, maybe it has not been seen. I pray to the saint of this day that the crazy police will be good for a little while longer, and that the fog is not too thick for the fantail to see the signal.

It is not long. Never have I seen a boat come so fast in a fog. There are no lights on her, and she slips down the second mooring lane like a big shark in dirty water. She slides past the gas dock and her engine purrs softly as she noses to the channel. She swings her fantail back into the corner between the dock and the pier.

Scar-head and the skinny man throw down their fishing rods and leap for the ladder. They grab a line which is thrown by a man on the stern. I give the cry of the sea gull. Twice, and then once.

There is a small anchor on the stern of the boat which is jerked into the water. Nobody has said a word. The anchor sinks in the boiling water behind the boat. Scar-head and the skinny one are underneath now, pulling it back into the net.

There is a terrible cry in the blackness, and a splash. Then another great groan, as if a man has been poked with a pile driver in the stomach. It is my father and Uncle Luis at work with the poles.

"Keep poking their heads under water!" Uncle Luis shouts. "I'll get the one on the boat!"

The next second there is a crash as the grappling hook flies from under the pier into the deckhouse glass of the boat. My Uncle Luis leaps to the fantail with his pole before him like a fish spear. A gun spits fire. The bullet zings through the wire of the gas-pump fence.

"Police! Police! Help!" I yell with all my lungs.

Suddenly everything is a blaze of light. The big beam from the Coast Guard boat cuts under the pier. Another shoots in from the harbor with the lifeguard boat, and the big searchlight from the Harbor Office sweeps down on top of us. There are cops everywhere, and more uniforms than in a parade.

My Uncle Luis has his knee across the neck of the big slob on the boat, and will not get up until he is helped off by two uniforms from the Coast Guard. His arm is bleeding, and they tell him he will get first aid in a minute from the lifeguards.

"It is nothing!" he shouts. He runs to find his grappling hook in the deckhouse, and to untie the rope from the piling.

From underneath the pier my father is helped out by other men, who are patting him on the back until he is coughing and trying to get his breath.

In the excitement I think it is a good time to find the fishing rods of the two murderers and put them up inside under the seats of the overturned dory. We could use such rods, and they will not need them any more.

It is only after I have hidden the rods that I see Captain Harker has been watching me. I get hot all over. But he nods that it is O.K. He pretends he has seen nothing, and steps to where my Uncle Luis has been brought up and stands with my father while they wipe his arm and put on a bandage.

"A good night's work, *amigos!*" Captain Harker says.

"Maybe someday you will hire us to work in the harbor," my father says. "We have a feeling for such a life."

"*Señores! Señores!*" It is the high voice of Manuel Velez, and he is trying to tell everybody he is not a stool pigeon and that he was only helping us to catch the murderers.

"Had it not been for this Manuel"—Uncle Luis smiles at the police—"you would not have come looking for a mouse and caught three gorillas instead."

Down on the gas dock they are taking up the net with the dead man. The two murderers are pulled fighting from the water and the handcuffs put on.

A girl and a big man with a camera push into the crowd and inform everybody they are from the press. They demand what everything is about and who is the hero and how everything happened.

It is my Uncle Luis who pushes me before everybody. "This is Pedro Gonzalez, who found the net and the body," he says. "The rest was only a small matter for my brother and myself."

When they have taken my picture with Uncle Luis and my father for the newspapers, I say to the man with the camera, please will he do something.

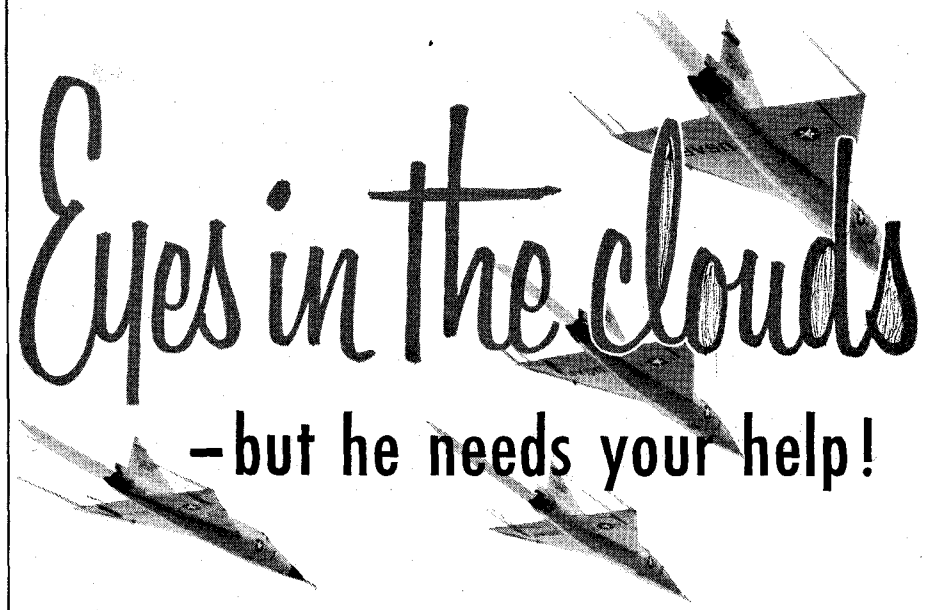
It is then that I am permitted to stand before Captain Harker, with my father and my Uncle Luis on each side of me. We have our pictures taken all together. Someday, when I am a great sea captain on all the oceans of the world, I will put this picture in the wheelhouse of my own ship.

THE END

Thoughts While Waiting

By Richard Armour

In doctors' waiting rooms I find
It very hard to keep my mind
On magazines I'm reading when
I wonder what ails other men
And women, too, who sit nearby
And wait for treatment just as I.
This is not all, for as I wait
I find it hard to concentrate
Because I wonder equally
Just what it is they think ails me.



Jet pilot, ballplayer, policeman, business tycoon—which does *your* child want to be? Whatever his future, one thing is sure—he'll need good eyesight to make his mark!

That's why periodic examinations are so important when a child is growing up. His eyes are growing and changing, too—neglect at this stage can lead to more serious visual and physical difficulties later on.

You owe it to your child to be sure that his vision receives proper care—eliminating faulty seeing habits and correcting, if necessary, any visual deficiencies in their earliest stages.

So—give your child a chance . . . see that he gets *periodic* check-ups. Help him guard his most precious possession—good eyesight!

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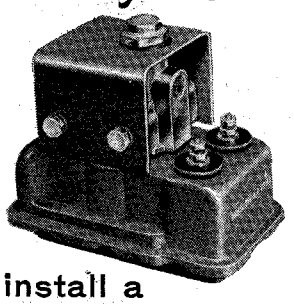
QUICK STARTS
in any weather...



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GRAVY MASTER sign of good gravy

The Floods of Fear (Continued from Page 43)

hand went out to take her arm. And Elizabeth spun away. There was no fear in her; only a sudden, blind fury. The ax was lying near the fire. She caught it up and turned again, lifting it high. In her awkward hands, the ax was no real threat—a feint, a wild swing, and Peebles could take it from her—but the blaze in her eyes and the taut set of her face made him pause.

Her voice raked him like claws. "You slimy beast; you rotten, filthy creature. Don't put your dirty hands on me! Don't even try!"

Donavan said, "Hold that, both of you."

Peebles turned. "Are you gonna let this ——"

To Elizabeth, Donavan said, "Put down the ax."

He had not raised his voice. There was no need. His eyes held hers, dark and steady, implacably commanding. She hadn't the will or the strength to defy him. She let the ax fall. Then, with a movement that seemed unhurried and without anger, Donavan took two strides and caught Peebles by the throat.

"This is the last time I'll tell you to leave the girl alone," he said. "Don't ever try to lay a hand on her again. Do you understand me?"

Peebles could not reply. The hands about his throat had closed it. Donavan held him thus until the small man's eyes began to bulge and his face began to darken. Then he released him and let him fall away, choking and gasping.

"I told you to find out what the girl did," Donavan said. "Keep at it if it takes you the rest of the day."

Peebles stared up at Donavan. Hatred close to insanity was twisting his face; he could not conceal it. He got up and backed away from Donavan, then turned and went away. Elizabeth looked after him, shocked by the naked viciousness she'd seen on his face.

"He wanted to kill you," she whispered. "He hates you as much as a man can hate anything."

"He'd kill me," Donavan said, "or you, or anyone under the sun. All he needs is a chance to make a profit out of it, and a way to stay alive."

"You're not like that."

"Very few men are," Donavan said.

And Elizabeth stared at Donavan. The difference between the two men was suddenly and emphatically clear. Peebles was a true criminal, degenerate, without any moral sense, worthless. No matter what Donavan had done, there was decency and kindness in the man. He'd shown that in a hundred ways. Now an impulse to help drove her to him. Her hands caught his arms to hold him facing her, her eyes held his, pleading.

"Listen to me," she said. "You can't go on like this. You're not mean and vicious and cruel. It's wrong for you to throw your life away. And that's what you're doing. Every decent man alive is against you, and they'll hunt you down and kill you; it's only a matter of time. Don't let it happen. Go back. Give yourself up. I'll speak for you, and father will. He's an important man, really, and when we tell them what you did for me, it will mean a great deal."

"No," Donavan said. "I'm not going back."

"Look ahead of you!" she said. "What kind of life can you have? Running, hiding, never knowing who will turn you in, but knowing someone will—tomorrow, next week, the week after—knowing the police will come after you with guns. That's not a life worth having; it's suicide! Is that what you want?"

"I want to stay alive two more days. After that ——"

"Why two more days?" she asked.

He looked at her steadily with his quiet, dark eyes. "It's a personal matter," he said. "But very important to me. The truth is, nothing else is important to me."

"You might fail," she said. "I might be the cause of it."

"You'll try to be," he said. "I'm sure of that. And it's right that you try. You have that obligation. You'd be failing yourself and all the people like you, if you made any sort of compromise. I won't ask you to. But I think I can manage in spite of you."

"You won't ask me what I did this morning?"

"No," he said. "Because you might tell me. Then I would destroy it. Then you'd be guilty of aiding an escaped murderer to avoid capture. That's worse than a compromise; that's a felony. We don't want you to be a criminal, do we?"

The shine of helpless tears came to her eyes. "Are you trying to drive me out of my mind? Contradiction after contradiction—what kind of a man are you, anyway?"

"I'm Donavan, the murderer," he said. "That's all you need to know, all I want you to know."

Again Peebles returned without having found the message Elizabeth had left in the grain. He sat apart from the others, his face sullen and defiant and bitter with defeat. Donavan didn't send him out again. Clearly, this was something beyond Peebles' ability and intelligence; the island was small; he'd searched it a dozen times. Donavan took Elizabeth with him, then, and made a thorough search of his own. And he found nothing.

"You either made no signal," he told her, "or you're smarter than Peebles and I together." He smiled. "That last isn't flattering. I'll have to take the first."

And Elizabeth somehow felt like a traitor.

The plane Elizabeth had seen at noon remained upriver, circling and sweeping back and forth. Sometimes it was out of sight and hearing for an hour or more; then it would return to circle perhaps a little nearer. But never much nearer. Two river boats passed in the afternoon, both far off, plowing a slow way upstream against the current. Each time Donavan watched Elizabeth closely until the river boat was out of sight. She was grateful that she could truly say she'd had no chance at all to signal them. When the sun was low, Donavan and Peebles made another meal, using the last of the supplies. Then the boat was brought from under the sheltering trees and loaded with the remaining gear. Elizabeth looked upriver. She could no longer see the plane or hear it.

"It seems to be gone for the day," Donavan said. "And that's a load off both our minds, isn't it?"

Elizabeth flushed and turned away.

Peebles said, "Yeah, and it's nothin' but luck we didn't get caught. How long're you goin' to keep this dame around, with her doin' her best to turn us in?"

Donavan answered the question, but only to inform Elizabeth. He was looking at her when he said, "If we have reasonable luck, staying with the full current, we should be near Johnsonville in an hour or so. There'll be aid stations and plenty of people to help you. I'll have to put you ashore a mile below town and make you walk back. I'll need time to be on my way."

She shrugged. "I can walk."

Peebles said, "I ain't real nuts about riding that river again tonight. It'll be worse than last night."

"You can stay," Donavan said.

"Not me!" Peebles said. "Another two feet of rise and there won't be any island to stay on. And I'm not goin' to roost in a tree. I seen too many of 'em floatin' down the river."

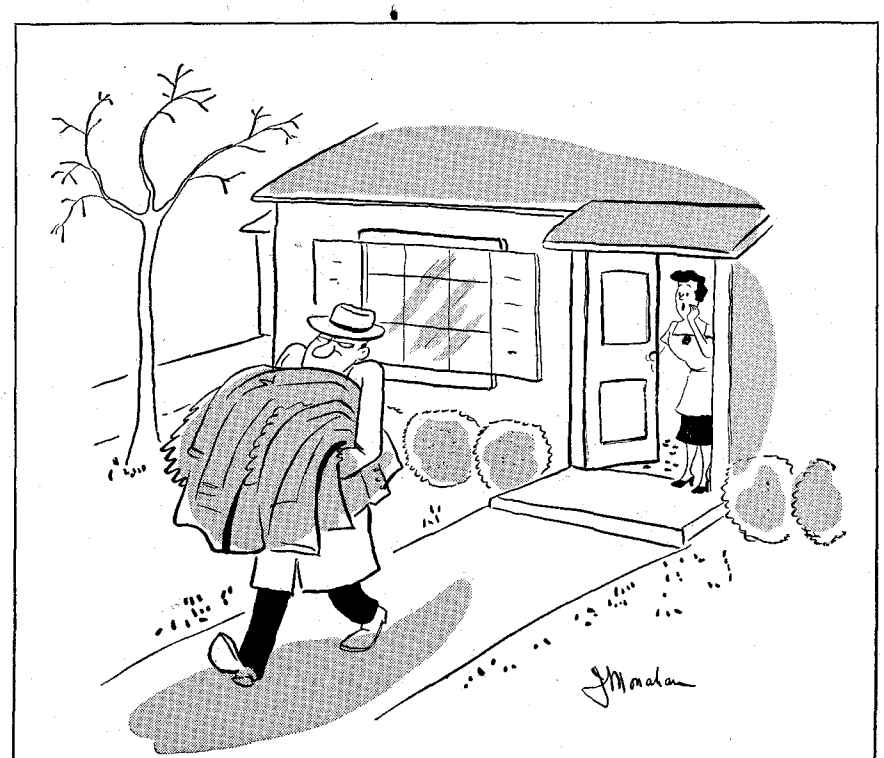
A plane found them then, flying upstream and flying low. The motor sound burst on them suddenly, and they turned to find it less than a quarter of a mile away.

There was no time to do anything about concealing the boat again. There was only time to reach the cover of the trees. And that was a close thing. Elizabeth, true to the promise she had made herself, tried her best to stay in the open. She twisted out of Donavan's reach, running, and when he caught her again, she threw herself on the ground, kicking at him. He had to pick her up bodily and carry her under the trees.

The plane passed directly overhead at an elevation of perhaps five hundred feet. The motor sound lifted, bellowing at full throttle, and the plane climbed steeply away. A wing dropped and the plane banked to come back for another pass.

"They seen us!" Peebles said. "They seen us, or whatever the girl did!"

And Donavan said, "The boat would bring them (Continued on Page 80)



"Now don't forget to stop at the cleaners."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Born gentle

PROUD mothers, please forgive us if we too feel something of the pride of a new parent. For new Philip Morris, today's Philip Morris, is delighting smokers everywhere. Enjoy the gentle pleasure, the *fresh unfiltered flavor,* of this new cigarette, born gentle, then refined to special gentleness in the making. Ask for new Philip Morris in the smart new package.

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(Continued from Page 78) back in any case." And to Elizabeth, "Do you think they saw your signal?"

Defiantly she said, "I'm sure of it! I walked in the grain and made letters. 'H—E—L ——' It was all I had room for, but they'll know what it means. They can read it from the plane, but you couldn't read it from the ground."

"Sharp work," Donavan said.

The plane went over them, blipping its motor. It came back to pass over them once more, and then lined out at full throttle, going straight toward Lebannon.

"Think he had a radio?" Peebles asked.

"Some light planes do, some don't," Donavan said. "I don't think that one did. I didn't see an antenna. More than that, I think if he'd had a radio, he'd have stayed to mark the position and called a river boat in."

"O.K.," Peebles said. "So they had to go after help. But they'll get it, and they'll be back. We got to be long gone before they get here. I say let's go now."

"I'll think about it," Donavan said.

He walked to the water's edge and stood there, looking silently upstream. There was no safe course to follow, but which held the least risk? He made his decision and turned.

"We'll work the boat to the downstream end of the island," he said to Peebles, "and tie up again. Then we'll keep a sharp watch upstream. We can cut loose if we see a tug coming, with ten or fifteen minutes' lead."

"Why not shove off now?"

"And meet another boat downstream in daylight?" Donavan asked. "After last night, they'll all have a description of us. They'll shoot on sight."

Peebles rubbed his unshaven jaw. "You got somethin' there."

Elizabeth said, "You'll leave me this time, won't you?"

Donavan looked at her for a long moment. "If a boat comes from Lebannon before dark, looking for us—yes, I'll leave you. Otherwise, no. The boat may or may not come, this island may or may not be here tomorrow."

Many of the telephone lines in the Lebannon area were down. The others were held open for disaster work, calls of great importance and official use. To use them at all, a man had to furnish identification, to establish the importance of his call and wait a half hour. The emergency short-wave net and the police radio were equally overburdened. To send even a short message on either required much persuasion and the very highest priority.

Tom Sharkey knew this well. He marked the position of the sun, when the light plane touched down on the Hillsdale airport, counting the moments of daylight left. There was not one to waste. The Hillsdale airport was a small, Sunday-flier field; it was ten miles to the county courthouse in Lebannon.

A truck gave Sharkey a lift into town, an outboard-powered boat, manned by a state trooper, took him the last dozen blocks to the courthouse. The flood water had swallowed all but two of the courthouse steps.

The halls that had been crowded yesterday were empty now. But Sheriff Mike McFarland was in his office. A long table there was cluttered with field telephones. McFarland was using one of them when Sharkey appeared in the doorway. He put his hand over the mouthpiece.

"I got news for you," he said. "Wait a minute."

Tom Sharkey came into the room slowly now, hatless and lanky, a bone-tired man, a scarecrow in borrowed clothes. The leather jacket he wore was too small; six inches of bony wrist and arm dangled from the sleeves. His shoes were too big, enormous, Army-issue shoes. He carried the .30-30 carbine, the muzzle pointed carefully toward the ceiling.

"Sit down," the sheriff said. He pushed a chair toward Tom Sharkey and then spoke into the telephone.

"All right," he said. "Now listen to me ——"

Tom Sharkey unloaded the carbine and dropped the shells in his pocket. The sheriff put his hand over the mouthpiece again. "Sandwiches in that box."

"Thanks," Sharkey said.

He had finished one sandwich, wolfing it, and was starting another before McFarland jammed the phone back in its case. The sheriff took a bottle of bourbon from a drawer and put it at Sharkey's elbow.

"I found them," Sharkey said. "They're on an island, five or six miles downstream."

"You're sure?"

"Yeah," Sharkey said. "I caught a glimpse of the girl."

"Hold it a minute," the sheriff said. He used one of the field telephones. "Jackie," he said, "where's the Bonnie K? Is she anywhere close?" A pause. Then: "Well, find out! And on the double! And call me back!" He put the phone aside and looked at Sharkey. "It ties in with the news I've got for you," he said. "Tell me what you've got first."

Sharkey told him. The tramped-out letters in the grain. "The girl must have done it," Sharkey said. "Unknown to them. She tried to get loose to signal us, and Donavan—it couldn't've been anybody else—carried her under the trees. They've got a rowboat; that's how they got so far downstream."

"How was the girl dressed?"

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"Overall pants, tennis shoes, sweatshirt."

The sheriff winced and shook his head. "Close!" he said. "Too close!" He looked at Sharkey. "The boys on the Bonnie K thought it was three men. They ran into them, just coming on dark, up in the Humboldt country. They wouldn't stop; they wouldn't come aboard, so they were shot at—plenty!"

Sharkey felt sick. "Close is right. How'd they get away?"

"They got into a grove of trees," the sheriff said. "And it got dark at the same time. I don't care as much about your cons as I do that girl. We've got to get her loose. No telling what those cons will do to her, and the next lot of my men to run across them may not miss." He shook his head angrily. "That's a nice girl. Comes from a good family down Biddleford way. Her father's got a million friends. He's been in touch ——"

The field telephone rang; the sheriff answered it. "Good! Fine! And get this, Jackie. Tell 'em they're going out again, right now. A man named Sharkey will be down to tell them what I want. They're to do what he says to do." He hung up.

"You're in luck," he told Sharkey. "The Bonnie K is our best tug, and she just tied up at Higby's dock. Two of my boys are aboard to give you a hand. Whistle up that state trooper with the outboard, and he'll ferry you down."

●

An older woman is simply one who has had more experience in staying young.

IMOGENE FEY

●

Sharkey went aboard the Bonnie K with something like forty-five minutes of daylight remaining. The two deputies, tired and laconic, were in the galley, drinking coffee. The skipper and pilot was in the wheelhouse, waiting. He was a young man, still in his twenties. Shadows of weariness darkened his deeply tanned face.

"You name it, pops," he said to Sharkey, "and I'll take you there—if there's so much as dew on the grass."

"Downstream as fast as you can."

The young skipper yelled down to the engineer. "The man says all we've got, you dirty, old bald-headed Norwegian! Light a fire under that teakettle, y'hear me?" The powerful diesels throbbed and the tug heeled over under half rudder and the sudden thrust of full-ahead. The young skipper spun the wheel and grinned at Sharkey. "Any time you want action out of a Swede," he said, "just call him a Norwegian."

The big tug was fast, and it was riding the flood down-river. Six or seven miles, Sharkey had said, and they covered that distance in very little time. The young skipper rang for slow-ahead and turned to Sharkey.

"You've got your six, pops," he said. "Which island?"

There were a lot of islands, and if Sharkey had been a cursing man, he would have cursed himself then. He had done nothing to mark the island with certainty. From the air, he would know the island at once, but from the wheelhouse of the tug, they all looked very much alike. Most of them had trees, quite a few had small patches of standing grain. He had no idea which was the right one, and told the young skipper so.

"Don't let it throw you, pops. We'll shake 'em all down."

"Try the biggest one on the left."

The tug went in until her bow found bottom. The deck hand manned the outboard-powered skiff and took Sharkey and one of the sheriff's deputies the rest of the way. It was not the right island. Sharkey climbed back aboard the tug. He looked at the lowering sun, his lean face stiff and gray.

"Plenty of time, pops," the skipper said. "We'll find 'em."

"We've got to!" Sharkey said. "Try another."

Donavan searched the sky and found only a lonely hawk, far to the north. The sun was well down, hidden by heavy clouds that were edged with yellow fire. The wind was cool and held no promise of immediate rain. Shadows were fast gathering in the distances. The plane had not returned. No boat had come from Lebannon.

"This is crazy!" Peebles said. "This is askin' for it!"

The rowboat was beached now on the downstream end of the island, and Peebles was pacing near the bow with quick and jerky steps. His eyes were alive with impatience and anger. He came to stand before Donavan, craning his neck up like an angry rooster.

"I say let's cut out of here now!"

"When it's dark," Donavan said. "Or when we see a tug coming from Lebannon."

Peebles pointed a thin arm downstream. "Take a look! Do you see anything that way? Ain't it better to take a chance that way, than to wait here like a couple of sitting ducks?"

Donavan didn't answer him. He turned to look upstream again. The tug was not overdue. In the confusion of the flood nothing could be called overdue; anything that was accomplished was remarkable. For any number of reasons, a tug might not be able to come after them at all.

Elizabeth was sitting on the gunwale of the beached boat. She'd thrust a stick into the ground at the water's edge some time ago. It was a flood gauge that now showed an inch of rise. She lifted her head to look at Peebles.

"Why don't you swim?" she asked. "You could use a bath."

Peebles' voice went suddenly shrill. "Shut your mouth, you ——"

He was going to curse her, but Donavan's dark and quiet eyes came back to him, and the weight of Donavan's stare made Peebles change his mind. Instead, Peebles turned and walked a few steps away. He stood there, his back toward them for a moment, stiff and furious, and then he took the razor-edged knife from his belt and turned. Light glinted on his glasses.

"I had enough of bein' pushed around," he said. "I can take just so much, and that's all." He was talking to Donavan. "It's time you and me got a couple of things straight. Sure, you could take me, but I could cut you good before you did. Now—you want to talk or do you want to come at me?"

"Speak your piece," Donavan said.

Peebles jerked his head. "Tell her to take a walk."

"Stay where you are," Donavan said to Elizabeth.

"You don't want her to hear what I got to say," Peebles told him. "It'll foul you up."

"Nothing that you can say will foul me up."

"O.K.," Peebles said. "She's your baby. If you got to drop her in the river to close her mouth, that's your chore, not mine. Or I can do it, if you ain't got the guts. Now do you want to hear it?"

"Go ahead," Donavan said.

"All right," Peebles said. "You and me, we're in the same fix. We're a couple've real hot guys. The law wants us, and they'll shoot to get us. What's more, any Square John with a gun will do the same thing on sight. It's gonna be a tough scrape to come through alive. What we need right now is money, clothes and a car. It wouldn't be any trick to get 'em. All these flooded towns—a cinch. But no! You got to ride the river in that scow."

"You don't," Donavan said.

"If you do, I do," Peebles said. "I'm stickin' with you, Donavan. And now I'm gonna tell you why. I know where you're goin', an' I know what you're figurin' to do. An' I say don't be such a fool. You an' me, teamed up, can cut ourselves a lot of cash out've the same deal. I mean a lot of cash. Enough to get you out of the country, and I got contacts to get you out. If you want to live it square, you can live it square the rest of your life on the dough we can get."

Elizabeth said, "How many children's throats would he have to help you cut?"

Peebles snarled, "Shut up, you!" And to Donavan, "Hear me out, now. You're big and tough, sure. But you're a Square John. You think like a Square John. You couldn't shoot an angle in six months of trying. That's why you need me. I'll level with you. This ain't a new thing with me. I been workin' on it ever since the day they put you in a cell with me. I see you're a big-wheel type. I think, 'What's with this

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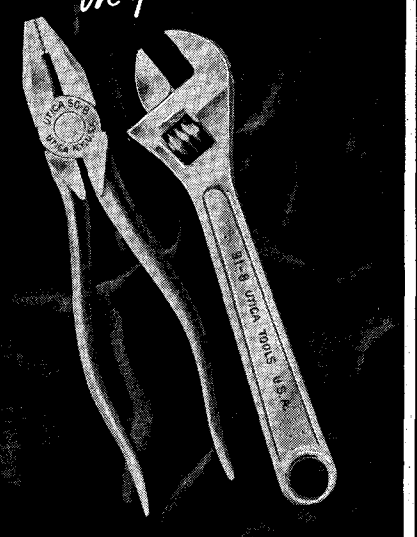

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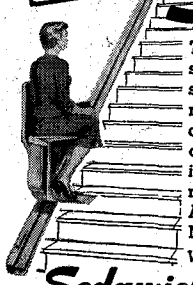

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guy?" Maybe you can do me some good. You wouldn't open up, so I put it on the grapevine: 'Find out about this Donavan.' I got a lot of friends on the outside. We stick together. There ain't a guy on the hustle we don't know about, and nobody makes a good score we don't hear about. The way it winds up, I know more about what happened to you in West Mills than you do."

Donavan looked at him steadily, silently.

"Don't believe me, eh?" Peebles said. "So listen. You and this Jack Murphy were partners. You got a big construction outfit—yours to begin with, and you took Murphy in. So you and this Murphy's wife are real friendly. It came out at the trial she was more like your wife. And that when she tries to give you the brush, you blew your top and killed her. You get murder-two out of it, and you're just lucky to get that. A soft-head that fell for the cut of your face and swung the jury is all that saves you murder-one.

"All right. Who was it the D.A. had to make his case? It was Murphy and a private dick, J. C. Hallock. Murphy hired Hallock to tail you and the wife. Hallock got the goods—hotels, auto courts and your place. Murphy says he talked to his wife about it, and she sees she's a sinner and decides to fly right. She makes a meet with you to tell you to go jump. Murphy and Hallock get nervous—you're a rough character—and they get a uniform bull to help them break into the auto court where you and the babe are. Only it's too late. You had already blew your top and busted her neck. Ain't that the way it went?"

Quietly Donavan said, "That was the way it went."

"Now tell me something," Peebles said. "Who is this J. C. Hallock? He's got this credit agency. Need a guard to watch your payroll? He'll fix you up. Investigation, skip tracing, tailing—you name it, he'll do it. All on the up and up; he's a solid citizen. Sure, sure. But what else is he? You don't know, do you? But I know. And so does every other heavy in the country. Johnny Hallock's a contact man—one of the boys. Want to blow a safe in West Mills? Want to knock over a jewelry store? Show up with the right references, and Johnny'll finger the job for you—floor plans, burglar alarms, everything—and that's the guy that sends you up. I like to busted my ribs laughing when I heard. For a buck he'd railroad his own mother."

Sharply Elizabeth said, "What do you mean?"

"What did I say?" Peebles asked. "I said this Murphy and this Hallock teamed up on your boy friend here. He didn't kill nobody. But they hung it on him real tight."

"You beast!" Elizabeth was standing, furious. "That isn't what you told me. You told me he did kill her!"

"For kicks," Peebles said. "Now shut up and ——"

Elizabeth would not shut up. She went to Donavan, still furious, and stood before him, fists clenched. "What is the truth? I want to know. Tell me right now!"

"This is the truth," Donavan said.

"Why didn't you tell me?" she demanded.

"Quiet down, girl!"

"I won't be quiet!" Her voice climbed. "Answer me, do you hear? Answer me, or I'll—I'll scratch your eyes out. Why didn't you tell me you didn't kill her?"

Donavan put his hands on her trembling shoulders. "Why tell you something I couldn't expect you to believe? The jury wouldn't believe me, and I did my best to convince them. Now I'm through denying it. It's a waste."

"But you called yourself a murderer!" she said. "'Donavan, the murderer'—I've heard you say it!"

"It's been my name—the way they spoke of me," Donavan said, "for the past six years. Maybe I'm used to it. Or maybe I like the sour taste of it in my mouth."

"But you're not a murderer!" Elizabeth's face was white, her eyes held angry tears. "I should have known it. I—I think I did know it. Now you've got to give yourself up! My father and I will help you. We can prove ——"

Donavan shook her shoulders gently. "The thing is done, girl. The trial is over, the sentence passed, the appeals denied. Can't you understand that? Every door is closed. There's no way to open a single one of them again."

"There is! We can show that this Hallock is a crook. We could put Peebles on the stand!"

Peebles made a sound like ugly laughter. "Who's gonna put me on the stand? Who's gonna make me talk?"

"We can!" Elizabeth said. "We can subpoena you!"

"You don't say!" Peebles' mouth twisted. "Then I got to tell the truth or I get my mouth washed out with soap—is that the idea? Don't be a dope, baby. If I popped off with this, I'd be stiff a day later. Johnny is a very useful character. The boys would frown on somebody who turns him in."

"I'll testify to what you've said!"

"And I'll say you're a liar," Peebles answered. "That wouldn't mean much—a con's word against a high-class dame. But Johnny's a high-class guy, and Murphy is real high-class. They'll call you a liar, and that'll mean plenty."

She turned. "Bruce Donavan, is he right?"

Donavan was looking upstream. The hawk was closer now, wheeling slowly on motionless wings, but there was no other movement in the sky or on the river. The reaches between the scattered bits of land were turning dark now. This time, Donavan thought, the calculated risk might work his way.

He said, "He's right, girl."

Peebles said, "So keep your face shut and let me get on with what I got to say. Donavan, how much is this Murphy worth? A millon bucks, two million bucks? And what's it worth to him to keep, say, half of it? The other half, ain't I right? We team up, you and me. We tell him, 'Split with us and we'll go our way. Don't split and you'll go to the gas chamber.' He don't know I won't go on the stand and blow the whistle on Hallock. He can't take a chance. He'll spring our way."

Elizabeth said, "That's blackmail!"

Peebles' mouth twisted again. "What a dirty word! Why not say it's cuttin' Donavan in on dough that was took from him? A lot of what Murphy's got was Donavan's to start with."

"That's the way your rotten mind works," Elizabeth said. "You'd rather steal than do things the right way. And you don't care a bit if Bruce has to go on the rest of his life being a hunted murderer. You're filthy!"

"Rotten, am I?" Peebles said. "Filthy, eh? Well, let me tell you something, baby. You better talk the big boy into my deal. Maybe it ain't real pure, but it's lily white next to what he's got in mind. Do you know why he's goin' to West Mills? No? Why don't you ask him? Go ahead."

Elizabeth turned her face to Donavan. Her eyes held the question; she didn't put it in words. Donavan's eyes met hers, dark and sober. He didn't answer the question.

Peebles laughed again. "Ask me, then. I'll tell you; I ain't bashful. I don't think the big guy was playing games with Murphy's wife—he ain't the type. But he was real fond of her. And he don't like it that Murphy broke her neck. Five will get you ten he's goin' to West Mills to break Murphy's neck. Want the bet? Go on, ask him. See if I ain't right."

Elizabeth stared at Peebles' ugly, wicked face. The little man was completely confident, completely sure. He was grinning at her. Slowly Elizabeth's eyes turned back to Donavan. His eyes were waiting for hers and the question that was in them. Again his eyes met hers steadily, and again the question went unanswered. But no answer was an answer! A denial would be so easy, and there was no denial. Elizabeth stared at the big man, a feeling of horror growing inside her.

"Oh, no," she whispered.

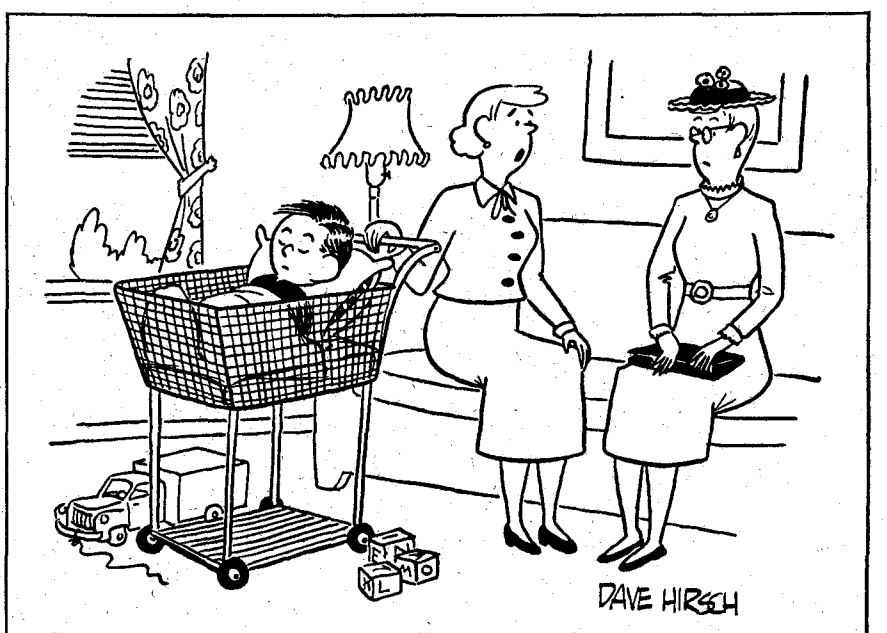
"Oh, yes," Peebles said.

"But that would be murder," Elizabeth said, and she was speaking to Donavan's silent face. "No matter what he did, you—you, as a person, have no right to kill him."

"Murder-one," Peebles said. "You're right as rain, baby. They'll take him for this one, and they'll gas him for it. Not that he cares. He don't like the joint. He'd rather be six feet under than do time. But we don't want that to happen, do we, baby? I think he's a good guy. And you—let's face it, baby; you're nuts about him. One pass from him, and you'd sail. So what're we gonna do about it?"

Elizabeth was staring at Donavan. Yes—yes, he was going to do it. How many things said so. This was the personal matter in West Mills. He'd said it was the only thing that mattered to him; after it, he didn't care. He was going to kill. And in this big and quiet man—she knew him well now—

(Continued on Page 84)



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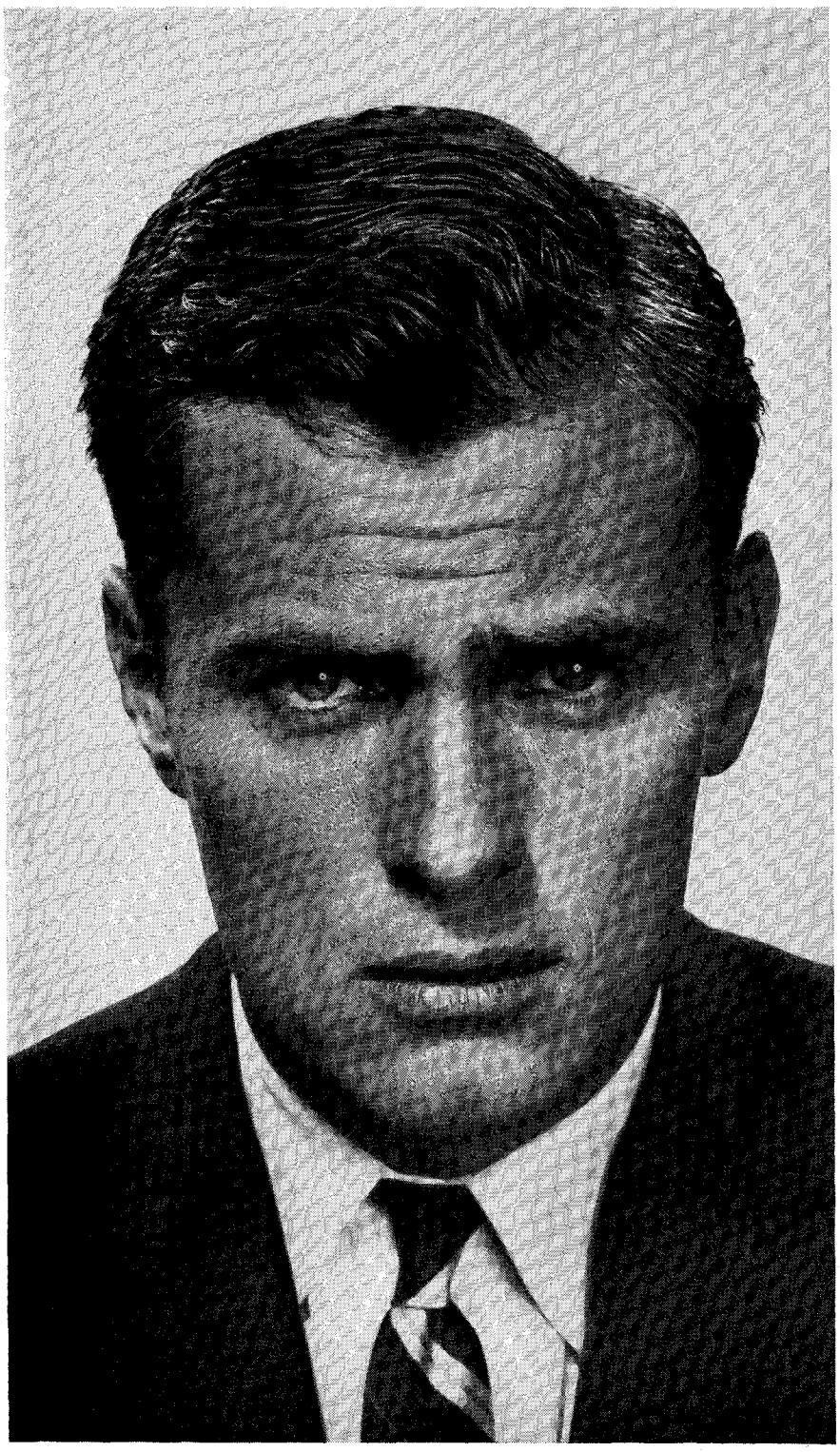

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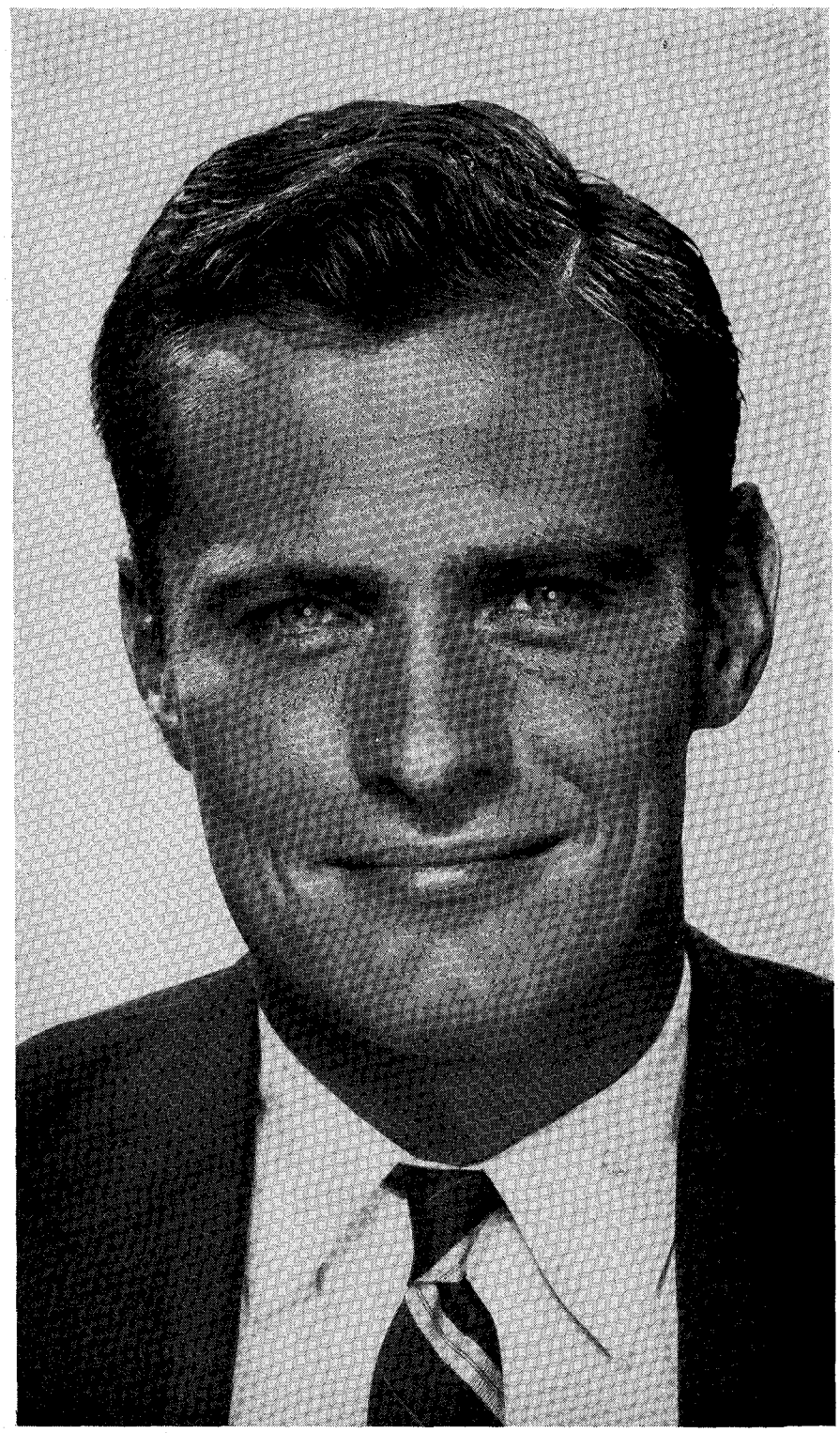

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(Continued from Page 82) a resolve was as inflexible as stone. She backed a step away from him.

Peebles said, "Now, I say, if you got a choice between a little honest blackmail and a killing, take the blackmail every time. Killing's a nasty business. And it's poor pay. They'll gas him. But take my deal. He cuts himself a nice piece of change, and he's got a right to it. I put him next to the right people and they'll get him out of the country. You can go with him. Why not? The two of you could live it up from here on in. And all you got to do is make him see the light. Lay into him, baby. For you, he might come around."

Jack Murphy read the moorage flood gauge and swore. The river was still rising; forty-point-nine now—up a tenth in the past hour. And the daylight was going fast. They needed daylight to swing the sheer boom into position, and the daylight was going fast. Murphy went up the moorage walk at a run. Rick Collier, dour and wiry, a weathered stub of a man, was pushing the sheer-boom crew.

"How much longer?" Murphy asked.

Collier said, "You got eyes; look for yourself."

Saw logs, four and five feet in diameter, had been snubbed in alongside the walk—the raw stuff of which the boom was made. Rick Collier's men were drilling holes at each end of each log, chaining them together, end to end, fashioning a floating fence that would be towed upstream and eased into place against the slanting line of piling driven there. Three of the big logs still had to be drilled—not an easy task at any time, and now the pile bucks were stumbling, numbed with exhaustion.

"Ten minutes?" Murphy said. "Fifteen?"

"Make it a half hour," Rick Collier said.

Jack Murphy turned his face to the sky and swore again. Close. It would be very close. Towing the sheer boom upriver would eat up time. It would be dark or almost dark by the time the boom was placed.

"You can hustle us up a tug," Collier said.

Two of the Murphy tugs were in their berths, the Jacksnipe and the Molly O. The third, the Swiftsure, was upriver, above the anchored driver and the newly driven piling, fending drift away from the moorage until the sheer boom could be placed to do that job. There was no one aboard the Jacksnipe; after thirty hours without rest, her crew had tied her up and gone home.

Murphy found a deck hand asleep in the pilothouse of the Molly O—a blond and lanky youngster of eighteen or nineteen, asprawl on the deck, head pillowed on a folded arm. Murphy put a boot in the deck hand's ribs, not gently. Then he got a handful of the boy's jacket and hauled him to his feet.

"Wake up!" He slapped the boy across the mouth and saw fear come into his eyes. "That's better," he said. "Now—can you skipper this thing?"

"Some," the boy said. "I mean I ——"

"What's your name?"

"Andy. Andy Anderson."

"Get her fired up," Murphy said. "I'll find you an engineer. You're going to tow the sheer boom upriver."

"Gee, Mr. Murphy, I ——"

"Don't argue," Murphy said.

Thirty-five minutes later the completed sheer boom was moving upriver astern of the Molly O. Slowly, at first, as the tow line stiffened and the tug picked up the slack in the log chains, then faster as she settled to her work, diesel bellowing, white water boiling at her stern. Rick Collier watched her go, then turned his weathered face to Murphy. His narrowed eyes were blue and cold.

"Some crew you picked," he said.

Murphy said, "As good as I got left."

"A kid at the wheel," Collier said. "An engineer and deck hand so beat out they're walkin' in their sleep. And what about Andy's mouth? You hit him, didn't you?"

"I woke him up," Murphy said.

"Yeah," Collier said. "An' last night you slugged Gust Holm because he wasn't movin' fast enough to suit you. Thirty hours on his feet—one meal, no sleep—and you cave in his ribs." He spat on the plank at Murphy's feet. "We're gonna talk about this some more," he said. "After we get the pile driver home."

"Let's get at it," Murphy said.

But they were delayed. The floating crane's spring line was fraying badly; they had to rig another in its place. Then word came down the walk that a log was fouled in the cables at the head of the moorage; help was needed there. Altogether, it was thirty minutes before the Jacksnipe headed upriver, Jack Murphy at the wheel. Rick Collier sat on the padded bench in the pilothouse, teeth clenched on a cold cigar.

The Molly O was far ahead of them, well past the pile driver anchored at the offshore end of the row of newly driven piling. The Molly O had the great weight of the tow to slow her down; the unencumbered Jacksnipe ran up on her fast. The tugs were twins, tall and narrow of beam, twin-screw jobs, diesel-powered. The Molly O's running lights were on. She was just beginning her inshore swing, the sheer boom bending like a whip in her wake, when Murphy put the Jacksnipe alongside the pile driver.

Pete Rice, engineer, was aboard the driver. He had stayed aboard to keep steam up. He took the Jacksnipe's lines. Rick Collier got the heavy rope fenders into place. Together, they made the Jacksnipe fast against the flank of the floating rig.

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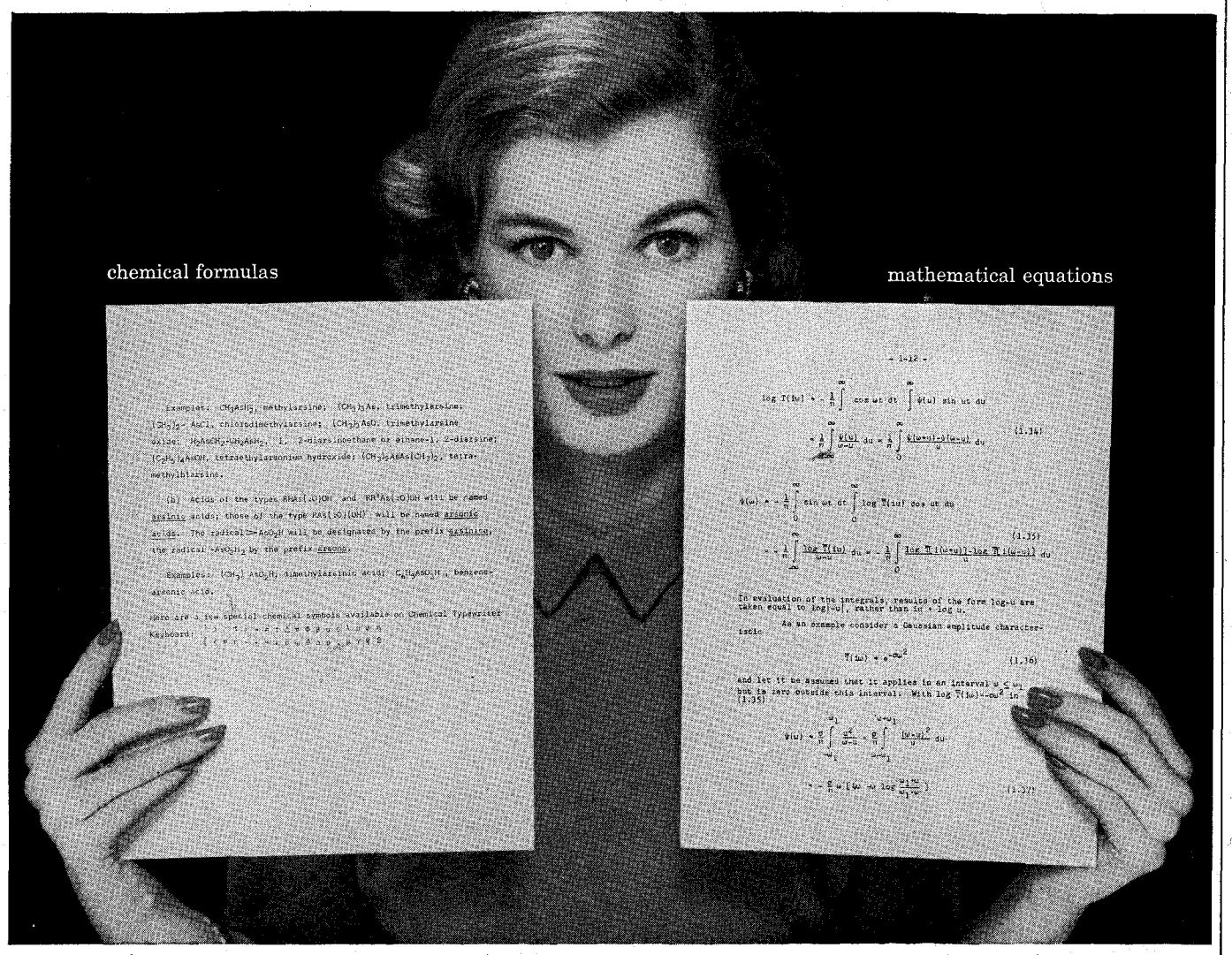

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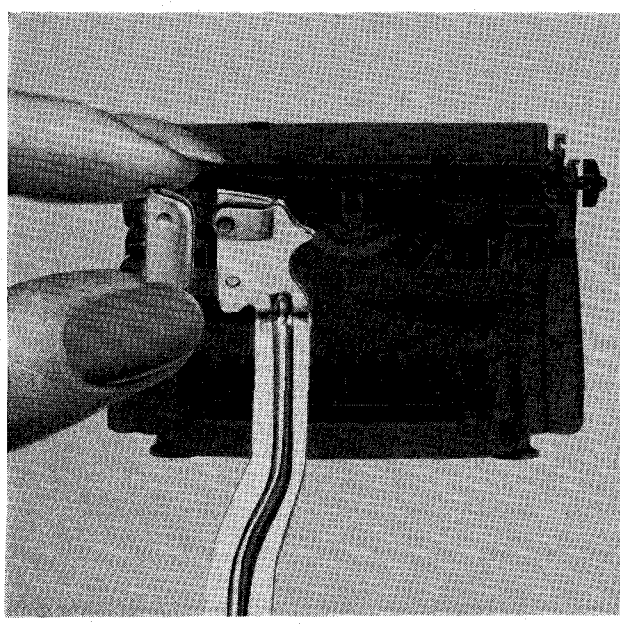

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Collier went aboard the driver to help pick the anchors up. Murphy stayed at the wheel of the tug, listening to the clatter of the driver's winches, watching the Molly O.

The Molly O was in wild water now, fighting for every foot she gained. Her searchlight came on, pale in the dusk. The tail of the sheer boom was abeam of the pile driver, a lazy wooden snake, moving unhurriedly.

"Ho!" Collier yelled. "Hit it!"

Murphy slapped the Jacksnipe's throttles open; her twin Diesels went to work. He spun the wheel and the Jacksnipe leaned hard against the pile driver's awkward bulk, helping as the driver crawled up her bow anchor line, like a spider reeling in a strand of web. There was a moment of violent straining—steam winch and Diesels pounding, the bow anchor line as rigid as a bar of steel—and then a lunging release as the last of the driver's anchors was torn from the river bottom and the scowlike craft moved slowly upstream. Rick Collier and Pete Rice dropped to the deck of the tug. Collier bounded up the ladder into the Jacksnipe's pilothouse.

"Hold her steady!" he said. "Don't turn!"

Jack Murphy said, "Why not?"

"Something's wrong." Collier rubbed mist from a window and looked upriver. "The way that searchlight's swinging —— Looks like the kid's in trouble."

"You're dreaming!" Jack Murphy said.

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ANTHONY J. PETTITO

And in the pilothouse of the Molly O, Andy Anderson wiped the sweat from his face with a shaking hand. What he should have done—he should've told Murphy to go jump. A big guy like that, big as a house, slugging a guy who was half asleep. Andy Anderson licked his swollen lips. What he should have done—he should've run before he got squeezed into a mess like this. He could run a tug, sure. He'd done it, but not without the skipper around to head off his mistakes.

"Port," he said. "Swing the light to port."

Ben Root was with Andy in the pilothouse, at the searchlight control. Ben was a boom man, small as most boom men are, tough as a chunk of walnut burl—a grinning little ape, with a face stained beet-red by a hundred pay-day drunks. The very best you could say for Ben: he was company, but no help.

"Port it is," Ben said.

The searchlight didn't help a lot. Later, it would punch a hole in the dark, but now the white beam seemed to go out only a little way and vanish in the dusk. And the Molly O was in wild water, the wildest Andy Anderson had ever seen. The big river had smashed the dikes upstream and chewed out a new channel here. Yesterday, this had been a low-lying spit of land; today it was a howling millrace. The river was throwing drift at them—clumps of brush, logs, timbers.

Andy said, "Them engines sound all right to you?"

"Purrin' like cats," Ben Root said.

"First time I ever had her out alone." Andy licked his swollen lips again. "I wouldn't fool yuh; I ain't real happy."

"You're doin' fine, kid."

"What's that?" Andy yelled. "Ahead! Dead ahead!"

The searchlight beam lashed the roiled and churning water, swung too far, swung back. Andy clung to the wheel, leaning forward, peering down. The light finally found and held on the dark mass just ahead; a house; it seemed to be a house. Andy could see a sharp slant of roof; the light bounced on painted wood and window glass.

"Miss it!" Root yelled. "Miss it, kid!"

Andy Anderson spun the wheel, panic breaking in his mind. His only thought was to get the Molly O out of the path of the bobbing mass of wreckage dead ahead. He spun the wheel to starboard, hard over, all the way, forgetting the Molly O was tied to the sheer boom. The tug wheeled suddenly, Diesels roaring. She pivoted against the tow cable fastened to her samson post, well above her deck; for an instant she was a dancer at the end of a leash, trying to get away. Then she was broadside to her tow, battered by the wild current, heeling savagely, and now the great weight of the sheer boom took command. Andy Anderson felt her going. He was pawing blindly for the throttles, trying to close them, when the Molly O capsized. . . .

Rick Collier saw it happen. He was in the pilothouse of the Jacksnipe, field glasses at his eyes, when the Molly O began her crazy turn. He saw the beam of her searchlight senselessly flail the sky. He yelled, "No, kid! No!" and then the light was gone and the wildly careening tug was over, wallowing on her side. Rick Collier held the glasses on her steadily in the instant of her death, and then the Molly O had vanished, and he raked the dark water, searching for a face, an upthrust arm.

Jack Murphy said, "That brainless fool!"

Collier dropped the field glasses into their box and turned toward the door of the pilothouse. "Ease up on them throttles!" There was fury in his voice and in his eyes. "I'll cut the driver loose!"

"Do that," Jack Murphy said.

He let Collier pass him, and then stepped away from the wheel to chop a savage blow at the neck of the smaller man. Rick Collier stumbled and went down. He crawled to his hands and knees, head wobbling.

"Louse," he whispered. "Murdering louse." Jack Murphy hit him again. This time Rick Collier did not move or speak.

"Hey!" a voice called. "What's up?"

Murphy went to the door of the pilothouse. Pete Rice was on the deck below. "I was in the engine room," Rice said. "I heard somebody yell. What's wrong?"

"Nothing you can fix," Murphy said.

He went back to the wheel. He could see wreckage on the river's face—the sheer boom, probably. The Molly O had come apart by now, mauled and battered on the river bottom—no salvage there. Far inshore, something white glimmered and was gone. Murphy wiped sweat from his face.

"I saved the driver," he said. "That much I did."

There were men on the moorage floats to take the driver's lines. Ben Root was there, a snarling man in sodden clothes. And before the driver was made fast, Rick Collier found Murphy on her deck. Collier had a peavey in his hands—five foot of seasoned ash, steel-shod, with pointed hook aswing.

"Root," he said, "what about the other two?"

"They didn't make it," Ben Root said.

"Clear out!" Collier said. He was looking at Murphy, speaking to the men. "We're leavin', every last man of us." There was blood on Collier's mouth. "Murphy," he said, and the name was a curse, "try and stop us. I hope you do. I want to ram this peavey down your throat!"

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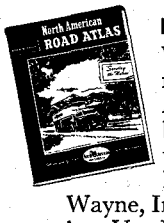

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The Back-to-Nature Girl

(Continued from Page 36)

on in," he spoke with his mouth full, "and I'll have Aunt Norah give you a piece. You might as well; it'll take some time for that motor to simmer down."

Before she could organize resistance, he had her by the hand and was leading her to the cottage. "I'll bet your father's going to feel awfully silly," he said, "when he finds out that one of the automobiles he manufactures delayed his own daughter's wedding."

"What do you mean, delayed?" she asked in alarm. "How long is it going to take to fix it?"

"Heaven," said Hank, "only knows." He led her into the rustic living room of the cottage, and a small, gray-haired woman came out of the kitchen to greet them. "Aunt Norah," Hank said formally, "I want you to meet Miss Velma Winthrop, my boss' daughter."

"You work at the plant?" asked Velma, surprised.

"Just started recently," said Hank. "I've seen you a few times when you came through, looking for your father. I guess you can't be blamed for not recognizing me, on account of my face was always smeared with grease, me having such a dirty job and all." Then he became the gracious host. "Could I get you something cold to drink?" he inquired. "Sit down, Miss Winthrop. Take the rest of your clothes off; make yourself comfortable."

"Hank Simmons!" gasped Norah. "What on earth ——"

"Oh, I'm sorry, Aunt Norah," said Hank. "You see, Miss Winthrop's a nudist, and I just thought I'd make her feel at home."

"I," said Velma furiously, "am not a nudist yet—and besides there's a time and place for everything!"

"That's what I always say," said Hank agreeably, "especially for taking off your clothes." He peered indulgently down at her. "One thing," he remarked, "is that you won't miss yours very much. As a matter of fact, it'll be hard to tell the difference." She blushed and glared murderously at him. "Well, you and Aunt Norah just sit here and get acquainted," he said. "I'll go out and have a look at that boiler of yours."

Hank went out to the car, crawled under it and began making loud noises with a monkey wrench. Presently he glanced to one side as a trim pair of bare legs appeared in view.

"Have you found out what's wrong?" asked Velma's voice.

"Not yet," said Hank. "These here Winthrop Sports sure are a complicated piece of machinery."

"Why should they be such a puzzle to you?" demanded Velma. "I thought you said you worked at the factory."

"But I'm not a mechanic," said Hank. "I just sort of do odd jobs about the place. You know, you nudists're half right, at that. A girl with legs like yours should cover 'em as little as possible."

"Never mind my legs," said Velma. "Just fix the car."

Hank came sliding from beneath the car, his face smeared with grease. "I have bad news for you, Miss Winthrop," he said. "You've got an unarticulated thermopopper. That's the one flaw in your father's product, Miss Winthrop; it's notorious for having a very tricky thermopopper."

"I've just got to get to Camp Elysia before dark," said Velma. "What shall I do?"

"Don't ask me," said Hank. "I fly all to pieces in the face of emergencies. Let's go consult Aunt Norah; she usually takes a calm, objective view of things."

He took the girl by the hand and led her into the cottage, where he explained the situation to Norah. "Well, in that case," said Norah, "I suppose Miss Winthrop'll just have to stay here for the night. . . . We have a spare room, child, and you're perfectly welcome to it."

"Can't you drive me to the camp in your car?" Velma asked Hank. "I'll pay you whatever it's worth."

"My car," said Hank, "is in the garage at Pikeville with an unarticulated thermopopper—it's a Winthrop Sport, you know—and Uncle Fred drove his car to the city." Velma noticed an old-fashioned telephone fastened to the far wall and she moved determinedly toward it. "And the telephone," said Hank, stepping in front of her, "is out of order." He draped his arm comfortingly over her shoulders. "Now just be calm and things'll work out all right," he said soothingly. "You're tired and upset and dirty from the long, dusty drive, and what you need is a nice warm bath. You just go to your room and freshen up, and then we'll discuss matters further. Who knows but a car'll stop by here on its way to Camp Elysia?"

Norah showed Velma to her room, and a short time later the girl appeared, wearing Norah's kimono. "How," she demanded petulantly, "can I take a bath when there's no water?"

"Confound it!" said Hank. "If that isn't just like Uncle Fred! He started to fix the plumbing; then hooted off to the city without finishing it. But we've got an outdoor shower not far from the cottage. You grab a towel and I'll take you to it."

Velma got a towel and Hank took her by the hand and led her toward a wooden shack standing in a meadow near the house. She made no resistance; it seemed that she was getting used to walking hand in hand with Hank. As they came up to the shack, Hank pointed to a pineapple-shaped object in an opening under the eaves. "Don't slam the door when you go in or out," he cautioned. "That's a hornets' nest and they might be dangerous if aroused." Then he opened the door and pushed her into the building. "But, of course," he said genially, "when you become a nudist you're going to have to learn to live with hornets and mosquitoes and other stinging varmints, aren't you?"

Although disappointed at the fact that no car had come by on its way to Camp Elysia, Velma started dinner with a hearty appetite.

Hank regarded her with considerable interest. "I wonder," he said, "what a nudist bride uses for a trousseau?"

"I never thought of that!" gasped Norah, looking at Velma. "Do you mean you're going to face the most solemn occasion of your life with no pretty wedding gown; no—no—nothing?"

"Well," said Velma uncomfortably, "there'll be a veil."

"That's a crying shame!" said Aunt Norah compassionately. "Why, half the fun of getting married is having the wedding gown fitted, and shopping for the accessories, and deciding what the bridesmaids'll wear." Then she got mad. "If they want to run around naked, like a pack of savages, it's their business," she said, "but when they cheat a girl out of the most beautiful moment of her life, then it's downright criminal!"

Velma ceased eating; she'd lost her appetite. "Nudism," she said defensively, "is more than just going without clothes; it's being close to nature; leading the clean, healthy life; getting away from sham and prudery ——" Then she went on to quote arguments which seemed to have been memorized from a book she'd recently read on the subject. It was a parrotlike recital and it was lacking in conviction.

"Besides which," said Hank, after she had finished, "it's the most remunerative racket old Hotlips Horton stumbled onto since he learned to toot a saxophone."

"His name's Talbot," said Velma sullenly. "And it isn't a racket."

"'Man alive!'" said Hank in a singsong voice. "'Rock and Jive! Come one, come all. Come to the Nudist Ball!'" He turned to Norah. "That's the new wrinkle old Hotlips added to nudism," he explained. "The dancing in the raw. Waltzing doesn't sound too bad, but can you imagine a bunch of nudists of assorted sizes and sexes doing the mambo or the tango or—heaven forbid—the conga?"

"I think," Norah said, "that I'll clear the table. Nobody seems to be eating."

Velma stared hatefully at Hank. "You're just trying to make it seem ridiculous and horrid and awful," she said. "Whereas it's really ——"

"I know," said Hank. "It's the clean, healthy life and it gets you closer to nature, who must have had old Hotlips Horton in mind when she created hornets and mosquitoes and stinging nettles, not to speak of poison ivy." He rose and extended his hand. "Come on, precious," he said; "let's go get a breath of fresh air."

He took her hand and led her out to the pasture, where they sat on a log and Hank studied her face in the moonlight. "Do you know that I once considered falling in love with you?" he asked.

"What?" she gasped.

"The first time I saw you come through the plant looking for your father," said Hank. "I noticed how lovely you looked and how gracefully you walked, and I admired your taste in clothes—you're adorable in yellow, you know—and my heart started thumping like a jungle drum sounding a mating call; then an ugly, depressing thought struck me and I bade my passionate heart be still. *After all*, I told myself, *it's hopeless*."

"Because I was the boss' daughter?"

"Of course not," said Hank indignantly. "Pound for

(Continued on Page 88)

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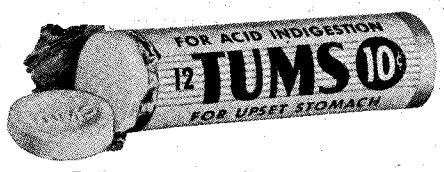

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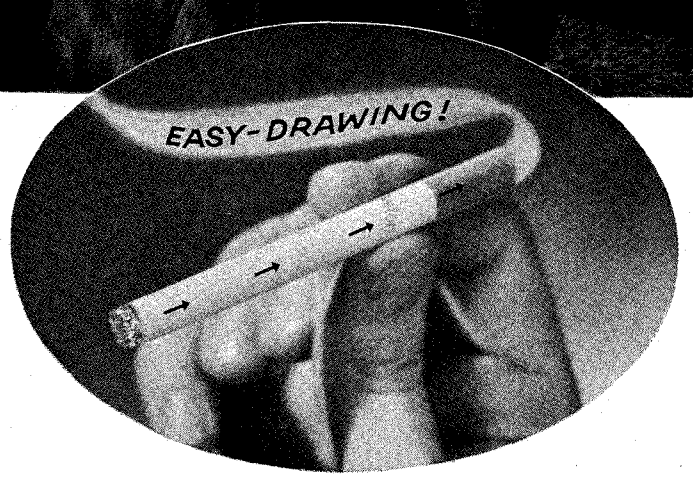

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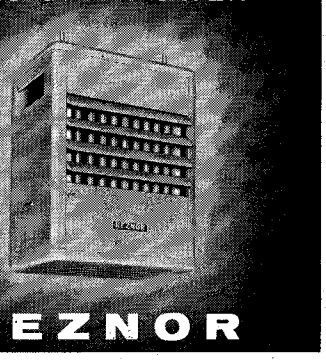

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(Continued from Page 86)

pound and inch for inch, I'm as good a man as old Windy Winthrop the best day he ever lived. And, if you think the difference in our financial status was a barrier, you're nuts. I'm an old-fashioned boy and I believe in the dowry system. It wasn't that; it was something else."

"Then what," asked the girl, turning to him, "was the ugly, depressing thought?"

"That we'd be incompatible," said Hank. "As you know, your father is a comparatively small operator and he hasn't got a very large factory. The employees form a small community and, like any small community, they gossip."

"About me, for instance?" asked Velma.

"Scuttlebutt," said Hank, "had it that you were a spoiled, willful, unmanageable brat; that you were selfish, self-seeking and ungrateful; that you considered the world created for your special benefit."

"That," said Velma bitterly, "is exactly what my father thinks."

"Scuttlebutt," went on Hank, "also had it that you threw yourself into the arms of old Hotlips Horton out of willfulness, just to spite your father."

"That's not so," said Velma.

"And I believed what the scuttlebutt said," continued Hank. "But now, I'm not so sure. It just occurred to me that, when you came through the plant looking for your father, he seldom seemed available to you. It also occurs to me that, knowing Windy Winthrop as I do, I should have considered that perhaps he was giving you everything you wanted out of life, except a reasonable amount of his time and affection. Now knowing you as I do, I've got an idea that you aren't going to Hotlips Horton out of spite, but through a need for someone to love and understand you." He placed his arm around her waist. "Am I right?" he asked.

"Yes," she said, giving him a dazed look.

"Fine," said Hank complacently. "We've developed the theory that you need love and understanding. Now we shall explore the possibility that you're a jerk—that you're looking for love and understanding in the wrong place—that any girl who'd think of marrying Hotlips Horton and cavorting around in the raw with his bunch of disrobed crackpots is an imbecile."

She started to sputter with indignation and he lifted her head and looked deep into her eyes. "We shall further explore the possibility that everything you want or need in life is sitting right here on this log within kissing distance of you," he said.

He kissed her, long and thoroughly and, during one stage of the process, the hair at the nape of her neck turned into crisp, tight curls. Finally he released her and she leaped furiously to her feet.

"I hate you, you self-satisfied slob!" she sobbed. "You know everything, don't you? You know my thoughts and my feelings and all the answers to them. You tell me I'm a jerk, and then you try to prove that I'm a push-over. You think I'm the kind of an idiot who'd marry a man that she's not sure she's in love with. Well, I am sure! I'm in love with Talbot and I'm going to marry him! What's more ——"

"All right, all right," said Hank soothingly. "I was just exploring a theory. So you love old Hotlips and you're going to marry him—in the raw and with only a wedding veil to cover your maidenly blushes. Now shut up." He drew her to him and kissed her gently. "Good night, precious," he said. "I'd like to sit out here and bask in the beams of your loveliness, but I need my sleep. Tomorrow I've got to fix your thermopopper." Then he strode off, his muscular shoulders swinging easily as she glared balefully after him.

At noon the next day Hank was under the car, making clanking noises with a hammer, when bare legs came into view on his left.

"Have you got it fixed yet?" asked Velma's voice.

"It's coming right along," said Hank cheerfully. "Be ready in a jiffy—three, four hours at the most. But, in case I'm wrong, you'd better tell Aunt Norah what you'd like for dinner."

Then there was the whining sound of a powerful motor in the distance. "That's Talbot," said Velma. She raised her voice. "Talbot! Talbot!" she cried.

Hank crawled out from beneath the car. "Don't shout," he said. "Hotlips knows you're here. I phoned him this morning." He grinned. "The phone," he said, "got itself fixed sometime during the night."

The yellow convertible drove up and stopped. The driver, a tall, skinny blond in his early forties, climbed out, wearing flannel slacks, a pink sports shirt and sandals.

"What on earth happened to you, Velma?" he demanded, his scraggly Vandyke beard quivering with indignation. "You've just about utterly ruined all my plans."

"I couldn't help it," said Velma defensively. "I've got an unarticulated thermopopper."

"If you'd taken the trouble to call me, I'd have come for you," said Hotlips. "The reporters and photographers are tired of waiting, and some of them've already departed. What's more ——"

A woman who is outspoken will never forgive the woman who outspoke her.

RAYMOND DUNCAN

"Reporters? Photographers?" gasped Velma. "You said there wouldn't be any more publicity! You said ——"

"I know, I know," said Hotlips. "That was because, at heart, you're still a prude, Velma, and you'll have to get over with it. Our great movement is for the benefit of all humanity and it needs all the publicity it can get."

"But you promised," insisted Velma. "You said ——"

"Look here," interrupted Hank, "you two nudists can't stand out here in front of Uncle Fred's place of business and stage a lovers' quarrel with all your clothes on; it's indecent." He turned to the man. "Come on, Hotlips, just give me a hand and I'll have your bride and her car out of here in a jiffy." He leaned down and pointed to something beneath the car. "You just crawl under and, when I say so, turn that do-hickey that's sticking out down there."

Hotlips started to protest, but all of a sudden he found himself beneath the car, and when Hank told him to, he turned the do-hickey. Then he uttered a strangled curse and came crawling into view, his face and clothing covered with oil.

"You," said Hank critically, "must have turned the wrong do-hickey. You're really a mess, kid." He turned to Velma. "Run in and ask Aunt Norah for some soap and a towel and some kerosene," he commanded.

Velma hurried toward the cottage, and Hank took the furiously spluttering Hotlips by the arm.

When Velma returned with kerosene and towels and soap, Hank was sitting on a log shooting at the pineapple-shaped object under the eaves of the shower shack with an air rifle. Before she could utter a word, Hank fired again and the object disappeared from under the eaves and fell into the shack. There was a howl of anguish, and Hotlips, entirely devoid of clothing, burst forth, followed by an angry, buzzing dark cloud.

"How could you!" gasped Velma.

"Just exploring a theory," said Hank complacently. "Lookit old Hotlips go."

Hotlips tore across the meadow, reached the road, swerved and came steaming back, uttering shrill yips of agony. He was making remarkable speed, considering that he ran spraddle-legged and his knobby knees sometimes bumped together, causing friction and thus robbing his all-out effort of some of its maximum result. He approached Hank and Velma, swerved again and began running in circles. At times he seemed to be tiring, but at such times something hit his rear exposure like a bullet and he sprinted forward with renewed velocity.

"You just multiply old Hotlips a hundred times and mix up the sexes," remarked Hank to Velma, "and you'll have a nudist colony."

Velma didn't answer. She was making sobbing, gasping noises and her face was fiery red. Then her repressed emotion expressed itself in a shrill peal of laughter.

Hotlips froze in his tracks and stared unbelievingly at his bride-to-be. Velma held her hands to her stomach, tears ran down her cheeks, and the sound she made stabbed Hotlips to the heart. It was more than laughter that came to Hotlips' ears; it was the sound of a shattered romance; the end of a bright, glittering dream of avarice. With as much dignity as a naked man can muster when followed by a swarm of hornets, Hotlips walked to his car, got in, started the motor and was off in a cloud composed of equal parts of dust and stinging varmints.

A heavy-set, ruddy-faced man, who had driven up and watched the proceedings unobserved by Hank and Velma, got out of a Winthrop Sport and waddled up to them.

"Father!" gasped Velma, and looked accusingly at Hank.

"I started as soon's I got your call," Mr. Winthrop said to Hank. "And it's a good thing I made fast time. I wouldn't have missed a minute of that show for controlling interest in General Motors."

"Well, it won't do you any good coming up here," said Velma in a surly voice. "If you think you're going to talk me out of ——"

"Aw, shut up," said Hank, indulgently putting his arm around her. "You know good and well that you decided last night that you weren't going to marry Hotlips."

"Well, maybe so," said Velma stubbornly, "but that doesn't mean ——"

"She's going to marry me," Hank told Mr. Winthrop.

"The hell you say," declared Mr. Winthrop.

"Yes, the hell he says!" snapped Velma defiantly. "And don't you dare try to interfere. I'll marry whom I doggone well please and, just because Hank here's a low, double-crossing rat and he doesn't make much money ——"

"Who," demanded Mr. Winthrop, "said he doesn't make much money?"

"Well," said Velma, uncertainly, "he's a lousy mechanic; he can't even fix a thermopopper."

"I don't know what a thermopopper is," stated Mr. Winthrop, "but I do know that Hank Simmons is my new chief engineer, and he'll be taking a lot more dough outta the business than I will."

"I assume, then," said Hank, "that we have your blessings?"

"You sure have," said Mr. Winthrop happily. "As a fond, doting, but perhaps sometimes mistaken parent, it has always been my dearest wish to see my daughter married with her clothes on." THE END

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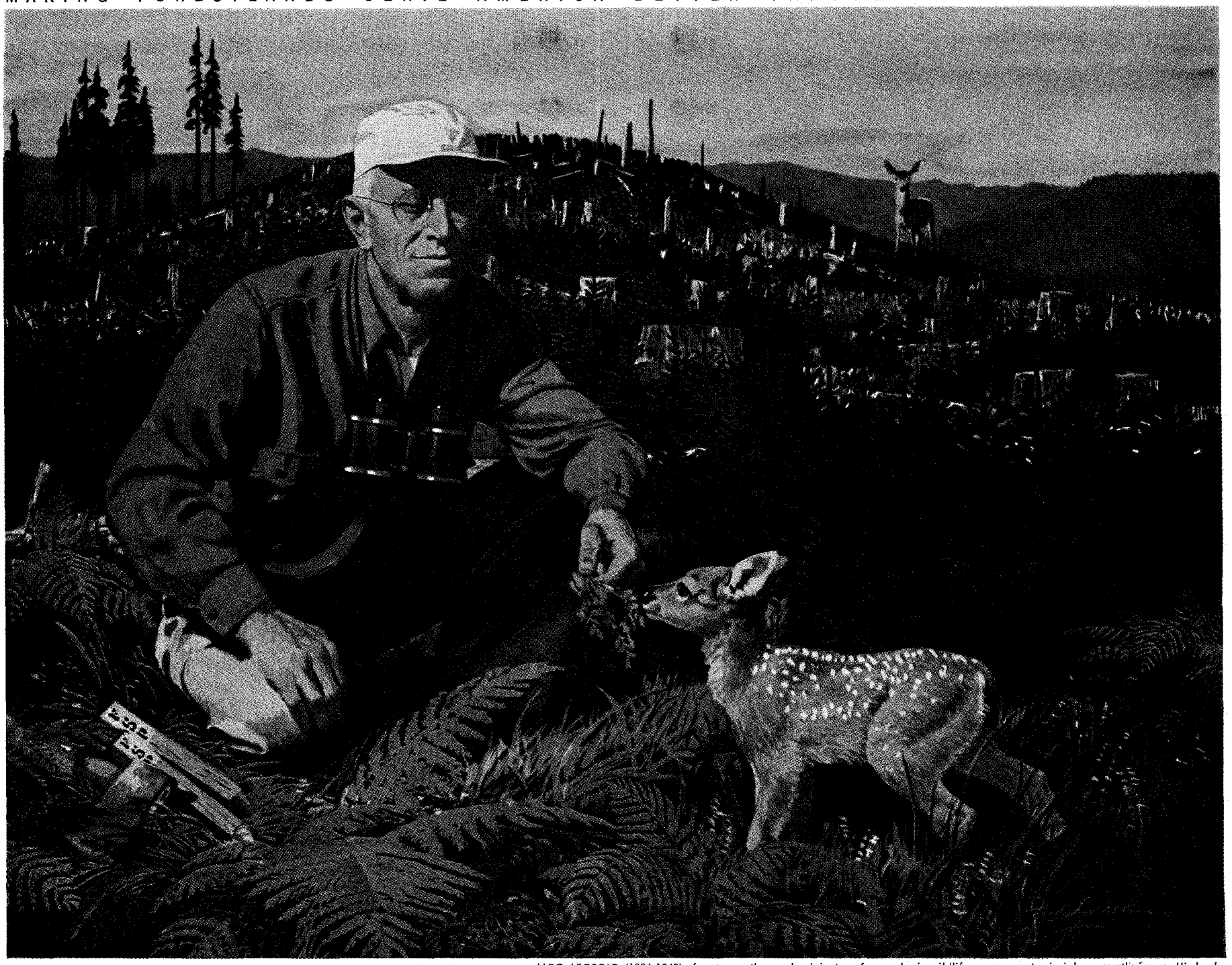

ALDO LEOPOLD (1886-1948), forester, author and originator of many basic wildlife management principles currently in use. His book, *Game Management*, (1933) is still considered to be outstanding in its field. Through study and research, Leopold also helped pioneer the idea of managing forestlands for multiple use that is being applied by industrial foresters on tree farms all across the nation.

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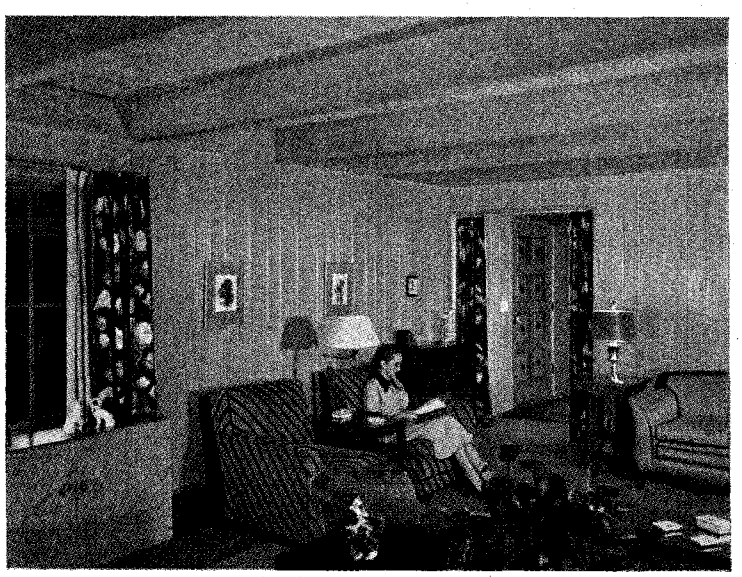

Providing a perpetual supply of useful forest raw materials is the primary goal of America's tree farmers. This is being done by growing timber as a continuing crop, using forest management principles developed by foresters, scientists and resource specialists. One of the men whose research and work contributed much to modern forestry was Aldo Leopold, forester and wildlife authority. He stressed the importance of maintaining the natural balance that exists among soil, water, trees, weather and all things living on the land. This broad concept of forest and land management is reflected in current tree farm practices.

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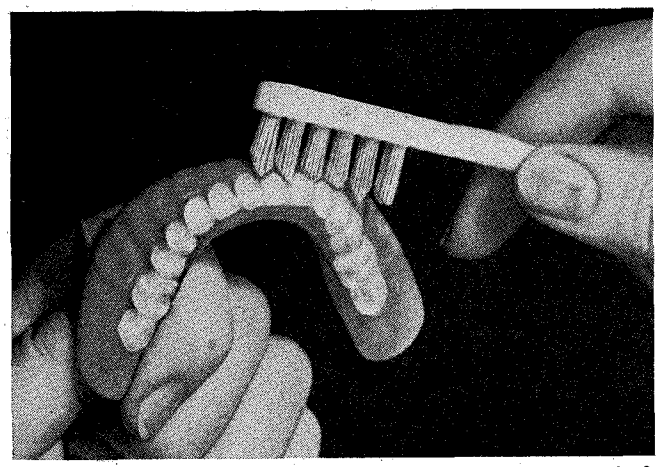

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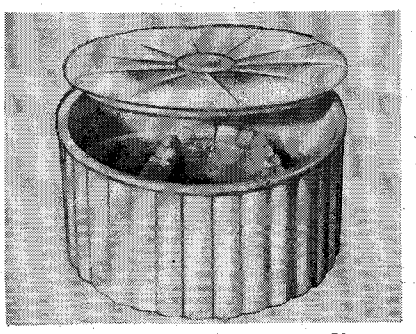
YES!



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The Coach With the Terrible Temper

(Continued from Page 25)

battled their way to 295 wins against 179 losses.

It is possible—although Al indignantly denies it—that his compulsive drive reflects that unwarranted disquiet that noncollege men sometimes feel in professions which are completely dominated by college alumni, as pro basketball now is. At any rate, Cervi's competitiveness goes to such extremes that none of his players will allow him to sit in on the penny pinochle games that kill the long hours of travel. They don't mind so much that he tears up decks of cards when things are going badly; what really bothers them is that he'll reach across the table, knock down his opponent's hand and peer at the cards.

A man who wears his emotions on the surface, Al sometimes puts on a show on the bench that overshadows the one taking place on the court.

As the game starts, he is hunched forward on the edge of the bench, chewing gum vigorously. At the first misfortune, he heaves the gum away. As play develops and his sorrows multiply, he winces, raises both hands in horror and sags in his seat, a broken man. He bounds off the bench on all fours and peers out at the court, as if he cannot quite credit what his eyes have seen. He buries his face in his hands, tormented beyond human understanding. He leaps to his feet—jaw out, hands on hips—and glares at the referee with a pure white hatred. When he can endure no more, his features break up as if he is about to cry, and he buries his face into the side of whatever player happens to be sitting beside him. "Oh, jeez!" he wails. "Oh, jeez!" Al insists that this is not an act. It has always been his nature, he maintains, to give free play to his feelings. "At least," he says, "I'm one coach without ulcers. I'd rather be noisy and healthy than quiet and sick. Look at poor Joe Lapchick. He dies."

However, Al does not leave the game on the bench. According to Mrs. Cervi, an extremely pretty woman with an extremely placid nature, he brings it faithfully home to the wife and kiddies—Allen, ten; Kathleen, seven; Marcia, four. He putters absently around the house—fixing up his cellar playroom, reupholstering chairs—but his mind is still on the game. "How could he let him show him up like that?" he'll mutter vaguely about some unidentified player. "Before I'd let anybody do that to me, I'd cut him in half."

Al Cervi can do all these things without making enemies because his actions are so obviously spontaneous and impersonal. Once he's out of competition, he is a breezy, friendly, extremely engaging person, with some appealing human foibles.

For one thing, he is greatly concerned about his retreating hairline. When he leafs through the scrapbooks kept through the years by his wife, he'll be paying far more attention to the condition of his hair in the old pictures than to the accounts or box scores. Coming across an action picture taken in his first year as a player-coach, he'll cry out happily, "Look, Ruthie, my bald spot hadn't begun to show yet!"

To celebrate the winning of the championship last year, he took his family down to Daytona Beach. While he was lying around, he read a magazine article about the manta ray, a huge, poisonous fish which, according to the article, is sometimes found in Florida waters. The next time he went on the beach, he saw manta rays leaping up behind every wave. He absolutely refused to go into the water during the rest of the vacation, and expressed grave misgivings when anybody else did.

Such timidity is not typical of thirty-nine-year-old Al Cervi. He was a playing coach until 1953, and he can still beat any of his men at "one-on-one" workouts. These sessions bear more resemblance to pitched battles than to basketball scrimmages, for Al believes that a liberal use of shoulders and elbows forces his boys to sharpen their reflexes to a razor edge.

Cervi was one of the great little men of all time. Although he is only five eleven, he has thirty-five-inch arms, tremendously broad shoulders and big, quick hands. He can hold a basketball between those huge hands and defy anyone to punch it loose. Always a fast and tireless runner—his nickname during his playing days was Digger—he can still outrun anybody on his squad. He proved it earlier this season when he raced Dick Farley, his fastest man, across the floor of the Manlius Military School gym and beat him by a full step. The story was kept inside the locker room out of deference to Farley's wounded pride.

By getting out on the practice floor and battling his "athletes"—the word he always uses for them—he gets to know them as he never could if he just stood around with a whistle in his mouth. It was in a preseason one-on-one drill last year, for instance, that he discovered that Farley, one of the new men in camp, could drive with anybody in the game. Without Farley, the Nats would never have won the title.

A diplomat is a person who can be disarming even though his country isn't.

SYDNEY BRODY

Similarly, by playing against Red Rocha, he found that the six-nine veteran had the quickness of hand and body to do a real good job on a little man. As a result, he has had great success in sending Rocha in to smother high-scoring little men, like Bill Sharman, of Boston.

During the game, Cervi matches players expertly, calls out strategy, tots up the fouls. All the while he is watching his own men for specific weaknesses. Dolph Schayes, his big scorer, has low blood pressure and high-gear hustle, a combination that cries out for periodic rest. Earl Lloyd, the rebound man, has to be goaded to keep running; George King sometimes takes his time about bringing the ball up the floor; Jim Tucker is inclined to stop shooting if he misses his first shot; Farley has to be told to keep driving and to make use of his considerable ability in the pivot.

This year, the Nats got off to a slow start, caused in part by the loss of Paul Seymour, their top backcourt man, first through a freak injury—a pinched nerve in his back—and then an injured wrist. Even worse, perhaps, John Kerr, the big center, had all his teeth pulled out and came into camp twenty-five pounds underweight. His strength did not build up to the point where he could play full time, and in mid-January Cervi sent him to the hospital for a complete checkup.

For the first half of the season it was win-a-game, lose-a-game for Syracuse, a poor way to defend a championship, but good enough under normal conditions to get a team into the crowded N.B.A. play-offs. This year, however, possibly the four strongest teams in the league are all packed into the Eastern Division—Philadelphia, Boston, New York and Syracuse. One of them will have to be eliminated.

Syracuse attendance was averaging somewhat below the break-even point of 4200, but the club still had a chance to finish the year in the black. What worried Cervi most of all was that his athletes were not winning the close ones, as in the past. Of the forty-three Syracuse games last year that were decided by six points or less, the Nats won thirty.

"We've usually started badly and come on strong," Cervi was saying at the halfway mark this season. "And at the start of the year I had the feeling that we were going to come alive again. But now, to be truthful, I don't have that feeling any more. They look tired. I can't see any freshness in them. Maybe winning the championship took the zip away."

However, there was no doubt that Cervi would be in there firing all the way with everything in his coaching arsenal. Until recently, this included a certain amount of strategic baiting of the officials. It has never been a secret that most N.B.A. coaches felt that the referees could be bullied by hometown pressure, which can involve more than psychological warfare. Referees have been subjected to physical attack in many towns, Syracuse hardly excluded.

Worst of all, probably, was the Nucatola affair at Syracuse two years ago. The Nationals were trailing the New York Knickerbockers by three points, with twenty seconds to go, when Dolph Schayes broke away toward the basket. Two points weren't much good to the Nats at this point, so Dolph hesitated under the basket just long enough to let Nat Clifton get close enough to foul him.

At least, that was the way Schayes played it. It was not the way Johnny Nucatola called it. Although Nucatola was the trailer on the play—Sid Borgia was behind the basket—he took the call and ruled that Schayes had charged Clifton. The goal was disallowed and a foul shot was awarded to the Knicks. It was half an hour before Clifton stepped up to the foul line.

Cervi led an enraged charge toward Nucatola, closely followed by club president Dan Biasone—who was sitting on the bench on the pretext that he was an assistant coach—and a platoon of overloyal and overexcited rooters. Those fans who remained in their seats bombarded the floor with programs and other material, much of it in the late stages of decomposition.

After order of a kind was restored and the game was about to be resumed, Cervi called for a time out, which gave his rear echelon a chance to regroup, gather more ammunition and let loose another barrage.

Eventually, with the fans rocking the backboard, Clifton sank his foul shot. Seconds later, as the game ended, the fans came pouring across the side lines to cut off the referees' retreat. Borgia, who everybody assumed had made the call, got punched in the head a couple of times before a police cordon was able to hustle the officials into the Knicks' dressing room. Hours later, with the fans still demonstrating outside the Onondaga County War Memorial gym, the police backed a car against the rear exit of the dressing room and smuggled Nucatola and Borgia out of town along back roads.

Nucatola, in his report to league president Maurice Podoloff, wrote that Cervi had incited the fans to riot. He recommended that the highest fine in league history—$1000—be imposed.

Podoloff, who always has been inclined to react to such affairs more like a mediator than a chief executive, suggested a cooling-off period, to be followed by a round-table discussion.

Nucatola, who didn't cool noticeably, brought his phase of the discussion to the head table of the New York Basketball Writers' luncheon. He publicly criticized Podoloff's indecisive handling of the case, then went on to call Cervi the worst of the ref baiters and Syracuse the worst of the towns.

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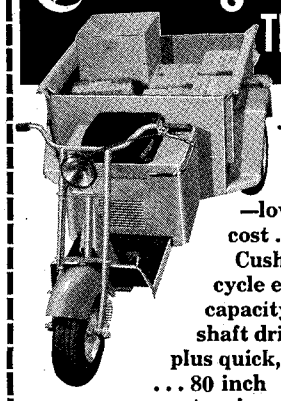
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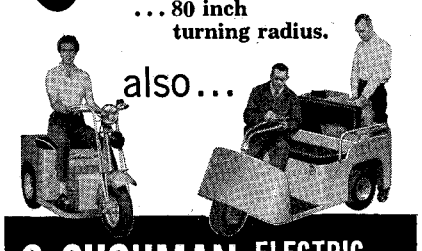
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Cervi was neither fined nor reprimanded. Nucatola never got another assignment in the N.B.A.

Throughout the controversy, Cervi maintained an almost complete silence, not too surprising, as he had never shown any great taste for off-court recrimination. "Anything I might have said," he comments now, "would have just kept something alive that was bad for the game. And the game is more important than any coach or any referee."

There was one other consideration that may have contributed to his silence. Leo Ferris, who ran the club for Biasone, gave Cervi only token support. Ferris knew full well that basketball was going to be destroyed as a big-time professional sport unless the referees were given the total authority and total respect that baseball umpires have enjoyed for years. He knew it because the game was already in the process of destroying itself in Syracuse. The Nationals were $63,000 in the red, and attendance had reached the stage where the club could count upon only a couple of thousand regulars, most of whom seemed to approach the evening as if they were going to a public hanging.

All these things, together with his wife's missionary work over the years, finally brought Cervi to a stronger sense of his responsibility toward the game, his family and his reputation. The next time he saw Podoloff, he promised to reform. The promise was kept so well that Cervi was hit with only three technical fouls last year—each carrying an automatic fifteen-dollar fine. This quite probably qualified him as the least troublesome coach in the league.

His new restraint came in handy during the final play-off series against the Fort Wayne Pistons last year. Because their own Coliseum had been booked for a bowling tournament, the Pistons played their "home" games 115 miles away, at Indianapolis. For some reason, the crowds turned out to be among the most savage of recent history. Cervi found out how it was going to be when he sat down on the bench as the first game was about to get under way and saw a chair come whizzing right over his head.

That blood didn't flow was due in great part to an instinctive act by Cervi. As the Nats were trying to get off the floor after the last of the three games they played—and lost—in Indianapolis, they were surrounded, insulted, reviled and quite literally spat upon. Somebody grabbed Al by his coat, spun him around and sneered, "Got beat again, you ——, didn't you?"

The old Cervi would have swung on the guy and no doubt touched off a riot. The new Cervi, eyes blazing, grabbed the collar of the guy's shirt, ripped down in one violent motion and flung the tattered remains to the floor. There was just enough contempt in this, apparently, to shame those who could be shamed, and just enough violence to frighten those who could be frightened. Suddenly the place grew absolutely quiet. A path opened up and the players walked unmolested to their dressing room.

In the final game, back at Syracuse, with the series tied at three-all, the Nats fell seventeen points behind near the end of the first half. They fought back into contention as substitute Bill Kenville came in to score eleven quick points. With eighteen seconds to go and the score tied, George King stepped up to the foul line, took a deep breath and sank his shot. And that was game, set and championship.

In the course of his speech at the club's victory dinner, Cervi told his players, "When you're in some kind of business and things get tough, just remember when you came back from a seventeen-point deficit to win the championship of the world."

Al is used to coming from way back. The son of an immigrant Italian family in Buffalo, where he was born on February 12, 1917, he learned his basketball at North High School. He started his pro career in the dirty old gyms and ramshackle dance halls when five dollars was a good night's pay. He played at such places as St. Stanislaus Hall, in Rochester, where the players had to jump up onto a stage after they drove under the basket for a shot, and a hall in Oil City, Pennsylvania, that had a potbellied stove sitting right at center court.

Although Cervi was always his team's high scorer—he led the old National Basketball League in scoring with Lester Harrison's Rochester team in 1946–47—he was best known as a "leech," an unshakable defensive man. While others kept track of their scoring records, the Digger kept a careful record of the points scored against him.

His great battles were with Bob McDermott, the "Mr. Basketball" of the pre-Mikan professional era. McDermott had a deadly falling-back set shot which, under normal conditions, would have forced you to stay right on top of him all the time. If you tried to crowd McDermott, though, he would drive right on past you with his exceptional burst of speed. To stop him from scoring either way took the kind of catlike reactions only the great natural athletes have. It also took an overpowering determination.

Al would come into the locker room before the game, and as soon as he bent to take off his shoes, he would begin to talk to himself. "McDermott," he'd say, "you're not going to score a point tonight. Not one lousy point. I'm going to be so close to you all night they'll think we're Siamese twins."

He'd wait outside McDermott's dressing room to pick him up as soon as he came on the court, and he'd follow him over to the water cooler and glare at him during time-outs.

McDermott was never known as a fanatic about obeying training rules, but in his own way he was as fierce a competitor as Cervi. During the game, they'd tug and haul at each other, kick each other in the shins, needle each other, curse each other.

One year they faced each other in ten games, and McDermott got a total of only twenty field goals and thirty fouls for seventy points, while Cervi was racking up ninety-one points. At that, McDermott scored exactly twice as well as the rest of Cervi's opposition. The league as a whole averaged only 3.5 points per game against Al. It should be added, however, that the unstoppable weapon of the modern game—the one-hand jump shot—was unknown in those days.

Al also had his moments with the Basketball Player of the Half Century—according to a 1950 Associated Press poll—big, good-natured George Mikan. A tremendous rebounder for a little man, Al could always hold every bit of his own with six-five men, and his greatest boast today is that he occasionally outjumped all six feet ten inches of George Mikan. Al would have you believe that he did it through the sheer power of his jump; Mikan insists that Al used to grab him by the belt buckle. Players who were around at the time observe that Cervi had a strange way of coming down with the ball just as Mikan was starting up.

Mikan got his revenge during Al's last days as a player, when he stumbled upon that little area in which Al is so sensitive. "You got monkey blood or something in you, Al?" he'd say. "Look at you. You're built like a monkey, you run like a monkey and your hair is beginning to round off on top like a monkey's!"

Despite his bristling attitude toward the opposition, Cervi handles his own players with an almost excessive consideration. "A coach cannot expect his athletes to try to understand his point of view," he says. "The coach is getting paid to understand the point of view of each of his athletes."

He operates on the theory that basketball players have artistic temperaments which are easily bruised by anything as harsh as direct criticism. If a man is showing a weakness in, say, rebounding, Al will call a team meeting and lecture on the "team weakness" in rebounding, thereby getting his message across without leaving any one man feeling personally rebuked.

The problem of morale is immensely complicated, all N.B.A. coaches agree, because the twenty-four-second rule—a team can hold the ball no longer than that without shooting—and the seventy-two-game schedule have made the modern pro game a matter of run, run, run, and travel, travel, travel. A team can think it is putting out—and actively resent any implication that it is not—and yet unconsciously be holding a little something back.

"A basketball squad is a very small group," Cervi says. "Ten men, most of whom have been with you for about five years. They've heard everything you have to say. They've heard it over and over. The problem that faces a coach when his team is down is nothing more than how to get their attention. They listen all right, but they don't hear."

One thing about Cervi—he'll be trying to do something to wake them up. And if that doesn't work, he'll try something else.

Last year, with the Nats going fairly badly at the three-quarters mark and showing no sign of coming to life, Cervi trudged gloomily into the locker room. In the tearful whine with which he complains to, rather than berates, his athletes, he said, "What are you guys trying to do to me? My little boy came home from school this afternoon crying because all his friends were telling him his father's team was a bunch of quitters. You guys are breaking up my home life."

There was an embarrassed silence in the room, and an almost involuntary turning away to hide smiles. When the players went out on the floor afterward, they were nudging one another and grinning, "Can you imagine old Al trying to pull that Knute Rockne stuff on us? What are we supposed to do now, go out and win it for the Gipper?"

The point, of course, is that—even at the risk of shedding a certain amount of dignity—he had jarred their thinking just enough so that he had them all primed up for the basketball talk that followed. The Nats beat Fort Wayne that night and went on into a sixteen-out-of-nineteen streak that got them not only the division championship but also the home-court edge in the final play-off series with Fort Wayne—a not inconsiderable item, since each club won every game played in its own bailiwick.

The "Rockne stuff" stuck in the players' minds to the point where Earl Lloyd came to Cervi late in the season and said, "I got to know one thing. Did Allen really come home crying that day?"

"Earl," Al Cervi said, deeply wounded, "you don't think I'd lie to you, do you?"

Al sometimes takes young Allen out to the back yard on warm summer afternoons, gives him a big handicap and races him across the turf. Unlike other fathers, he always beats him. A family friend, watching what was going on, took him aside not long ago and said, "For heaven's sake, Al, what's the matter with you? Let the kid have the pleasure of beating you once."

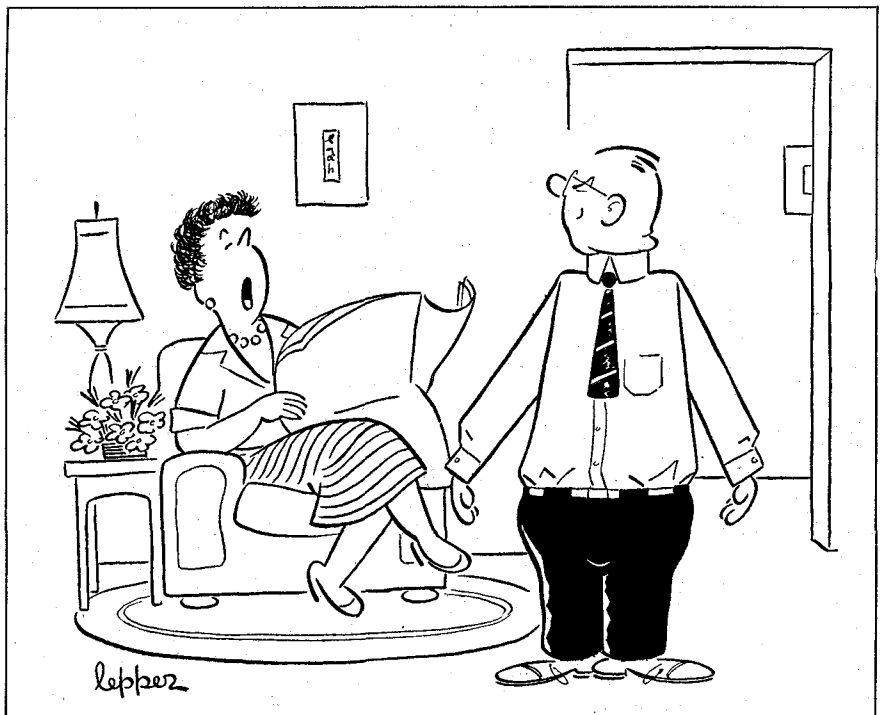
When Al readily agreed that it was ridiculous for a grown man to keep beating a little boy, his friend set up another race. But knowing Al, he decided he had better give the boy a virtually insurmountable handicap. At the very end, Al put on an extra burst of speed and won again.

The Cervi home is an eight-room Cape Cod in the residential area of suburban Eastwood. Trophies clutter up all spare corners of the cellar. Al won badminton and handball championships within weeks after taking up the sports; he shoots golf in the seventies and has bowled a 605 string. Originally, Al wanted to be a baseball player. He went south with Rabbit Maranville's Albany Senators after he left high school, but he threw out his arm and had to go back home to Buffalo and become a basketball player. Later, in two years of service baseball at Foster Field, Texas, during World War II, he was a .400 hitter while playing with such as Hoot Evers, Matt Batts, Clint Hartung and Bob Hooper.

The only award he displays in his living room, however, is a plaque presented to him by the press, radio and TV men of Syracuse in 1952, which was supposed to be his last season as an active player. Cervi's picture is etched upon the gold plating, and beneath it are the words:

GREATEST PRO BASKETBALL COMPETITOR OF HIS TIME

If Al Cervi were to write his own epitaph, he wouldn't change a word. THE END



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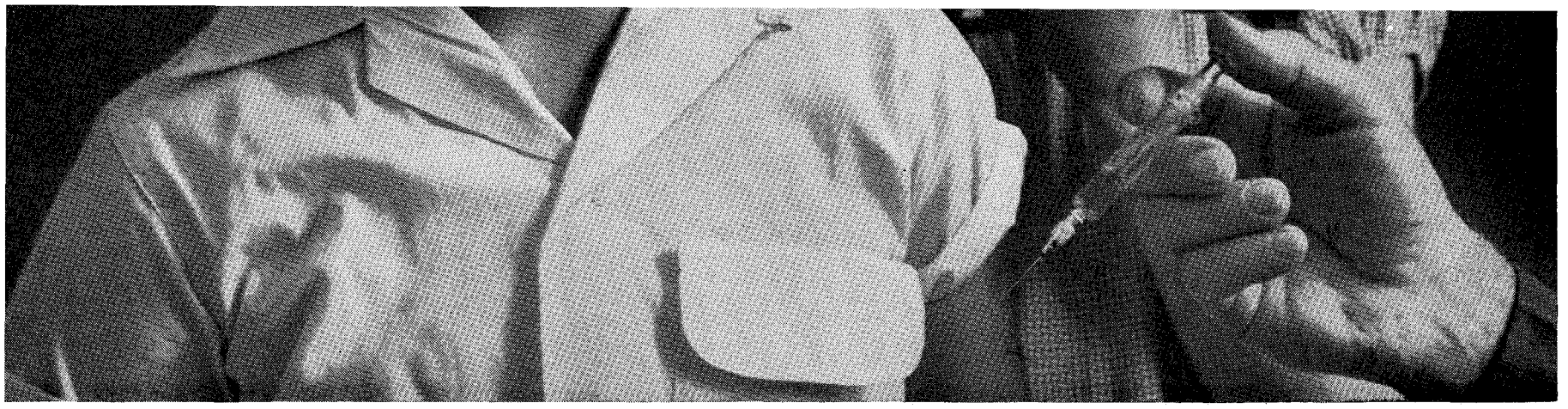

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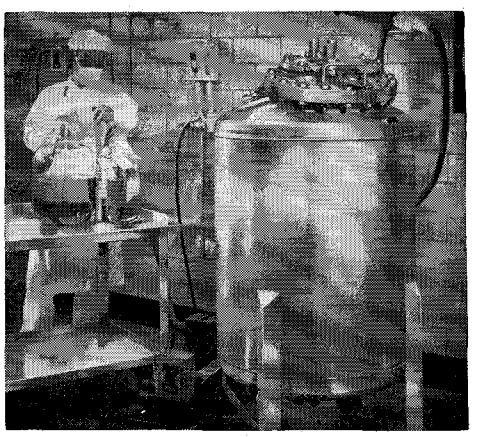

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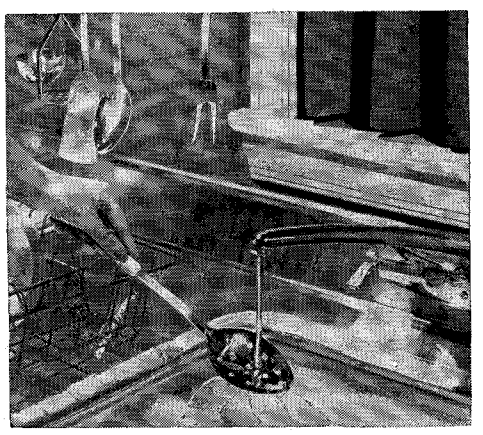

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Tough Little Army (Continued from Page 27)

of five Arab nations, totaling some 40,000 men, they had not a tank, not a field gun or artillery piece, and a few Piper Cubs for an air force. They had rifles, machine guns, grenades, mortars—and after that only spirit, organization and hope.

The overnight surge of that Haganah army, seemingly from nowhere, remains a military miracle. The British, who had been running Palestine for more than thirty years and had spent millions on security and intelligence services, knew, of course, that there was a Haganah—they had jailed enough of its leaders, including the present Israeli chief of staff, Maj. Gen. Moshe Dayan. But the British had no idea of the real military strength and potential of Haganah. The invading Arabs had even less of an idea. Yet for more than twenty years Haganah had not only been training secretly for that moment in 1948 but training and gaining experience with and from the British themselves.

Back in 1937, a young and fanatical Christian believer in the Zionist cause, a British captain named Orde Wingate, arrived in Palestine during serious Arab-Jewish troubles. He persuaded the then commander in chief in Palestine, Gen. Sir Archibald Wavell, that the way to cope with the situation was to let "indigenous peoples fight indigenous peoples." He asked that he be allowed to train Jewish Night Fighter Squads to protect Jewish villages and strike back at the Arabs.

A sort of gentlemen's agreement then arose between the illegal Haganah organization and the British Army under which Haganah picked the volunteers for Wingate to train. Wingate taught them what the British had learned since the days of T. E. Lawrence, and before, in both commanding and fighting Arabs: That Middle East Arabs do not like to fight at night. So Jewish squads were trained by Wingate to move quietly and swiftly through the dark, to surround an Arab village, to conduct a sharp, hard-hitting attack of a half hour or less and then melt quickly away.

In World War II, when the British decided to accept Jewish volunteers for the British Army, again Haganah took secret charge. It picked out hundreds of its underground members and told them to join the British for practical experience in the use of modern weapons and in organization. At the same time, Haganah kept others behind to form a general staff underground. Still others were selected as Haganah leaders within the British Army.

The British performed yet another service for Haganah and the Jewish cause—the organization of special Jewish sabotage units, the Palmach, during World War II. The threat to the Suez Canal from the Afrika Korps was very grave in 1941. British counterintelligence decided that special commando-type units should be organized to fight in the Mount Carmel range of Palestine, if Rommel crashed through Egypt into the Middle East.

To the dismay of the Colonial Office, which was running Palestine, and the Foreign Office, eying the Arab world, the British Army began sending hardy and romantic Oxford and Cambridge men into Palestine. They came with explosives and sabotage textbooks to teach the Jews everything the British had found useful in blowing things up. Haganah picked the volunteers for the Palmach. In 1948 these Palmach-trained men, kept intact by Haganah after the British discharged them, served as the Haganah army shock troops.

All in all some 30,000 Jews served with the British during the war. The Israeli Army today owes most of its professional competence to this backbone of trained officers and noncoms, most of whom affectionately acknowledge their debt to the British. Despite all the subsequent bitterness between the two nations, the Israeli Army admires the British Army and has more of a "British" look than any other.

While all this training was going on, the Haganah general staff was secretly at work. Training manuals had been acquired from the American Army, the British, the Germans, Russians, Poles, French and Swiss. These were synthesized with the teachings of Orde Wingate on night-fighting tactics, and an Israeli training manual was printed. Men training secretly in Haganah "companies" of course knew one another, but above that level the "company commander" knew only his immediate superior, who in turn had only a very limited knowledge of others in Haganah. Security was extremely tight—today in the Israeli Army security still is tight. Only at the top was the full picture of Haganah's strength known—and at the peak was the burly, determined figure of David Ben-Gurion, Israel's present prime minister.

The moment for Haganah to emerge came in the first days of April, 1948. The British mandate still had six weeks to run, but the British had adopted a "noninterference" policy and were slowly pulling out of Palestine. Arab armies were reported moving in to take over British-controlled strong points such as police stations, military barracks, airfields and other installations. In the basement of a Tel Aviv warehouse, the Haganah general staff met and decided to strike before the Arabs could consolidate.

In secret codes, by telephone and word of mouth, a mobilization plan was put into operation to call out a brigade. From all over, Haganah platoons moved out of the shadows to fight. When they met at secret rendezvous points barely half a dozen of the officers of the brigade even knew each other. The "brigadier" did not know he was a "brigadier" until he was told by the general staff. He was handed a detailed plan to mount an attack to secure the heights along the road through the Judean hills, from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem. Thus Haganah went into action.

That initial call-up in April of 1948 produced barely 7000 men. It was early May before the first artillery pieces reached the Jewish forces: Some old Mexican 75's, which consistently backfired after a few rounds, and some French 65-mm. mountain artillery built in 1905, which were much better. Light armor plating was hastily welded onto jeeps and quarter-ton trucks to constitute an "armored force." By May, shipments of good Czechoslovakian rifles and automatic weapons began arriving in quantity. Even some World War II fighter planes—British, American and German—were scraped up by Jewish agents, frantically combing the arms market from Sweden to South America.

The story of the Jewish efforts to beat the United Nations arms blockade is in itself full of fantastic episodes. One agent closed a deal with a Central American republic dictator under which the latter agreed to place an order for arms in Switzerland for several million dollars, for his own country, and then have the vessel diverted to Israel after it left Marseilles. He was to get 3 per cent of the total. When the deal was closed, the men all sat down to a poker game. The Israeli agent wound up winning some $16,000, which he promptly put into the Jewish arms kitty.

The Arab-Jewish war continued with heavy fighting until mid-June, 1948, when a one-month truce took effect on United Nations orders. Both sides regrouped. The Israelis rushed supplies to Jerusalem in particular. Then, in mid-July, the Arabs, believing themselves to be stronger, refused a truce extension and a second campaign broke out. In two weeks the Israelis had completely routed the Syrian, Lebanese and Iraq armies in the north and taken fresh areas of Palestine. The Arabs hastily accepted a further truce. Then, in September, fighting broke out again—this time in the south, with the Egyptians. The Israelis hit hard, and in another short, sharp campaign had cleared the Egyptians out of the Negev area. After that came the armistice of 1949, fixing the present uneasy Israeli boundaries.

By the end of the fighting, Haganah ranks had swollen from 7000 men to nearly 100,000—outnumbering the combined armies of Lebanon, Syria, Iraq, Jordan and Egypt, with a total of 70,000 men now. Although the odds in manpower shifted in favor of Israel, the Jewish forces were always at a disadvantage in equipment. Their successive victories of 1948 were essentially victories of a passionate and skillfully led army against an enemy poorly commanded and badly co-ordinated.

"Well, if you're that nearsighted, why don't you get glasses?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

That was 1948—legendary in its fighting and its heroism, a great military climax to a long political, emotional and religious struggle.

But in a Middle East war today, would that sort of passion and spirit suffice? Today it is estimated here that Israel's greatest potential Arab enemy, Egypt, could this time mass more than 200 Sherman tanks, 100 Russian T-34 tanks, 36 British Centurion tanks, 200 Russian MIG-15 jet fighters, some 80 British Meteor and Vampire jets, as well as the newly purchased Czech jets, a couple of squadrons of Russian IL-28 jet bombers, and artillery in quantity. The 190 old British Valentine light tanks which the Egyptians recently acquired from Belgium through a "surplus war scrap" deal have been outmoded since 1942 and are not regarded as any very important addition to Egyptian military strength.

But the arms balance is changing, and would the Arab armies this time repeat the mistakes of 1948? Would they not have corrected their weaknesses in leadership and fighting tactics? Against such a picture, how does the Israeli Army stack up today?

General Dayan, the Israeli chief of staff, has a short answer: "Israel's chances of winning a war against the Arab states—or even Egypt alone—are shrinking month by month as Egypt receives Czech heavy arms and trains her troops to use them. We are proud of the morale of our soldiers, but when guns begin to speak, it is guns against guns, planes against planes, tanks against tanks."

No military staff—least of all General Dayan's—likes to find itself planning a "defensive war," preparing to fall back on home soil. This tiny country, compared to the great land mass of the Middle East is less than the proportion of the little fingernail on your hand. There is no room to "fall back" in Israel, no such thing as a potential "defense line." Jordanian territory, extending to less than twenty-five miles of the Mediterranean coast, almost cuts Israel in half. The only really effective defense for Israel, therefore, lies in the ability of its forces to take the offensive immediately and fight the war on enemy soil. Until now, the Israeli forces have had this capacity. But the weight of the Czech arms for Egypt is shifting this balance, everyone here is convinced. That is why the reaction from Israel has been so intense recently.

This is how the Israeli general staff looks at their problem. But what would an enemy commander have to do to mount a successful invasion of Israel and win a war—a war, not just a battle or a campaign? Looked at from this standpoint, the picture is not so gloomy as the Israelis seem to think it is, in my judgment. The fact is that in the over-all, comparing the capacities of Israel with those of the Arabs who would be attacking, this country is going to be a very, very tough nut to crack for a long time to come. Israel does not face anything remotely like "annihilation" or being "wiped out."

The strength of Israel lies in the totality of its military picture, not just the balance of arms. For example, every farm "*kibutz*" community settlement, every immigrant village which has been built here has been placed on a site selected by Israeli Army engineers as a potential military strong point. Hundreds and hundreds of such villages have come into being here these last seven years. And in many of the border villages the farmers are not mere farmers, but are reserve infantry companies combining farming with border guard duty. How far would a mass of T-34 tanks really progress through such a network, against the sort of tough soldiers who fought even greater odds in 1948? That is the question the Arab commanders must ask themselves.

This great depth of reserve strength, the ability to (Continued on Page 96)

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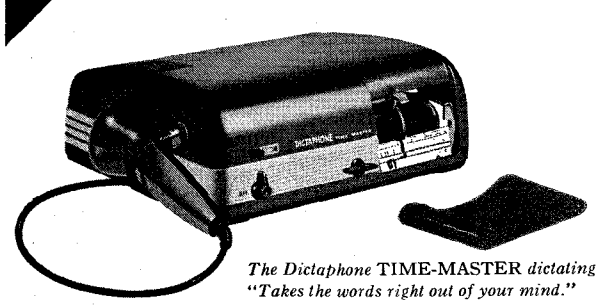

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(Continued from Page 94) "fight" this nation of 1,700,000 people as one integrated military machine, is Israel's greatest deterrent against Arab aggression. This does not mean that the Arab side might not try. But it does mean that if war comes to the Middle East it will not end in Israeli surrender.

The Israelis have under arms at any one time approximately 50,000 officers and men. The permanent, day-in-day-out picture is one of a regular professional army of about 11,000 officers and noncoms, with about 40,000 national-service boys and girls who begin universal military training, with very few exceptions or exemptions, at the age of eighteen.

The boys serve for two and a half years, the girls for two years normally. An emergency measure announced at the beginning of the new year by Prime Minister Ben-Gurion extended male military service to three and a half years in the present troubled situation. After they have completed active training, men are subject to a month's call-up for active reserve duty every year until the age of forty-nine. The girls can be called for a month's service each year until the age of thirty-four unless they have begun rearing children.

The active standing army is organized in three brigade groups. Supporting these groups are some twenty independent tank companies of a dozen tanks each, a total of between 250 and 300 tanks in all. The tanks are World War II Shermans, many bought from scrap dealers in Europe and reconditioned, and are equipped with 75 mm. guns. The Sherman is much lighter and undergunned compared with the Russian T-34, and is even less of a match for the British Centurions, which the Egyptians also possess. The Israelis, however, have recently acquired some very effective light French AMX-13 tank destroyers, armed with a high-velocity 75-mm. gun. They are very handy for tank ambushes.

Finally, the Israelis have the only paratroops in the Middle East—at least two battalions. Their probable employment in any war would be a drop on the Egyptian communications lines. There is only one main road and one railroad line leading into Israel from Egypt, and a determined paratroop attack on these lines would play havoc with Egyptian reinforcements and supplies.

On mobilization, the Israeli Army can be expanded within forty-eight hours from three brigade groups to sixteen. Another twelve second-line brigades, less effective in equipment, can then be called up as well. In military manpower, this nation of 1,700,000 maintains an amazing superiority over its Arab neighbors, with a total population of some 40,000,000. There is simply nothing like any kind of a trained reserve in the Arab countries. They fight with their standing armies, filled out a bit, perhaps, by a call-up of extra men. But the Arab countries have not built an effective reserve system. So while Israel calls out 250,000 to fight—apart from the village defense units—the Arabs would simply have to fight with what they've got: An Egyptian Army of approximately 80,000; the Jordan Arab Legion, which numbers 20,000; an Iraqi Army of 40,000; the Syrians, who could field an effective force of about 20,000; and the Lebanese, who have 5,000 men under arms. The Arab total: 165,000, if they all were thrown into action against Israel, which is highly unlikely. The Egyptians would certainly keep at least a part of their army at home as insurance against another revolution.

The air picture is more worrisome to the Israelis. When the Egyptians announced their arms deal with the Czechs, the Israelis had forty-eight jet aircraft—British Meteors and Vampires, the same equipment as the Egyptians, but only about half as many planes. They were in the process of acquiring another dozen or so French Ouragan jets—better than the Meteors, but no match for the Russian MIG's. Thus, the addition of 200 MIG fighters and some IL-28 jet bombers—the equivalent of the British Canberra—to Egyptian air strength is a very heavy shift in the balance.

Skillful, determined, "Molotov-cocktail" ground fighting can stop most tanks. But the only thing that can stop airplanes is other airplanes. The Israelis see one bright spot in the air picture, however: retaliation. Back in the war of 1948 retaliation worked overnight to halt Egyptian air attacks on Tel Aviv and Jerusalem. From a surplus dump somewhere, the Israelis scraped up a few Flying Fortress bombers and dispatched these against Cairo, Damascus and Amman at a time when the Egyptians were hitting Tel Aviv almost at will. Militarily the Israeli raids amounted to nothing. But they produced a sufficient Arab panic to bring the Egyptian raids against Israel to an abrupt halt.

Would retaliation today hold the Egyptian air force in check? The Israelis have a couple of squadrons of World War II Mosquito bombers and some American Mustang fighter-bombers. But getting through all those Egyptian MIG fighters would be a big problem. A couple of raids on the various Arab capitals doubtless would produce panic, but with the Egyptians receiving some 200 superior fighters, would such raids be possible? The air picture for Israel is clearly the most difficult of all.

One often-overlooked asset which the Israelis possess, though, is the youth of the army. There is no inflation of rank. The two previous chiefs of staff took office at the age of thirty-two, and the present chief of staff, General Dayan, is only forty. General Dayan lost an eye leading a Jewish platoon with British forces on the invasion which drove the Vichy French from control of Syria in 1941. His tough and aggressive personality is felt all the way down through the entire army. Though a major general, the highest rank in the Israeli forces, even in peacetime, he commands a full corps, which in any other army would entitle him to the rank of lieutenant general. This tightness of rank extends throughout all the army. Moreover, the Israelis have yet to establish any medals for their military service or special awards—only a simple blue ribbon is worn by those who fought in the war of independence.

The Israeli Army insists on live-ammunition training and plenty of it—almost every day these days there is what the British call "a whiff of grapeshot to keep the boys on their toes." Border patrols are under strict orders not to fire first, but to "react aggressively" if trouble starts—and frequently their aggressiveness turns out to be embarrassing to Israel, as the incident in early September when six Israelis on patrol were fired on and then put in a patrol attack on an Egyptian outpost that routed seventeen Egyptians from a fixed position.

The planned set-piece attacks which the Israeli Army has mounted against the Egyptians in the last twelve months—there have been five major ones—have more than proved that this army has a keen fighting edge. The attacks always are launched at night, and the army goes in with cold steel. One attack was carried out almost entirely by reservists under professional officers—the reservists had been called up only a few weeks before as a test of how well a reserve unit could perform. That was the attack in early November on El Auja-Nizana on the Negev border, and from an Israeli standpoint it was exactly according to plan and a complete success.

This is the more remarkable because of the wide variety of national backgrounds from which the Israeli Army is welded. Only 30 per cent of those serving in the Army today are *sabras*—native-born Israelis, so named after the *sabra* fruit of the cactus plant, prickly outside and soft inside. Iraq is the next biggest supplier of manpower to the Israeli Army, with 15 per cent, and then 7.5 per cent were born in Rumania, 6.5 per cent in Yemen, 6.5 from Morocco, 4.5 from Poland and 4.3 per cent from Libya. After that, begins a long list of nearly thirty other countries all over the globe. American-born Jews in the Israeli forces number only .01 per cent of the total. But the "ingathering" of Jews to Israel from all over the globe is no better seen than in the make-up of the Israeli Army.

At the Sarafend Basic Training Center not far from Tel Aviv, I walked out to a field where squads were being instructed in automatic-rifle firing. With me was Lt. Col. Dov Yermaya, the training-center commandant, and the senior noncom of the camp, Sgt. Maj. Ovadia Chazi, who must possess the most tremendous black mustaches and the shiniest black boots in the Israeli Army. We picked out one squad of fourteen and went down the ranks, asking each man where he was born. There were three Yemenites, two Moroccans, two Libyans, one Pole, one Rumanian, one Egyptian, two Iraqis, one Jewish youth from Bukhara—and one native-born Israeli.

I asked Sergeant Chazi how training compared with the British Army, who made the best soldiers. The sergeant has been through it all. He came to Israel from Eritrea in 1935 and enlisted in the British Army—the Welsh Regiment—in 1937. Regimental spit and polish has never left him. He fought in the Jewish Brigade all through North Africa, Italy and then in the occupation of Germany. All this time he was secretly enrolled in Haganah, which he immediately joined when demobilized by the British in 1946. Then he ran a special security company which guarded David Ben-Gurion and other Jewish leaders during the 1948 fighting, and now he is imposing his regimental bearing and his love of military life on this polyglot Israeli Army.

"Well, sometimes we have to teach them to eat with a knife and fork when they come here—a lot of them are just herdboys from the Yemen or Iraq or Morocco," he said. "You can't discipline them like the British do. A lot of them can't read or write, and not all of them even understand Hebrew—they must be taught in special classes. Then there is food—some are used to *pilaf* or *couscous*, but we feed a straight meat-potatoes-vegetable diet, with a lot of fruit. They don't all like it, but they get used to it.

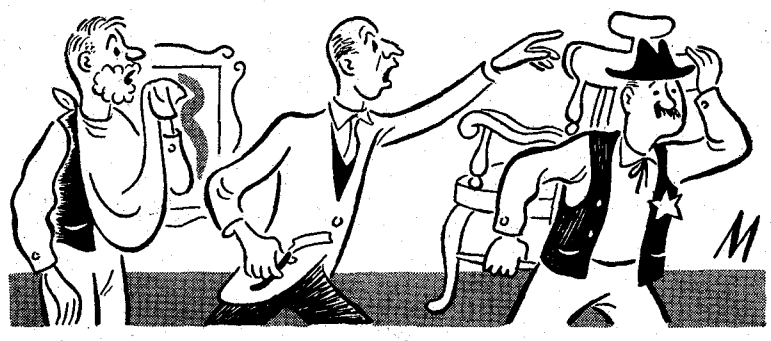
"I'd say that the Europeans are more intelligent. But the boys from the Arab countries are very quick to catch on about things with the hands—not so good on tactics or things like that, though. The Yemenites seem to make the best soldiers. They are little, but they are tough. They would fight hardest of all, I think. The Yemenite Jews have had a terrible time for centuries, and they know they can never go back."

We had walked slowly to the enlisted men's recreation room at the camp. It was unlike any army recreation center I'd ever seen. It was a British prefab structure, and there was the standardized army furniture. But the walls were hung with color reproductions of Van Gogh, Gauguin and the French Impressionists.

"We try to give them some cultural insight and atmosphere while they are here—raise their sights, so to speak," Colonel Yermaya said. "The government changes the exhibition every month or six weeks."

Back in Tel Aviv that night the army spokesman announced that an Israeli patrol had been fired on in the Gaza area and had returned Egyptian fire. There had been no Israeli casualties. Nobody had to push that M-day button. Nobody had to put on a uniform, or turn in his motorcar to an army motor pool, or report to the village commander. But the nation is ready.

THE END



You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

Barber Joe was exercising his tonsorial artistry on a customer when the sheriff, one of his regulars, walked in. "You're next, in five minutes," Joe promised. But the sheriff produced an attachment writ from Joe's creditors and yanked the barber chair from under the customer. Joe eventually went to court over it.

"The law of this state says that the 'tools of a mechanic' are exempt from attachment," Joe argued. "That chair certainly is one of my tools. Without it, I can't do my work, and I want it back."

"Not so," the creditors replied. "Even if that chair is one of your tools, you're no 'mechanic.' They're people who work on metal, wood and the like."

"In working on people's heads and cheeks, I am so a mechanic," Joe countered.

If you were the judge, would you return Joe's chair?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Joe got his chair back. The court ruled: "We think . . . he must be deemed a mechanic and laborer . . . and therefore is entitled to the exemption."

Based upon a 1927 Iowa case.

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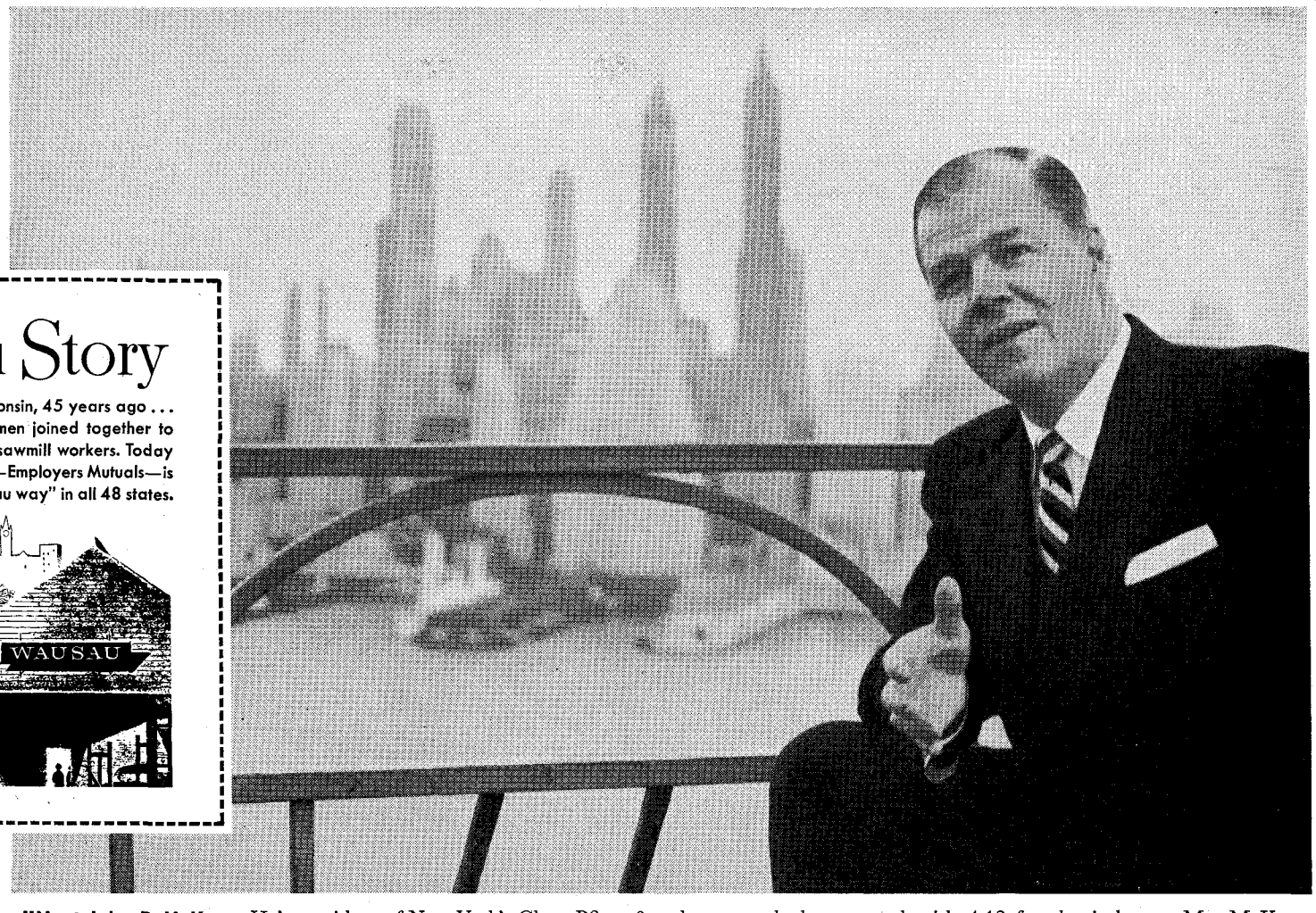

Wausau Story

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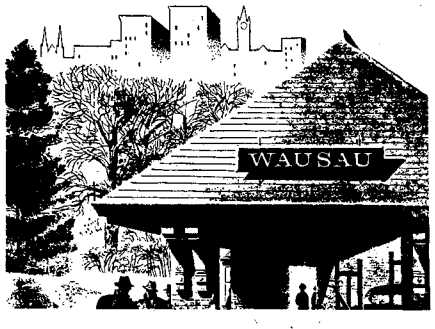


"Meet John E. McKeen. He's president of New York's Chas. Pfizer & Co., Inc.—makers of chemicals and pharmaceuticals—an Employers Mutuals' policyholder since 1946. Interesting to think that this company, one of the world's leading producers of the new wonder drugs, is also performing a few wonders of its own on the production lines. Pfizer has a record of only 1.44 lost-time accidents per million man-hours worked compared with 4.12 for the industry. Mr. McKeen gives one reason for this unusual safety record when he says: 'Employers Mutuals has a refreshing approach towards plant safety. They do everything possible to help us reduce accidents, and thus contribute to the overall morale in our plants, improve our efficiency and lower our insurance costs.' "

There's a bit of **Wausau** on the sidewalks of **New York!**

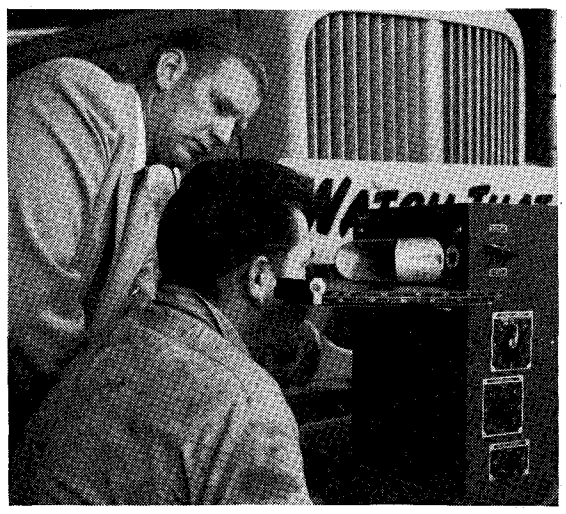
as told by JIMMY JEMAIL
Reporter-Photographer, New York Daily News

"All I know about Wausau, city of ski hills and industry, good fishing and good people, is what friends have told me—and what I've read in the 'Wausau Story' ads this company has presented.

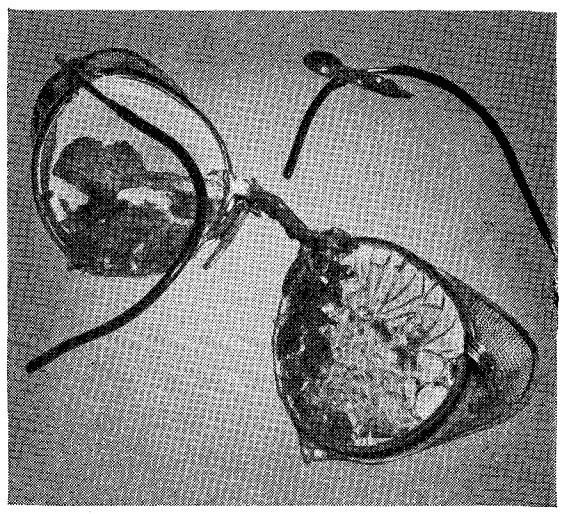
"But from this I have a very clear impression: Wausau people do what they say they'll do. They have a wonderful sort of straight-forwardness born out of lumbering days and North Woods living.

"I met many interesting examples of this 'Wausau personality' here in New York. People who really take extra care and time to do a job right, like the two Employers Mutuals engineers who, on their own, worked for months to develop a special testing machine. You can read about others here, too. These, to me, are the kind of people anyone would like to do business with."

Employers Mutuals writes all lines of fire and casualty insurance (including automobile), and is one of the very largest in the field of workmen's compensation. For further information see your nearest representative, or call us in Wisconsin, Wausau 2-1112.



How fast do you react to danger? "This ingenious machine would quickly tell you. It measures visual ability, foot reaction, sensitivity to headlight glare, etc., among the drivers of more than 50 fleets of trucks in the New York area. Such a machine didn't exist until a few years ago when two Employers Mutuals engineers, Harry Beyerman (left) and Charles Ehrhart developed the original model in a home workshop. In order to conduct tests at the ideal time, these two are often up at dawn working at truck terminals."



Seeing is believing. "Pop! A shower of molten metal, 1800°F. flew toward his face. But the man working in the die-casting division of a New York plant was saved from blindness because he was wearing these special safety glasses. The lenses stopped the metal. Hundreds of plants have been able to reduce eye injuries thru safety glasses programs, set up with the help and encouragement of Employers Mutuals Accident Prevention people. They really live up to their word—'we'd rather prevent than just pay for an accident.' "

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The Case of the Modest Mayor

(Continued from Page 35)

The full-blown introvert, unless he pecks unremittingly at his protective shell, cuts a sad figure on the hustings and is almost invariably thrashed at the polls. His greatest weakness as a candidate is his abysmal inability to impart a sense of impending motion to the electorate. That is a fatal flaw, though it was not always fatal. As recently as 1924, Calvin Coolidge, the all-time ace of inhibited statesmen, campaigned in the way that came natural to him and was elected by a vote of nearly two to one. In 1928 Herbert Hoover delivered his campaign speeches from behind a high starched collar, and he, too, was victorious.

But an era was dying, and when, four years later, Mr. Hoover again talked from behind his choker, he was defeated. He had run afoul of an authentic extrovert whose skill at suggesting that great things lay on the other side of the mountain set a campaigning technique which is still in popular use.

While the vote which wrought the 1932 revolution was being counted, Robert F. Wagner, Jr., an instinctively quiet and polite lad, was diligently trying to extrovert himself on the Yale campus by playing lacrosse, a rugged game borrowed from the American Indian—who, in turn, may have borrowed it from the shillelagh-wielding Irish.

The lacrosse was part of a continuing program which had been prescribed by the student's father, a United States senator. Rugged sports, the senator felt, helped a boy to acquire confidence in himself, just as having to grow to manhood away from the shielding atmosphere of home helped him to acquire self-reliance. It was with these thoughts in mind that he had packed young Bobbie off first to Taft, a preparatory school in Connecticut, and then to Yale. At Taft the boy had come through gloriously, making quarterback on the third team and getting his nose fractured in the annual game with the Choate third team.

Senator Wagner, who was re-elected in the 1932 sweep to the second of what was to be four consecutive terms, was on the eve of being tapped for the New Deal pantheon as the legislative symbol of its social legislation. (In this field he was treading familiar ground. Many of the New Deal's laws were prefigured in social measures pushed through at Albany a generation earlier by legislators Wagner and Alfred E. Smith.) Senator Wagner considered himself already successful, and with good reason. Forty-seven years before that, when he was eight, his own father had brought him to the United States from their native Nastatten, Germany. They had settled in Yorkville, a predominantly German neighborhood on the upper east side of Manhattan, and the father had got a job as janitor and handy man of a tenement. The immigrant boy, who on arrival didn't know a word of English, learned the strange tongue in the public schools.

Tired of poverty and eager to succeed, the boy, on graduating from high school—he was valedictorian—shopped around for opportunities. The political field looked best, and it struck him as strange that, although Yorkville was almost as German as Nastatten, the influential politicians, whom he could tell by the thick cigars they smoked and the steaks they ate, were members of the Irish minority.

Shrewdly, he came up with the reason for the imbalance: the German immigrants came to Yorkville skilled in the manual trades, and the Irish came equipped with the English language. The Germans got small jobs and kept them; they read German-language newspapers and on Sunday listened to sermons delivered in German. The Irish got small political jobs and rose to bigger ones. It was a simple matter of being able to communicate with the outside world—that is, with Tammany Hall, downtown.

With similar shrewdness the future senator saw that if he was to compete with the Irish he would need something that few of the Irish had—a higher education. By holding down a variety of odd jobs to pay his way, he got a bachelor-of-science degree at City College and a bachelor-of-laws at the New York Law School.

In ensuing years he won financial independence at his law practice and steadily ascended the Tammany ladder. Tragedy marred his career when his wife, an American-born girl of immigrant-Irish parentage, died when Bobbie Wagner, an only child, was nine. Wagner never remarried. Thereafter he lavished his spare time on his son, passing up social engagements that interfered with his new role.

When he did go somewhere he took Bobbie along—to political meetings and rallies, to Tammany Hall itself, to the theater, to Democratic national conventions, on vacation trips to Europe, to poker games at the home of Al Smith. Wagner and Smith were close friends. After Smith was elected governor the two Wagners were frequent Sunday-afternoon guests at the executive mansion in Albany, young Wagner taking turns with the governor's children in riding his great Dane around the lawn.

Always, wherever the pair went, the elder Wagner found time to counsel the

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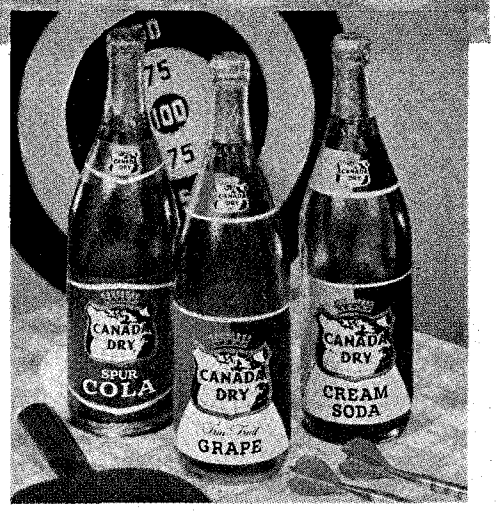

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younger on the ways of human nature as it expressed itself in politics. "When the other kids in the neighborhood were running in and out of movies," says an old friend of the family, "Bobbie was soaking politics in through his pores."

It was Senator Wagner's fond hope that his son would go far in politics, but he worried about the boy's recessive amiability. He needn't have. The extroversion program, though far from a complete success, did the boy a great deal of good. For one thing, it awakened in him a dormant strain of gregariousness, a valuable trait for a future politician to have, and made it a dominant.

It was to make him an enthusiastic joiner, ultimately propelling him into three veterans' organizations, three bar associations, the National Conference of Christians and Jews, the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, the Knights of Columbus and a host of politico-social fraternities such as the First Avenue Boys and the Grand Street Boys. The capstone to his pillar of fraternal experiences was to be a term served as Exalted Ruler of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of New York City. Before he was through joining, young Wagner was a lodge brother to almost every adult male in the five boroughs whose wife would let him out for an occasional evening with the brethren.

When Bobbie Wagner came home from New Haven in 1937 he had bachelor degrees in arts and laws and a paper certifying that he had sandwiched into his Yale career a year at the Harvard School of Business Administration. He had an unwonted sense of urgency too; he was all of twenty-seven, and time was running out.

That fall his political career got off to a flying start when he was elected to the State Assembly. In 1938 he ran for reelection—to a two-year term, the Assembly term having been doubled in the interim. That same year his father's senatorial franchise was up for renewal. Young Wagner carried the Wagners' Assembly District by 125 more votes than did his father, who rolled up a statewide majority of 438,000. It was plain then that either the younger Wagner had political sex appeal or a lot of Yorkville voters had gone out of their way to be nice to him. Subsequent events indicated that the first guess was right.

By the time the elder Wagner died—in May, 1953—his pupil had made satisfactory progress. Elected in 1940 to a third term in the Assembly, he had resigned late in 1941 and joined the Army Air Forces. He was assigned to the 8th Air Force in England and his duties fluctuated between military-legal matters, on the one hand, and combat intelligence and target selection, on the other. After the invasion of Normandy he served with the 19th Tactical Air Command, which helped to provide air support to General Patton's 3rd Army.

Returning home in 1945, a lieutenant colonel with six battle stars, a Bronze Star and a Croix de Guerre, he had resumed his solid and unspectacular plugging in the political arena. Under Mayor William O'Dwyer he was, successively, tax commissioner, commissioner of housing and buildings, and chairman of the City Planning Commission, all appointive jobs. In 1949, once more entering the elective field, he became borough president of Manhattan.

At this point in his career Wagner was a prime political puzzle. He was utterly lacking in personal color, a commodity traditionally held to be a candidate's best friend in drama-loving New York. Yet he had rung up votes at the polls in merry profusion every time he ran. The voters seemed to like him, and their liking was too impressively expressed to be attributed primarily to his father's prestige, though that was and still is helpful to him.

He was written off as a genial lightweight by both the professional politicians and the lay handicappers. One of the latter, after yawning through a speech by the new borough president, was quoted as saying, "Mistakes the people will forgive, but they won't put up with boredom. That young man will go nowhere."

The most significant aspect of the puzzle Wagner posed was the fact that the politicos not only failed to analyze it but ignored it. An exception was the late and capable Edward J. Flynn, the boss of the Bronx. Flynn's efforts at analysis flopped, but he knew a phenomenon when he saw one; and as the 1953 contest for mayor drew near he began urging Wagner upon Carmine De Sapio, the leader of Tammany Hall, as the Democrat most likely to win.

De Sapio was in a dreadful spot. He had spent most of his life fighting for advancement in the Hall, and in 1949 had gained the topmost job. But such was the Hall's low estate by 1953 that he was less a leader than a trustee in bankruptcy. In the manner of a good trustee, he had been trying hard to make the Hall politically solvent again. But the whole structure was rocked when Mayor O'Dwyer, whose administration had been shattered by scandals, resigned in 1950 and was appointed ambassador to Mexico by President Truman.

De Sapio then compounded the O'Dwyer disaster by making two humiliatingly bad guesses. In the special mayoralty election to pick a successor to O'Dwyer, he threw the Hall's support behind Ferdinand Pecora, and Pecora fell before a Democratic insurgent, Vincent Impellitteri. That deprived the Hall of the small fistful of patronage it had been desperately clinging to. Further injury, to De Sapio's pride more than to the Hall's skimpy larder, which was empty anyway, was sustained in 1951, when Rudolph Halley beat De Sapio's candidate for the presidency of the City Council. That really hurt, as Halley was an amateur with no political background. He had burst upon the public consciousness as the local star of the Kefauver Committee's traveling investigation into crime.

Against this background of blunders De Sapio was able to work up a good head of steam for Wagner in 1953, and Wagner obligingly came through and saved him. In the primary he knocked out Mayor Impellitteri, who was trying to work back into the Democratic fold. In the fall election, with all of New York's seven newspapers treating his candidacy as something to be swept under the rug, he beat Harold Riegelman, his Republican opponent, by a plurality of 361,000 votes, and the impetuous Halley, of the Liberal Party, by 566,000. With Tammany's prestige partly restored by Wagner's decisive victory, De Sapio in 1954 was able to shepherd Averell Harriman into the governorship. But Harriman's margin was paper-thin and De Sapio had had to go into hock with the Liberal Party to bring off the feat.

The source of Mayor Wagner's surprising vote-pulling ability, while now an accepted fact of political life, remains a mystery. Certainly his famous father's name is a diminishing asset; the bearer of an even more famous name, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., failed of election in 1954 to the state attorney generalship while Harriman was winning at the top of the ticket.

Winter Morning in the Garden

By Elaine V. Emans

Had I not seen it, I could not
Believe that from this very spot
A hollyhock of flaming hue
Will spring to sear the heaven's blue,
While butterflies will sway and dart
To melodies they have by heart,
And Mrs. Buzz will zoom ahead
To make her honey and bee-bread.
Did I not know a green and gold
Time of enchantment must unfold,
I'd swear no earth so cold as this
Could burst its icy chrysalis.

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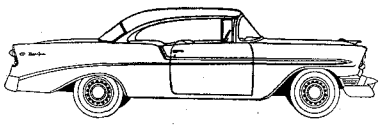

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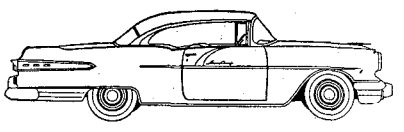

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Wagner is not the kind of man who can be easily identified in a crowd. The 177 pounds packed on his five-feet-eight-and-a-quarter frame give him a round appearance. His legs and arms are short and his fingers stubby; and no matter what kind of suit he wears, the sleeves look too long and the pants baggy. His head is massive and topped by thinning black hair, and he has a long upper lip which serves as an indicator of his moods. When he is in a good mood, as he is most of the time, the lip seems to be almost proportionate to the rest of his face; when his mood clouds up, it droops straight down like a piece of steel sheeting.

His platform appearances are tremendously unexciting affairs. While waiting to be called upon he radiates a boyish naïveté, and when his turn comes to utter a few words, he appears to be deeply grateful and a little surprised at the honor being conferred on him. As a speaker he gives off no sparks whatever, his delivery being about as exciting as the reading of the minutes of the previous meeting.

His sole outstanding platform virtue is brevity. Wagner strongly resents the traditional political harangue as a time-wasting nuisance which causes the faithful party workers to lose out on their sleep. He considers himself a pioneer in breaking the tradition, and he sets a good example by respecting the clock and his listeners' health.

The other side of this virtue is his own unearthly patience as a listener. At City Hall his day is filled by appointments every half hour and his deputy mayor has to come in and pull the watch on him when the time is up. "If that weren't done," a member of his staff remarked the other day, "he would be listening to his first visitor until closing time."

Wagner does his listening with only an ear and a half. The left ear was impaired by concussion during World War II in England. On a heavily overcast day a bomber, which had aborted its mission after having been crippled by flak, jettisoned its bombs on East Anglia near the spot where Wagner happened to be, the navigator apparently being under the impression that the bomber was still over the North Sea.

As the mayor, Wagner has an almost abnormal fear of making quick decisions. He is fond of quoting his father, and in explaining this fear he says: "One of the maxims my dad drummed into me was, 'When in doubt, don't ——' My staff gets annoyed when I say I will take something under advisement for a couple of days or that I want to sleep on it, but I get Dutch-stubborn about it. The mayor of a city the size of this one can't make good decisions off the cuff on the matters that keep pouring in on him. Every time he decides something, one side loses. It's that kind of a city. These issues mean too much to people. They deserve serious consideration."

On taking office two years ago Wagner knew enough about city government at first hand to realize that in a hive like New York no mayor, working on his own, could possibly keep up to date on the manner in which the many departments and agencies were being operated. After appointing the best department heads he could find, he set up a personal cabinet. Its members were the deputy mayor, the corporation counsel, the budget director, his press secretary and five or six other assistants. To forestall burgeoning departmental scandals, each cabinet member was charged with keeping an eye on a handful of departments and reporting at weekly cabinet meeting if any trouble was developing in his group. This gave the mayor a pretty good synoptic view of how the sprawling city government was working.

The cabinet was also expected, through its advice, to enlarge the mayor's knowledge of new problems that always crept up during the week, thus assisting him in deciding what ought to be done about them.

The innovation has worked well and no substantial scandal has popped in the mayor's face out of one of his departments. When the cabinet votes unanimously on a policy matter, Wagner accepts the verdict without hesitation. On a divided vote he may adopt the minority viewpoint and make it his own or he may side with the majority. Some of the issues are turned over to cabinet committees for further exploration and a later report, as Wagner has found that some municipal troubles, like some personal troubles, are eliminated by the passage of time.

When a cabinet meeting ends, five or six issues, too pressing to be given the committee treatment, remain; these are the ones that Wagner takes home to "sleep on." He needs no written memoranda, as he has perhaps the best memory in the political field since Jim Farley went into the soft-drink business. One of his associates describes Wagner's mind as being of the pigeonhole variety—that is, one in which each of many matters has its own compartment, from which it may be extracted at will.

The answers to some of the take-home issues actually come to him when he is asleep. It is a common experience for him to be awakened by an answer around three or four o'clock in the morning. He makes a mental note of it and goes back to sleep.

Answers to other problems break into his conscious mind when he is engaged in doing something that is totally unrelated to the problems themselves. This may happen when he is addressing a civic organization or dedicating a hospital or playing with one of the three dogs that share Gracie Mansion, the official mayoral residence, with the Wagner family. On arriving at City Hall next morning, Wagner, using from memory the agenda numbers of the previous day's cabinet meeting, will tick off his decisions on three or four of the issues, and on the following morning will take care of the others.

Next to the presidency itself, the job of mayor of New York is commonly held to be the toughest administrative public office in the country, and even the good staff work of the present regime hasn't abated its rigors enough to get it out of the nerve-

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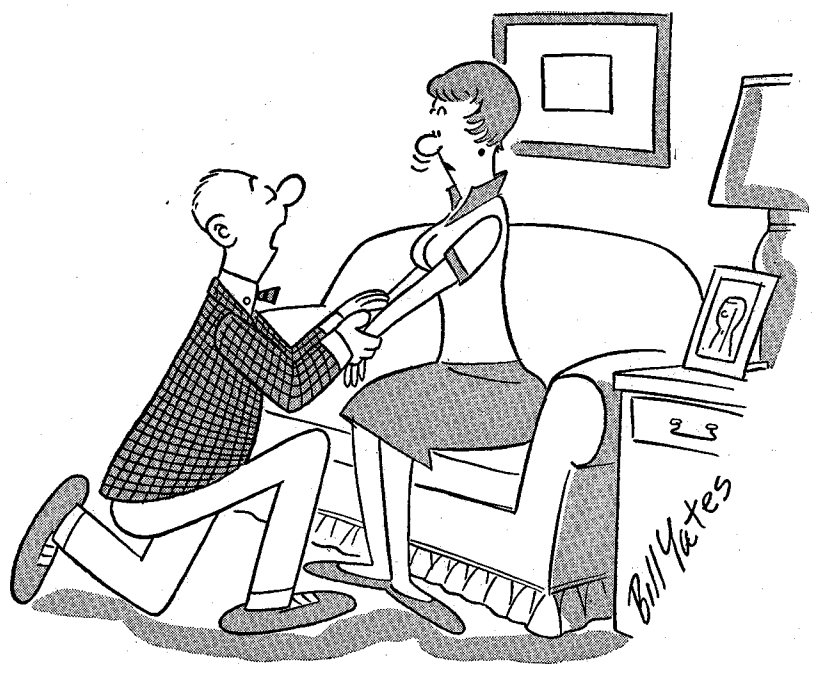

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Make me the happiest man in the world, Helen—introduce me to Mabel Finchley."

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racking class. It is an unending stream of vexations, large and small. The city seems never to catch up with the demands that spring from the needs of its 8,000,000 residents. The annual budget keeps rising—for the current fiscal year it is just under $2,500,000,000—and, as it is never sufficient, there is a perpetual scurrying around for new kinds of taxes, all of them unpopular. Every expenditure in one area for schools, slum clearance, new paving or more police protection is certain to make enemies for the administration in other areas. Citizens' delegations clamor for hearings and their local politicians harass City Hall until the pressure threatens to blow the building apart.

Through all of the turmoil, including Board of Estimate meetings that sometimes run well beyond midnight, Wagner presides with patience and politeness, trying to reconcile practicality with justice, a thankless task, and mentally counting the votes flying out the window.

Most of his modern predecessors have been at their eloquent best in orating about the crushing responsibilities of the office. Many have laid their burdens down by letting things run themselves or by letting the district leaders run them, or simply by resigning. Mayor Wagner admits candidly that he likes the job because of its immense and varied challenge. With equal candor he admits that the strain sometimes approaches the unbearable.

"When things get to that point," he says, "I recall something my dad once told me. 'Son,' he said, 'in public life never feel sorry for yourself. If you don't want the job, there are *thousands who do.*'"

Wagner has found that the best medicine for the spiritual exhaustion which the mayoral rigors bring on is an evening spent with old Yale friends. He is deeply sentimental about his alma mater and loves to recall the Homeric deeds of his personal hero, Albie Booth, the great Yale dropkicker and broken-field runner of Wagner's under-graduate days. Holding a stein aloft, he adds an undisciplined baritone to the recurring choruses of the Whiffenpoof song. As the evening waxes he can be easily persuaded to contribute a few solos. His favorites are My Cutey's Due at Two-to-Two Today and Somebody Bad Stole De Wedding Bell (Who's Got De Ding Dong?), with encores of Calypso songs he has picked up on vacation trips to the West Indies.

As one who values the machine, but doesn't underrate the nonparty vote, Wagner is a strange combination of straight politician and sturdy independent. This duality makes for some oddly contrasting appointments. The appointment that drew the sharpest criticism from the independents was made soon after Wagner became mayor. It was that of his immediate predecessor, Impellitteri—who had been no ball of fire as mayor—to a justiceship in the Court of Special Sessions. The effect of the appointment was to raise Impellitteri's ultimate pension by a few thousand dollars a year. Every politician whom Wagner consulted about it agreed that it would be a decorous gesture toward a man who had, as Impellitteri had, spent eighteen years in the service of the people. Wagner seemed honestly surprised at the uproar the appointment caused in nonpolitical circles, though admitting frankly that it had probably made hay with voters of Italian background, who now constitute the most numerous minority in New York State.

The cultivation of minorities is widely recognized as a legitimate aim of one who hopes to advance politically, but the Impellitteri affair was a wild pitch and it probably hurt Wagner's standing more than any other official act of his. A sample of a less scorned national-background gambit was Mayor Wagner's trip abroad last summer during which he made sure to spend some time in Dublin, Tel Aviv and Rome. This was an offshore version of what is known in New York political circles as "playing the Three-I League" (Ireland, Israel and Italy). A New York politician who neglects to play it, at home or abroad, is, in effect, asking to be returned to private life—a dreary prospect indeed.

Wagner's administrative appointees differ widely in origin and coloration, but they have two notes in common—they are, in his view, competent, and he believes in their integrity. Some are old Yale friends, some are nonmachine Democrats, some are Tammany Hall professionals, some come from cities outside New York State and some are politically unaffiliated. One of the few times Wagner's equable temperament suffers is when a post falls vacant and a Tammany district leader who is due for a favor nominates a man who, when his record is screened, is seen to be incompetent. Wagner refuses to appoint him and invites the leader to nominate a better-qualified candidate.

When the leader stands pat or nominates a second moron, he gets other district leaders to help him increase the pressure upon City Hall. This angers the mayor and as long as the pressure stays on he is gloomy, snappish and hard to get along with. He suffers similarly when one of his carefully selected appointees begins to go sour. At such times his facial expressions resemble those of the stone faces of Easter Island.

After two years of being much in the public eye Wagner remains an introvert, somewhat extroverted. He doesn't like to be recognized when riding to and from work. His official sedan bears no identifying mark except for a faded metal insigne on the front bumper, the kind borne by all

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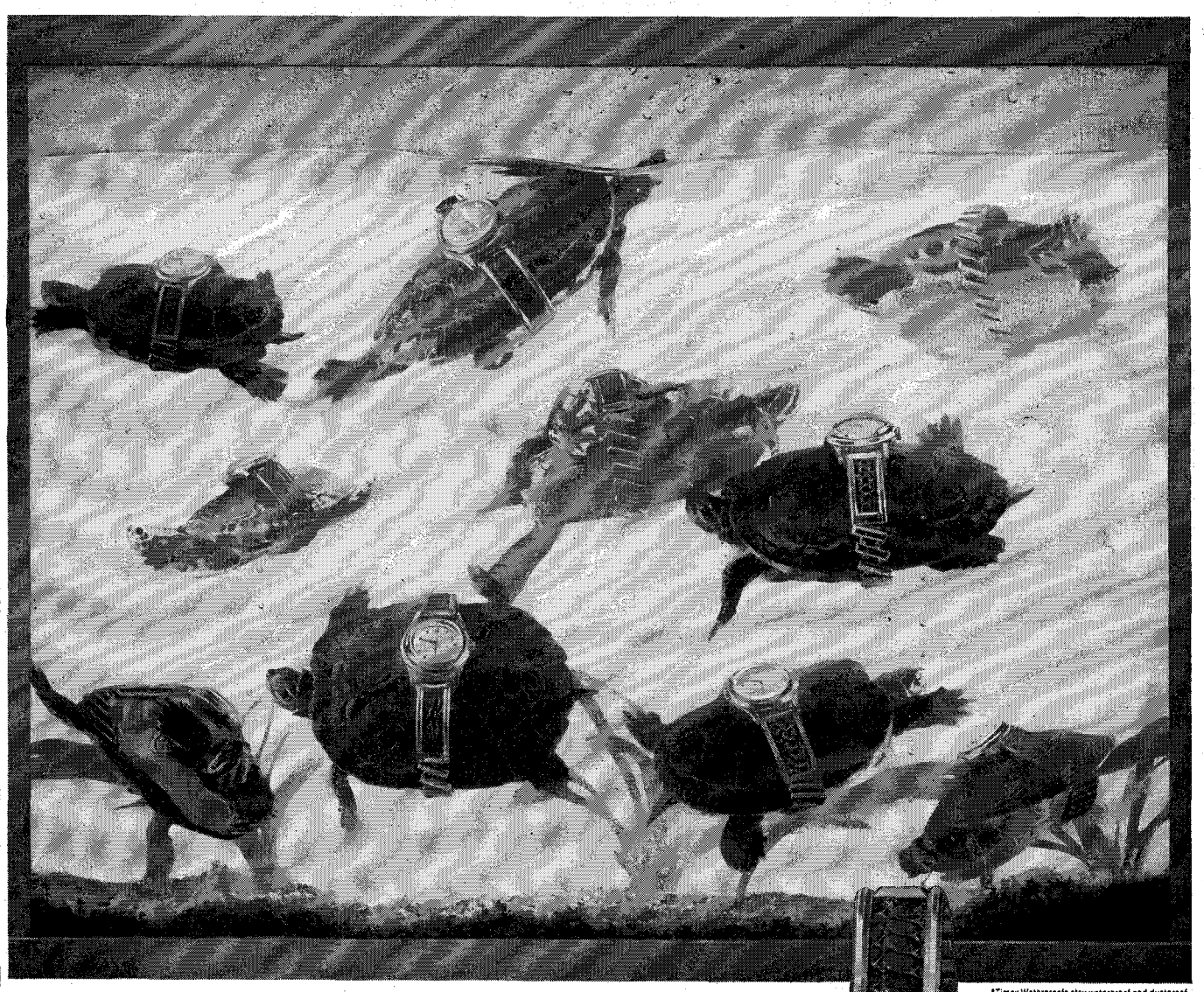

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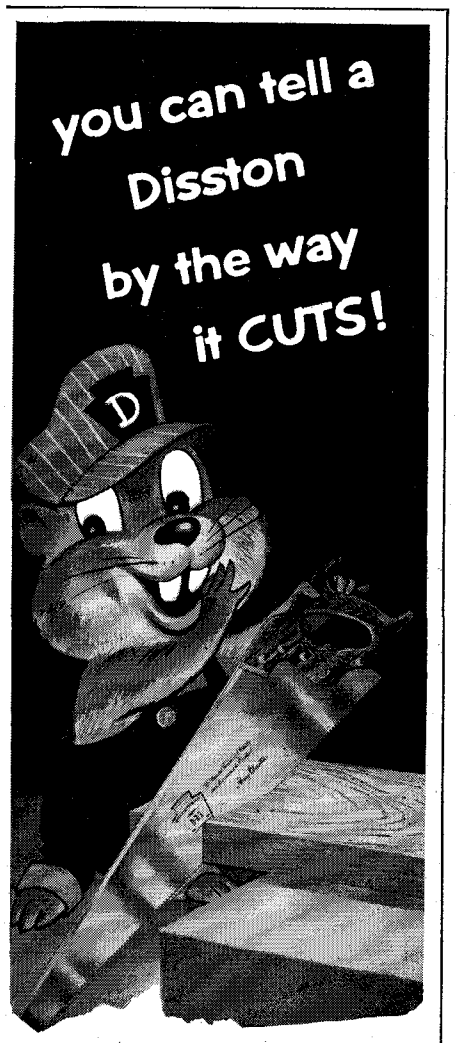

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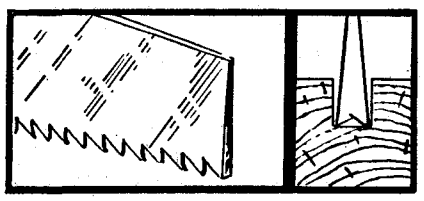

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The greatest call on his self-control during his European junket of last year grew out of his hosts' unvarying conviction that motorcycle escorts were an American invention and hence would gratify any visiting American. The wildest rides he got were in Israel, where the escorting motorcyclists forced approaching cars off the road by riding head-on at them at high speed. Wagner was aghast at this technique.

A fairly typical day in the mayor's life begins around seven o'clock, at which time he awakens automatically. Feeling very fit and optimistic, he bounds out of bed and showers and shaves. A butler brings up a tray of orange juice and coffee, and the mayor, still in a bathrobe, sips them while reading all four of New York's morning newspapers—he reads the three evening papers on the way home at night in his car. He is a rapid reader endowed with a photographic eye and, while he skips some kinds of news, he manages to cover pretty thoroughly the main stories from abroad, the editorial pages and everything pertaining to politics and government from the city level to the Washington level.

At some point in his marathon newspaper reading Wagner is paid a visit by his two sons, Duncan, nine years old, and Robert, Jr., twelve—who was Robert, III, until his father, on becoming mayor, unhooked the "Jr." from his own name and bestowed it on the boy. The boys recite something they learned the previous day at school—a poem or the like—and dash downstairs with a dog or two barking at their heels.

Gracie Mansion under the Wagner regime is a highly informal place. Before the mayor descends from his bedchamber five or six men have arrived and have been ushered into separate rooms, where a maid brings them coffee or full breakfast trays if they prefer. They are commissioners or various other high-ranking members of the city administration. Until Wagner gets downstairs the visitors exchange small talk with Mrs. Wagner, an attractive blonde who is brave enough to defy the morning glare, and does it quite successfully in a light blue dressing gown.

An informal, bustling household is no novelty to Mrs. Wagner. She was one of ten children sired by Duncan Edwards, a strong-minded Scotch Presbyterian lawyer, of Greenwich, Connecticut. (Mrs. Edwards is a Quaker and the children were raised as Presbyterians.) Daughter Susan, who was educated at Smith College, met the future mayor of New York when one of her brothers, a Yale classmate of his, took her to New Haven for a weekend. Mrs. Wagner remains a Presbyterian, her husband is a Catholic, and the children are being raised as Catholics.

At about 8:30 o'clock, Wagner comes downstairs and sees the youngsters off to school. Then he makes the rounds of the rooms where his governmental colleagues are waiting. There are short discussions about matters coming up in their departments, and the activities of the day are programmed. The visitors depart, except for one or two who go into the dining room and have breakfast with the Wagners.

When the breakfast session ends around ten o'clock, Wagner and the guest breakfasters ride down to City Hall in the mayor's car, continuing their discussions en route. The mayor's bodyguard, a police plain-clothes man, sits in front beside a nonliveried chauffeur. Few people take the occupants of the car for anything more unusual than a group of businessmen or brokers headed for the financial district. The chauffeur is under instructions to obey cops and traffic lights rigidly, and if he gets a couple of notches above legal speed, Wagner, who keeps an eye on the speedometer, orders him to slow down. He can be very fussy about such minor matters, having a firm belief that as mayor he is bound in conscience to set a good example—even though practically nobody knows the car is his.

Wagner's evenings are rarely his own. Dozens of invitations to dinners and other mass gatherings flood into City Hall for every evening of the week. Most of them are turned down with the mayor's regrets as trivial or as attempts to harvest some publicity for get-togethers of dubious or unclear sponsorship. The rest are classified according to their importance—civic, charitable, religious or political—and Wagner takes on the one that seems to call most for his presence. The others are parceled out to his assistants to attend as his deputies and utter a few noninflammatory words. "I used to own just one dress shirt," one of the assistants remarked wryly a few weeks ago. "Now I own six."

On leaving City Hall at six o'clock, Wagner forgoes the pleasant prospect of a cocktail at the Yale Club—a stop he often made when in the less-demanding job of borough president—and goes straight home. He does this in order to enjoy some time with his family before leaving for his appointment on the hotel-banquet circuit. Wagner's favorite season is summer, for then the dreary circuit slows down to a walk, owing to the vacation absences of the case-hardened banqueters, and the mayor gets more free evenings.

Besides, in summer, there are weekends to spend with his small clan at Islip, Long Island, where he owns a house. If the nearby golf courses aren't crowded he gets in a morning round with his wife. (Wagner used to shoot in the low eighties, but he hasn't played much golf in recent years and his game has deteriorated.) In the early afternoon all hands get aboard his twenty-nine-foot cabin cruiser and ride out into Great South Bay, where they drop anchor and swim in uncrowded waters. After they have had enough of swimming, they put in at Fire Island for a picnic dinner on a secluded strip of beach, returning to Islip at sundown.

Barring a political cataclysm of some kind, Wagner seems certain to continue his rise. He has already been mentioned as a possible Democratic nominee for Vice-President this year and, of course, that would suit him most. The odds against this taking place are very long, though, and next fall is more likely to find him campaigning for the United States Senate. He can have the senatorial nomination if the incumbent, Herbert H. Lehman, decides not to run for re-election. Senator Lehman is pushing seventy-eight.

If neither of these events comes to pass, Wagner will probably stand by and run for mayor again. The governorship, to which he could also have the nomination, does not tempt him much. On a recent trip to Albany he remarked, on leaving the gingerbready Executive Mansion, that the visit had convinced him that Gracie Mansion was the finest piece of real estate in the country. He could be right about this. Gracie Mansion is a lovely Colonial frame structure which was erected in 1799 for Archibald Gracie, a wealthy ship owner, on a point overlooking the East River in the Eighties. Its grounds form a fenced-in enclave within Carl Schurz Park, and the view from its piazza is superb. Major L'Enfant, the man who laid out the city of Washington, is reputed to have been the architect.

Wagner has a private income, through inheritance and through a law practice at which he worked before becoming mayor. But it falls considerably short of being enough to support his family in the manner which he holds to be reasonably proper. However, the mayor of New York has it good, as the saying goes. There is no rent to pay and the mayor's salary is $40,000 a year. In addition, he gets an allowance of $25,000 to pay the mansion staff—a butler, a cook, two maids and a laundress—and a flexible allowance for official entertaining and for the food bill for the family and its staff.

There are also certain intangible rewards about mayoring that make loftier political heights less attractive than they ordinarily would be. One is the people the mayor meets. A newspaper publisher had him to lunch one day and put in a strong plea for the use of suction sweepers in street cleaning, a simple adaptation of the home-vacuum-cleaner idea. Wagner replied that the Department of Sanitation had experimented with suction sweepers and had found that they were useful only in removing dead leaves from gutters. "And New York is not what you would call a city of trees," he added testily.

The publisher thereupon tossed in an idea for checking juvenile delinquency, the logic of which ran as follows: the root of juvenile misbehavior is an intense feeling of not belonging, of being of no importance; therefore, why not invite the leaders of the city's two zip-gun gangs to a day at City Hall, where they could take turns sitting at the mayor's desk, "preside" over the City Council and otherwise gratify their craving for importance?

The mayor didn't answer that one. He was busy choking on a mouthful of the dessert. THE END

"Get your nose against that window and look pathetic!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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New Style in Florida Booms

(Continued from Page 39)

from whom Coral Ridge had bought 2466 acres of rugged territory on the edge of town two years earlier. The price, $19,389,000, had been widely publicized as approximately three times what Spain was paid for the whole state of Florida.

Mr. Galt, who is seventy-nine, made a few appropriate remarks, and then it was time for the breakfast's second phase. A hush fell as Hunt stepped up to the speakers' table. A sturdily built man of medium height, Hunt, at fifty-eight, has a pink, plump face, a carefully trimmed mustache and a high forehead crowned with receding white hair. He was immaculate, as usual, in a white coat, dark trousers, white shirt with long collar points and a light blue tie.

Though his mustache was seen to quiver slightly, his voice was admirably steady as, laying his watch on the table, he announced, "During the next four minutes we are going to sell two million dollars' worth of lots."

On cue, a big board shot up at one end of the room, showing an enlarged plot of the area he proposed to sell. There were 192 lots, the first section developed by Coral Ridge from the former Galt property. Prices ranged from $9400 for an eighty-by-one-hundred-foot lot with no water frontage, up to $17,800 for slightly larger lots on the corners of recently dug canals and the Intracoastal Waterway.

A man in the rear jumped up, waved his arms to attract attention and shouted, "I'll buy lots Twenty-one through Thirty-two!"

A young woman bounced up at the board and stamped blue slips of paper over the lots he had named. Other buyers began yelling the numbers of the lots they wanted. Runners appeared to take their names and orders.

Meanwhile, Hunt kept his eyes on his watch. The four-minute deadline approached, then passed with lots still unsold: yet Hunt remained splendidly cool. Five minutes ticked by, six minutes, seven —— But in exactly nine minutes and thirty-five seconds the two million dollars' worth of lots was gone, most of them bought by independent real-estate men for resale.

Buyers were given forty hours to put up at least half of the purchase price or surrender their options. Some would-be buyers sent in deposits for lots which had been optioned to others, in hopes that the successful bidders might fail to go through with the sale. But after forty hours practically every original bidder had made his payment and Coral Ridge had to return nearly two hundred checks.

Bill Baggs, columnist for the Miami Daily News, wrote that when the breakfast ended, "a little old lady near me (she was Mrs. Frank Stranahan, who once helped her late husband run an Indian trading post in Lauderdale) peeped over her gloriosa corsage and excitedly said, 'My, I haven't seen anything like this in thirty years!'

"And neither," commented Baggs, "had anybody else."

Two years ago Hunt was hardly known in Florida beyond Fort Lauderdale, but now one Miami editor has called him "probably the leading evangelist of our South Florida religion: 'That the American people, growing wealthier and wiser, will all want to gravitate to this strip of paradise.'"

"You can take the corn flakes from Battle Creek," Hunt says. "You can take the furniture from Grand Rapids and remove the stoves from Kalamazoo. But you can't take the sunshine from Florida." Plastered throughout his office building are copies of his slogan: THERE IS NOTHING ON EARTH LIKE EARTH.

In 1946, its first year, Coral Ridge sold $500,000 worth of lots, and it has been picking up momentum ever since. Its sales were $1,009,000 in 1953, $5,500,000 in 1954 and better than $10,000,000 in 1955. Not without some justification, its activities are considered an important reason why Broward County (Fort Lauderdale) is the fastest-growing county in Florida, fastest-growing of the states. The more than 2000 homes already built on land developed by Coral Ridge are called "the world's largest group of homes in the $20,000 to $40,000 class." And another 7500 new homes are expected to be built within the next five to ten years on the 2466 acres that Hunt began selling at his $2,000,000 breakfast. In addition, there will be apartment buildings, restaurants and shopping centers, including one proposed $5,000,000 center with air-conditioned streets.

Cream of the property is a mile of virgin beach, the last sizable undeveloped ocean front available between Palm Beach and Miami, according to real-estate authorities. Coral Ridge expects to sell this strip as sites for perhaps two dozen plush hotels. At this writing, however, no hotel managements had bought sites, possibly because Hunt and Calder have imposed such stern building restrictions. For example, no hotel will be permitted to occupy more than 75 per cent of the frontage it owns. These rules are intended to preserve the beauty of the entire strip, but with land costing $2000 a front foot, this sort of thing is a little hard for hotel operators to swallow.

Hunt, who used to own one of the world's largest Chevrolet agencies in Detroit, claims that the principles he employed to sell cars work equally well in merchandising earth in Florida. His promotional ideas, while often theatrical, are as predictably successful as a door-to-door vacuum-cleaner sales campaign. In short, like other leaders of the new boom in Florida real estate, Hunt and Calder have cut down on the hot air, if not the high jinks, in favor of the hard dollar. And even their most extravagant tactics seem positively conservative when contrasted with some of the methods used thirty years ago.

Back in the '20's, for instance, one group of promoters ordered a sign proclaiming: MILLION DOLLAR HOTEL WILL BE ERECTED HERE, but couldn't raise even the eighteen dollars to pay the painter. Another group advertised a subdivision, Manhattan Estates, as "not more than three quarters of a mile from the thriving city of Nettie." Nettie was an abandoned turpentine camp.

Promoters of several developments, including Boca Raton, buried doubloons, pieces of eight and fake relics of Captain Kidd, Henry Morgan and Blackbeard, which they arranged to have dug up amid scenes of wild excitement. Soon thousands of people were wielding spades all over Florida, seeking pirate gold—and that became another reason to buy property.

Hunt and Calder have never buried any pirate gold; they find it equally effective to plant certificates good for United States currency in capsules in a fish bowl. No capsule is worth less than ten dollars. Some are worth fifty dollars, a lesser number $100; two are worth $250 and one $500. When an independent real-estate man sells a Coral Ridge lot, he is allowed to draw a capsule as a reward besides his regular commission. In addition to this, the firm occasionally holds a big sales contest with prizes ranging from TV sets to trips to Europe.

Waving such carrots in front of salesmen has proved as useful a gimmick as rewarding poets for writing verses about the land, as some 1920's developers did. J. W. Young hired Helen Morgan and Elsie Janis—the latter at $100 a minute—to warble about Hollywood-by-the-Sea—one of the sounder developments, incidentally.

At the height of the frenzy, rabble rousers and preachers, auctioneers and lawyers were paid ten dollars an hour to shout about this or that development. Airplanes wrote about them in smoke against the tropic sky, while scarlet-coated trumpeters tootled at potential buyers from the tops of buses. Elephants wore sandwich signs advertising real estate in Miami. Paul Whiteman and his orchestra played and Mary Garden sang grand opera in a tent to promote sales of lots in Coral Gables.

The Gables, although perhaps the leading example of sound conception and orderly planning among the 1920's subdivisions, nevertheless had its exotic moments. An associate has told how George Merrick, its developer, used to get a group of friends in to help him choose names for new streets, with the aid of a bottle of rum and a Spanish dictionary. Sometimes, when the rum got the better of discretion, they would pick out names meaning Avenue of the Dead or Graveyard Boulevard or Roadway of Robbers. Later on, these names were changed quietly.

Merrick's most famous promotion stunt was hiring William Jennings Bryan, the great orator. Bryan used to stand beneath a giant umbrella on a barge moored in a lagoon. Facing crowds gathered on the shore line, he would dwell at length and in glowing language upon the wonders of the Florida climate and the excellence of the Florida radish. After the Great Commoner had finished, Gilda Gray, the shimmy sensation of that era, would dance on the barge for the assembled multitudes.

It was a 1920's boom practice for sellers to accept as little as a tenth of the sale price—or even the buyer's note—as down payment on property. M. A. Hortt, veteran Fort Lauderdale real-estate broker, tells of some scrub-pine land he bought in 1911 for $3200. He sold it for $58,000 in 1924, then bought it back a few days later for $116,000. In May, 1925, he sold the property again, for $282,000. Thirteen days later it went for $640,000. In another three months and five days it brought $800,000. Finally, a couple of months after that, it sold for $1,500,000. As all these sales turned out to have been mainly on paper, however, the land eventually reverted to Hortt.

Under the Coral Ridge system, the buyer must pay at least half down and the remainder within two years. Most developers allow a broker who has sold one of their lots to retain part of the down payment as his commission, but Coral Ridge keeps the down payment intact until the deal is consummated, so the buyer can have his money returned immediately if he changes his mind. Hunt and Calder say that when a wavering buyer learns he can get his money back at once, he usually decides that he wants the property after all.

During the 1920's, many Florida homes were built in the style of medieval castles and Spanish monasteries. There were some pretty weird structures. But when a buyer gets a lot in Coral Ridge, he is not allowed to build just any sort of house he fancies. Hunt maintains that the automobile business taught him that the most radical models go out of style first. Deeds to the homesites he sells specify that only houses of the simplest architecture may be built there. If, as some people complain, this gives all the Coral Ridge homes an uninteresting sameness, the partners reply that at least their policy protects Coral Ridge investors from having somebody build an architectural horror next door.

"The value of a man's house," Hunt says, "depends on the value of his neighbor's house. The architecture that we permit is not very flashy. It is like a blue serge suit. It will always be in fashion."

Instead of feeding prospects oratory, as George Merrick did, Hunt feeds breakfast to Fort Lauderdale's real-estate fraternity. For more than three years he has invited the 650 local brokers and salesmen to break bread five mornings each week. Sixty is average attendance. Guests arrive to the strains of martial music played over an amplifier. This puts them in a spirited mood. They are served orange juice, sweet rolls and coffee by the firm's stenographers. Then a pep team of Coral Ridge men—John Hagan, Ted Dunn and Andrew Manno—announces with placards, maps and loud shouting which lots the firm is presently offering and which have been sold since breakfast the day before.

The guests are informed that it is their patriotic duty to let no visitor to Fort Lauderdale escape without being shown some property. They are urged to write countless letters to prospects, even if they have to get their lists from the telephone directories of distant cities. Now and then Joseph P. Taravella, executive vice-president of Coral Ridge, will notice that some of the guests' attention is wandering. This is not to be tolerated.

"Make a note of this information!" Taravella may shout from the rear of the room. "Never come to these meetings without paper and a pencil! We are only trying to help you make some money!"

Hunt usually sits quietly through these breakfasts, but occasionally an idea smites him so forcefully that he is impelled to arise and speak.

"Lord knows how long that will go on," one of his regular guests observed recently when Hunt was so moved. "He gets glassy-eyed when he talks about real estate."

Now and then the programs take on a lighter note. The men of Coral Ridge may put on a (Continued on Page 106)

Creature of Custom

By Harold Willard Gleason

Samantha hardly favored Annie Laurie
(Whose voice, the poet says, was low and sweet)
For years the village was profoundly sorry
(In private) for her mousy husband, Pete.
From dawn till dark her blue-jay treble cackled
Sarcastic comment, querulous tirade—
On pantry shelves uneasy china crackled;
She never gave an echo time to fade!
Then, suddenly, Pete's little world fell quiet.
"Samantha gone, he'll revel in relief!"
Folks thought. But in a month, bewildered by it,
Our martyr mourned, with unpretended grief,
"A man can't live in silence all his life!"
Samantha's twin was soon his second wife!

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Who can resist these heavenly crisp chocolate wafers, filled with luscious velvet-smooth vanilla cream. Nothing comes close to HYDROX, the ORIGINAL cream-filled chocolate cookie!

Delicious
HYDROX...
Cookies
in <u>all</u>
these sizes!

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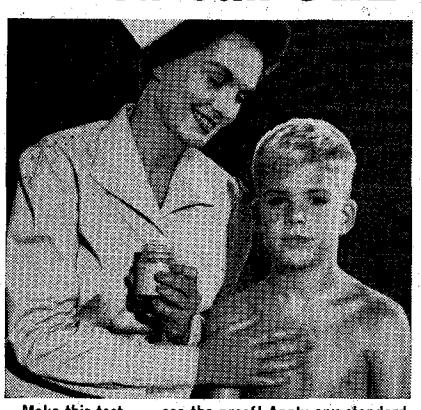
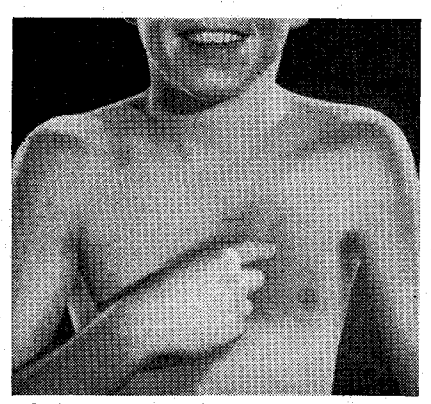
New Chest Rub! So Deep-Penetrating You Can *SEE IT WORK!*



Make this test . . . see the proof! Apply any standard rub to one side of the chest. You will see no effect—no visible proof that the blood needed in the affected area is being stimulated!



Apply new Super Anahist Rub to the other side. Minutes after, you will see a healthy red glow on the skin—feel a tingling sensation of warmth—because of its deep-penetrating formula!

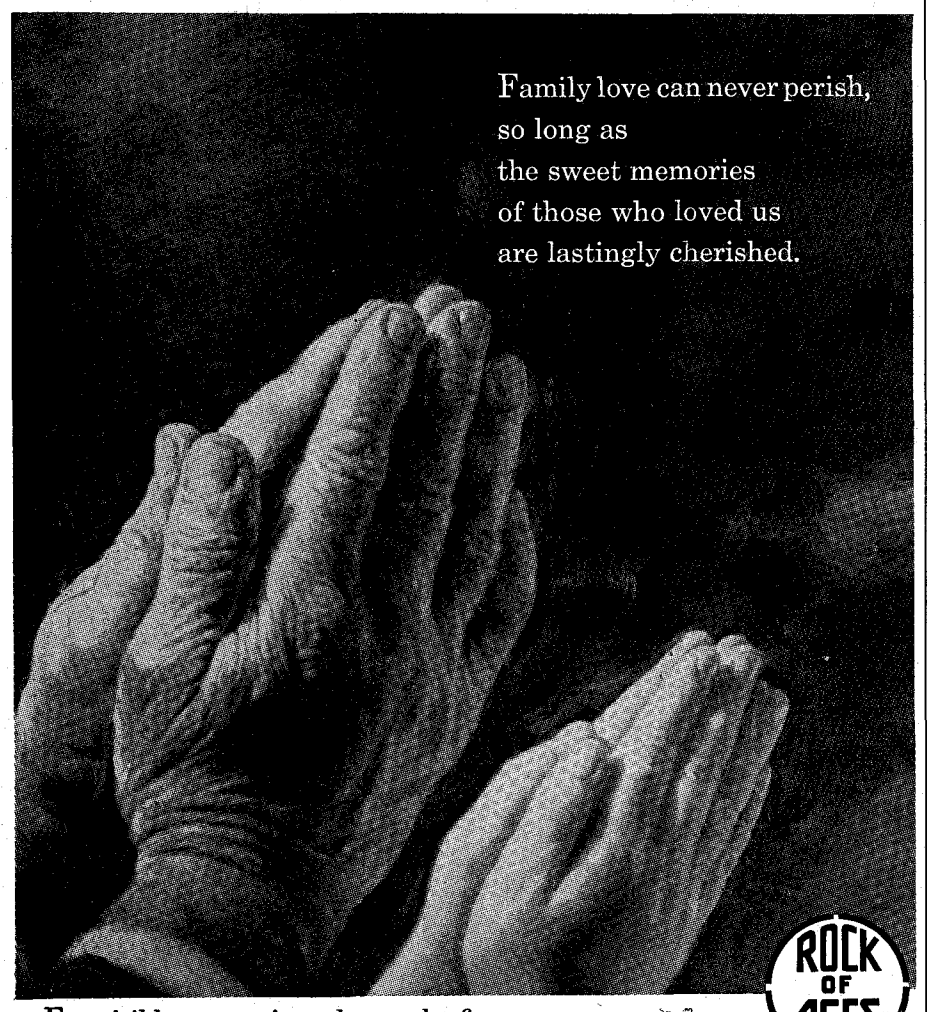
No other chest rub works like new *SUPER* ANAHIST Deep-Penetrating RUB

. . . to Stimulate Circulation . . . Help Loosen Phlegm . . . Break Up Bronchial Congestion of Colds!

Here is the first great improvement in chest rubs in over 3 decades, because it uses *your own body heat* to warm and soothe chest-cold miseries from *within*. Thus, it requires far less rubbing, needs no flannel or towels to maintain heat.

Get new Super Anahist Deep-Penetrating Rub . . . today!

And on Cold Tablets, Nasal Spray or Cough Syrup —the name SUPER ANAHIST means "Best Medicine for Cold's Distress"



For visible expression, choose the finest monument conceived . . . Rock of Ages.

Write for free booklet, "How To Choose a Family Monument."

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In Canada Box 44, Toronto 17

(Continued from Page 104)

skit demonstrating the proper way to sell a lot, rent an apartment or show visitors the local beaches. Once the brokers even treated their captive audience to a breakfast minstrel show featuring lyrics they had written about the elegance of local properties.

Most local real-estate people have attended Coral Ridge breakfasts, though a few disapprove on the ground that something must be wrong with property requiring such effort to sell. Hunt ignores such criticism. He firmly believes that almost anything can be accomplished if enough meetings are held.

He became sold on meetings when the automobile business turned sour during the depression of the 1930's. Hunt had his salesmen to breakfast every morning at his agency. They sang Happy Days Are Here Again and gave one another pep talks. Hunt furnished each man with a new rope and promised him a dollar for every disabled car he towed into the shop. Whenever a salesman sighted a breakdown, he would fling a rope around the car's axle and speed off toward Hunt. Hunt, in turn, would arrange with the owner to make repairs on a time-payment basis. Thus the shop had another job and the firm another customer. Hunt's business made money throughout the depression.

Automobiles had been Hunt's livelihood since he worked after school as an office boy-salesman for an automobile agency in Detroit, where he was born on Dec. 23, 1897. During the first World War he joined the Royal Flying Corps as a fighter pilot and was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross. Later he flew against the Reds in Siberia, and the White Russians awarded him two medals. His picture hangs in Ford's Dearborn Museum as a "pioneer of aviation."

Back in Detroit, he created the NADA Blue Book, which still serves as a guide to the trade on used-car prices. He became first a Ford dealer, then one of the largest of all Chevrolet dealers.

As a side line, Hunt bought an unprofitable Detroit radio station, WJBK, and built it into a money-maker by having hundreds of ordinary people from local communities appear as guest interviewees. He managed the Chicago, Duluth and Georgian Bay Steamship Line out of a $180,000 debt in less than two seasons by employing such tactics as paying the captain and the chief engineer fifty cents each for every ton of coal they burned less than the daily average under the former management.

Yet all the while, according to Hunt, his true interest lay in real estate. Believing that the East Coast of Florida had the best chance for growth over the next few decades, he built the Coral Sands Hotel at Fort Lauderdale in the late 1930's. But his larger plans for Florida were interrupted by World War II, during which Hunt served as a Coast Guard commander, receiving the Silver Star for leading a force ashore under heavy fire at the Salerno Beach landing. Later he mapped the Coast Guard's demobilization plan, and a year or so after the war served as the first national commander of the Coast Guard League.

Following V-J day, Hunt sold his automobile agency and advanced upon Florida. He took along Joe Taravella, a New Yorker, who had served with him in the Coast Guard and is now his right-hand man at Coral Ridge. Acting on his private theory that all cities expand northward, except when blocked by natural barriers, Hunt bought 110 acres north of Fort Lauderdale for $89,000 from four owners who had collectively paid $10,000 for the land a couple of years earlier. Hunt named it Coral Ridge and developed it into lots that he then sold for $1,250,000, making a $400,000 profit before taxes.

Steve Calder, the broker who had handled the sale of this land to Hunt, soon became his partner. Calder had arrived from Georgia back in the days when Fort Lauderdale's population, now over 65,000, numbered seventy-six, Indians included. A large-girthed, easygoing man, Calder is the firm's grass-roots department. He has helped Hunt, an outsider, establish himself as a big wheel in town without arousing resentment among the old settlers, no mean accomplishment.

Hunt was soon eying the most-sought-after land in the area—some 3500 acres that had been bought for around ten dollars an acre in 1911 by Arthur Galt, who liked the wild beauty of Florida's swamps. Galt had sold his land in 1925 to the American-British Improvement Company, owned by Mrs. Horace Dodge, Mrs. Edward T. Stotesbury, James H. R. Cromwell, the then King of Greece and some members of the British nobility. They had planned an elegant development, Floranada, but sacrificed their $1,000,000 down payment when the 1926 real-estate crash came. Galt took back the land and sold their clubhouse as a restaurant. When this was turned into a gambling house, Galt, who was sentimental about his land, fought the club owners through the United States Supreme Court. He won back his property; then, for twenty-five years, refused to sell so much as a spadeful, despite frequent lucrative offers.

In 1949 Hunt telephoned Galt, whom he had never met, to report that another development was about to cut off some of Galt's property between some new homesites and the Intracoastal Waterway. He advised Galt to buy enough of the developer's land to get in and out of his own property. Galt did so and invited Hunt to call next time he was in Chicago. The upshot of all this was that Galt presently decided to sell Hunt and Calder 500 acres of his coveted land. Liking the way they developed it, he sold them another 500 a year or so later. Then, two years ago, he let Coral Ridge have the remaining 2466 acres, giving the partners twenty years to pony up the nearly $20,000,000.

Until Hunt's arrival, Fort Lauderdale had been a placid, seldom-heard-from little city. Many of its wealthier residents were winter visitors or retired people from the East or Midwest who preferred the quiet life. As a result, Lauderdale had never had an exclusive golf club, a swank beach club or a modern yacht club; nor had it ever made much effort to attract tourists. All that has changed.

The Galt property's mile of beach has already attracted a plush beach club, which opened last winter. It was built for $1,000,000 by Robert Law, a Chicago toy manufacturer who had been searching Southern Florida for the right spot to build a place where he, an arthritic, could watch others enjoying themselves athletically. When Coral Ridge made Galt's Ocean Mile available, Law's real-estate consultants advised him to build there.

Fort Lauderdale's first fashionable golf club also opened last winter on 210 acres bought from Coral Ridge by Robert Trent Jones, the well-known New York golf-course architect. Hunt talked Jones into raising about $850,000 to acquire the land and build the course, which is rimmed by 126 half-acre homesites which Coral Ridge is selling at $18,000 apiece.

Fort Lauderdale's new Yacht Club was also conceived, organized and promoted largely by Hunt, who figured it would enhance the value of local real estate. He doesn't belong to it himself—nor, indeed, to any of the social groups he has helped to create—since his waking hours are devoted exclusively to land. And although he has created hundreds of fine water-front properties, Hunt lives with his wife in a $16,000, two-bedroom house on an un-

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distinguished street. There is a swimming pool out back, to be sure, but no one has ever seen Hunt in it.

When he is not thinking about land development directly, Hunt is busy with one of several complementary businesses that Coral Ridge owns: an electrical-supply concern, a construction-and-engineering company, an abstract firm and a bond-and-mortgage business, the latter managed by one of Hunt's two sons, Jack. In addition, Coral Ridge owns and operates several apartment buildings which cater to tourists, a car-rental concern and a limousine service between Fort Lauderdale and the Miami airport, the latter established after Hunt had talked the airlines into advertising "packaged" tourist flights to Fort Lauderdale, as they do to Miami or Los Angeles.

Hunt's other son, James, Jr., manages Coral Ridge's dredging operation, which reclaims swampland by cutting canals to provide fill for solid, salable ground. Lauderdale, as a result of this take-and-put operation, is an amphibious city with 268 miles of waterways, about half of which are navigable.

James, Jr., also manages the Coral Ridge cattle ranch, where Hunt held a barbecue for 10,000 Broward County Boy Scouts and their parents some years back when he was county Scout leader. All his employees, except one girl left at the telephone switchboard, came out and served the meal. Ever since this event, Hunt has been considered something of a civic leader, and his staff is now frequently called upon to organize fund-raising and other meetings for various onward-and-upward groups.

Hunt was highly pleased a couple of years ago when the Catholic Church offered to help build a $2,500,000 hospital at Fort Lauderdale. Broward County Hospital had become so crowded that patients were sometimes bedded down in the halls, and Hunt figured that his best potential real-estate customers would not want to buy in a town with such inadequate hospital facilities.

The church had specified, however, that the town must put up half the $2,500,000, and a professional fund-raising organization opined that Fort Lauderdale could not hope to raise that. Thus challenged, Hunt, a Baptist, took over as chairman of the fund-raising committee. He held meetings by the score and exhorted his workers so persuasively that more than the required $1,250,000 was raised in less than the set time. Holy Cross Hospital is nearing completion—on land bought from Coral Ridge.

A while ago Hunt's fertile brain hatched yet another innovation. With an average of one new permanent resident arriving every hour, he reasoned, Fort Lauderdale was being filled with people who had had no opportunity to absorb its history and traditions, atmosphere and flavor—in short, to appreciate their good fortune in living there.

"We ought to have a town meeting," he told his men, "like the meetings they have in those little places in New England."

So Coral Ridge staged Fort Lauderdale's first Town Meeting, although few New Englanders would have recognized it as such. A United States Marine Corps band joined with the local symphony was playing martial airs. A motion-picture history of Fort Lauderdale was shown, and the governor spoke. A hundred and fifty of the town's "pioneers" were on hand, along with a tribe of Indians. Several hundred real-estate men, whipped into a civic frenzy by Hunt and his men, served as hosts and ushers, and the War Memorial Auditorium was jammed and running over with more than 3000 people.

As the meeting's climax, high-school boys clad in black robes and hoods dashed out upon the darkened stage carrying signs written in luminous paint. In figures of fire these told the stirring story of Florida's—and particularly Fort Lauderdale's—remarkable progress.

Between 1920 and 1950, the signs proclaimed, the population of the United States increased 50 per cent, while Florida's share went up 249 per cent and Fort Lauderdale's 2463 per cent. And the Southern Bell Telephone Company had forecast that by 1962 Fort Lauderdale would have 162,000 persons as permanent residents.

This data was intended to back up Hunt's often-repeated gospel: "The sixty-mile strip of Florida's East, or Gold, Coast, between Palm Beach and Miami, fanned by the trade winds and caressed by the Gulf Stream, will have by the end of this century more people than live now in the area of Greater New York. So you had better get your little piece of paradise now, while there is still some lying around."

The Town Meeting audience went home atremble at the vastness of their area's progress thus far and at the prospects of such a mighty future. And no one was left with any doubts that all this was largely thanks to the dedicated efforts of that selfless civic leader, James S. Hunt.

THE END

Fort Lauderdale sailors cruise one of the innumerable "Venetian" canals that crisscross part of the amphibious city, which has 268 miles of waterways.

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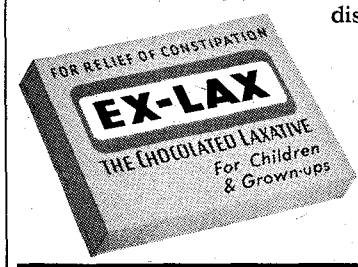

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Well, It Was This Way

(Continued from Page 19)

for itself, and for a young newcomer to the screen by the name of Grace Kelly. There was a rumor that it might win some Oscars on the night of the Academy Awards.

Somebody asked, "Who's going to pick up your Oscar, Gary?"

Now, there was a thought. I had heard that I'd been nominated for an award, but that's a long way from winning. Still, just in case—the next day I ran into John Wayne winding up a fishing trip in Acapulco. "Gotta get back to Hollywood for the Academy Awards," he told me. So I left the matter in his hands.

On Academy Award night I was listening to the doings over the radio, and the things said about me were getting pretty flowery until John Wayne came up to get my award.

"I don't know why Coop asked me to sub for him in picking up his Oscar," he said, "but maybe it's because we both got where we are by falling off horses."

Right then I remembered my sixty-five-dollar strip of film and its cloud of dust. Every man has a turning point in his life, and that test shot was mine. It led to all sorts of things—starring roles, big money, hilarious moments and trouble. I'm not complaining. But later on in this story I'll have to do some explaining: about the rhinoceros that missed me, and the punches that didn't, and how I played at being a playboy in Rome, until the Italian cavalry got into the act. I'll even try to explain how my wife, Rocky, handles an ex-Montana cowpoke when he gets hard to live with. Yup, family secrets!

A lot of people have the impression that I am something of a Western-type actor, and that's fine, because I like Westerns. But the fact is I like making all types of pictures that have something to say. One of the first of these, and one which I approached with respect, was Ernest Hemingway's A Farewell to Arms.

This was produced during the period that Hollywood still refers to in capital letters as The Advent of Sound. Sound didn't hit me too hard. As a born-in-Montana product, I came equipped with a natural Western accent. To this were added some British overtones, picked up in three years at a public school in England, and Middle-American accents from three years at Grinnell College, in Iowa. I could talk, but, as hundreds of actors from the silent days were discovering, that wasn't enough. You had to be real loud to make an impression on the insensitive, bucket-sized microphones used in the early days of sound. An ordinary speaking voice would enter one of those charcoal-filled mikes and drop dead. But I was lucky. As a veteran hog and cattle caller, I could bellow loud enough to knock the earphones off the sound engineer.

When sound came in, Hollywood fired carloads of silent-screen stars, including some of my best friends. To replace them, carloads of talent were brought from Broadway. We veterans of the silent days were reminded time and time again that these newcomers were "legitimate" actors. What that made us we couldn't figure out.

Among the legitimate actresses who came West was Helen Hayes, one of the brightest stars of Broadway. She had a wonderful voice that could fill a theater with a whisper, and she knew that working to a camera three feet away was not the same as playing to the third balcony. In her very first picture, The Sin of Madelon Claudet, her performance so surpassed anything the talkies had done before that she won her Academy Award as best actress of the year. Now she was cast opposite me in A Farewell to Arms. She scared me to death.

I learned later that Miss Hayes was scared of me, too; though not because of my acting ability. Just about then I was coming out of what my wife, Rocky, refers to as my wolfish period, and in newspapers around the country I had come to be known as the boy friend of Clara Bow, Lupe Velez or the Countess di Frasso. I'll come back to them later. While Miss Hayes still had reservations about the movies, she was not half so scared of the cameras as she was of the publicized wolf with whom she was to be costarred.

So both of us were frightened when we met for the first time in the office of Frank Borzage, who was going to direct us in the picture. How do you do, Miss Hayes? How do you do, Mr. Cooper? Frank saw how thick the ice was, and it didn't make him happy. When actors don't hit it off, you often get what is called "a cold set," and pretty soon the whole cast is choosing up sides for a feud. Love scenes that should be played warmly come up coated with frost, and fight scenes have sometimes ended in general carnage.

In this emergency Frank moved fast. "Now that you two have met," he said, "I want you to get into your costumes and meet me in the portrait studio. The publicity department wants stills so they can start their build-up."

Ordinarily, putting on a costume helps to take me out of myself, but this time it didn't work. When I appeared in my Italian officer's uniform as Frederic Henry, I was still a scared ranch boy from Montana named Gary Cooper. When Miss Hayes appeared a moment later, dressed as the nurse, Catherine Barkley, she hadn't changed much either.

"O.K.! Fine," said Frank. "You look wonderful. Now here's the setup. We've got a great war story, and we've got a great love story. We can't shoot the war here, so we'll shoot the incidentals."

He pushed us into several cozy poses, where we stood rigidly. I towered a foot over Miss Hayes. We couldn't see eye to eye at all, unless she stood on tiptoe and I slouched down.

In the meantime Frank was buzzing around the set, and at last, as though he hadn't had it in mind all along, he discovered a prop couch.

"Hah!" he said. "Here's one. . . . Now you, Miss Hayes" (his voice all respect and admiration) "can relax on the couch here. And you" (a jerk of the thumb to indicate me, the relic from the silent days) "can stretch out beside her. . . . Closer, for heaven's sake! After all, this is supposed to be a love scene."

He stuck his head under the black hood of the camera. What he saw on the ground glass was a couple of lovers looking about as amorous as dueling porcupines.

"Closer," he urged. "Come on! Clinch!"

At last we approximated the hold he wanted. But he was taking an awfully long time to snap the shutter. Finally he just sighed and stepped out from under the hood.

"Miss Hayes," he said in a choked voice, "that scene is so beautiful I think I'll shoot the whole picture horizontally."

We looked at each other, did a double take and began to laugh. One laugh led to another, and while we didn't exactly get down and roll on the floor, the ice did melt, and a good thing too. A Farewell to Arms was too sensitive a picture to be shot on a cold set.

Well, that was Frank Borzage. Now let me tell you of an opposite experience I had with another director—Josef von Sternberg. This was during the filming of Morocco, in 1930. Marlene Dietrich was the leading lady in this. She had just recently arrived in Hollywood after her triumph in Blue Angel, the famous German-made film. Morocco was her first American picture, and von Sternberg was out to see that she made good. Within the first hour of shooting I could see problems ahead. First, he directed almost entirely in German; I didn't understand a word. Second, he was introducing ingenious camera effects never seen in Hollywood before. It was bad enough not knowing what he was talking about, but I didn't even know what was going on. After a couple of days, I began to feel that von Sternberg was not seeing me as the costar, but as a camera effect—something to be thrown in now and then to help show Miss Dietrich at her best. Under this treatment what confidence I had in my acting began sinking fast.

Luckily I had Adolphe Menjou supporting me, if not holding me completely together, so I asked him for advice. Adolphe is a loyal son of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and Cornell University, in Upstate New York. His ability to wear a tailor-made suit or a rakish uniform is world famous, and in 1930 he was also famous as the smoothest, most sophisticated villain in the business. What is not so well known is that he is an intellectual, a master of six languages. He understood German and had an idea of what von Sternberg was trying to do.

"I don't seem to be getting anywhere," I told him, as if that was news. "What do I do?"

"Gary," he said, "acting is a lot of things. Sometimes clothes set off the man, and sometimes it takes a man to set off the clothes. And there are times when acting is no more complicated than the ability to wear a hat.

"Now you," he continued, pointing to my French Foreign Legion cap, "you can wear a cap or anything else. There's not a headgear made for man anywhere in the world that you can't wear as though it were made to order for you."

I could see that here was a priceless compliment to my training, intelligence, hard work and (Continued on Page 110)

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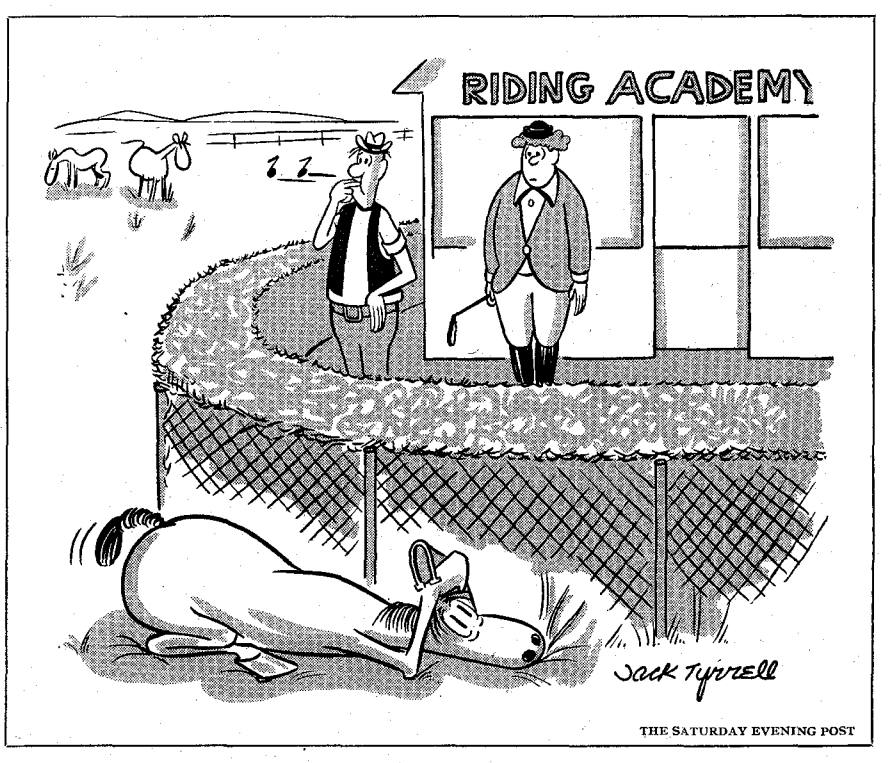

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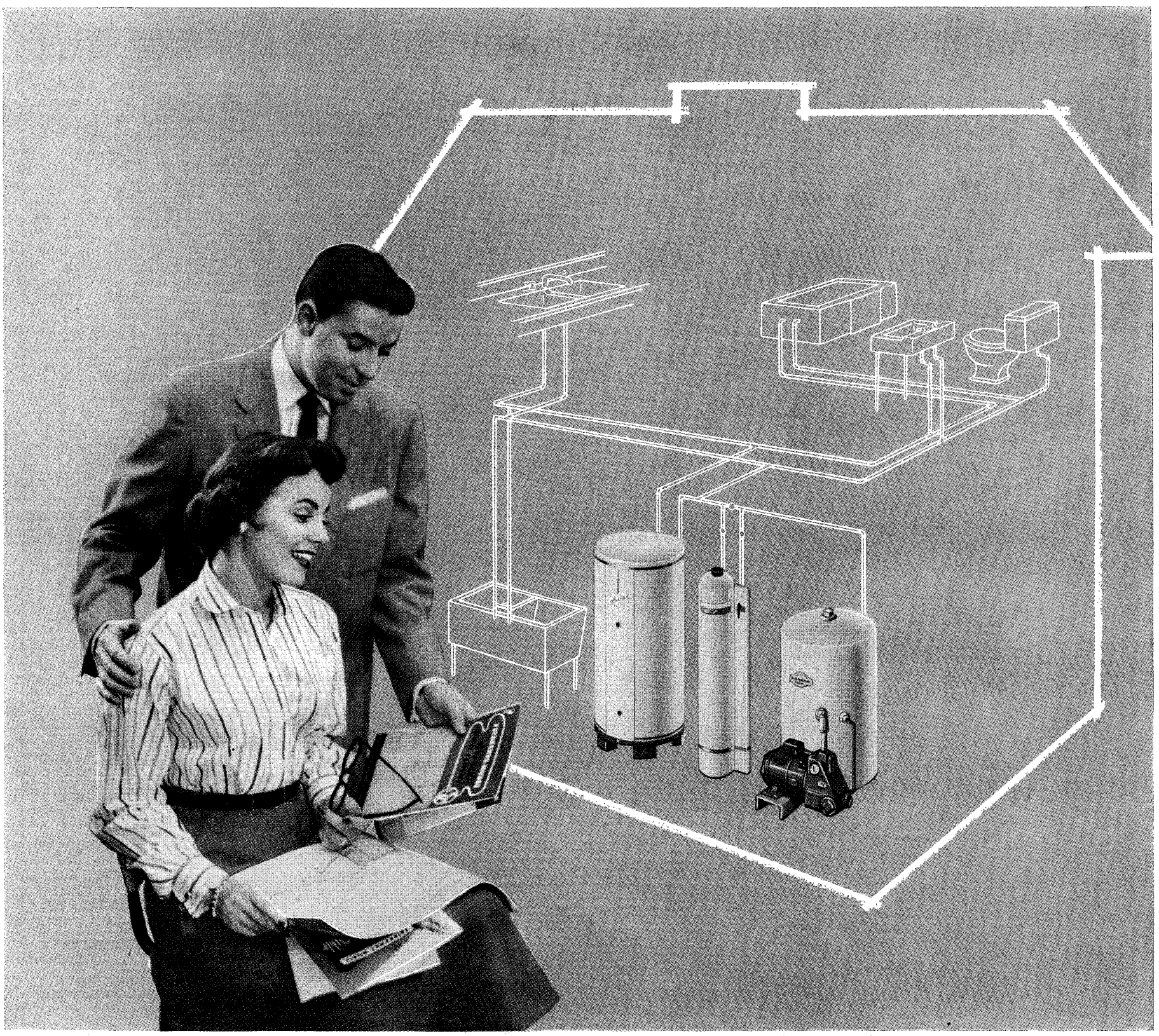

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(Continued from Page 108) perseverance. Just what did the donning of a tarboosh, a pith helmet, a derby or Foreign Legion cap have to do with my success as an actor?

Hunting for encouragement in Adolphe's words, of which I was in real need, I gave them as liberal a meaning as I could. What he meant, I told myself, was that I was becoming an actor. I might not be able to play the whole character, but at least I had got to the point where I could put on the character's hat.

This restored my confidence, so I decided to move in on von Sternberg, which was not easy. He directed with a strong hand. A carpenter hammering while von Sternberg was thinking might be fired on the spot. And he had a habit of compelling the whole cast to stand around him in hushed silence while he coached Miss Dietrich in German. In one of those meetings I saw my chance. I opened my mouth wide and yawned. An actress gasped. Adolphe grinned. Von Sternberg stopped, pawed the air a minute, and then continued. I yawned again. About the fourth yawn, with von Sternberg's collar shrinking to the choking point, he let me have it in perfect English.

The Coopers: Gary, his 18-year-old daughter, Maria, and wife, "Rocky," at Southampton, L. I., last summer.

"Well," I said politely, "if you would speak in English all the time, I'm sure I could stay awake."

The ceiling was too high to hit, but he tried. Then he stormed off the set for the day.

The next day was much better. He even threw us underlings a word or two of English to help us along. I congratulated myself on having won a major victory. With Adolphe coaching me on the art of acting, we knocked ourselves out to make Morocco a success. It was too. Billboards all over the country announced its coming. Full pages were taken in newspapers and magazines. I can see them yet:

MOROCCO! MARLENE DIETRICH!

Down in the lower right hand corner of the ads was a faint line that under a magnifying glass turned out to be type. It read: "with gary cooper and adolphe menjou." Von Sternberg had had his last word, and it wasn't in German, either.

One day Morocco was shown at a movie house near the Bennett School for Girls in Millbrook, New York, and several students went over to catch it. One of them, Veronica Balfe, read the credit line that listed me as one of the actors supporting Miss Dietrich. The Gary Cooper on the screen was a romantic hero, and he made a better first impression on Miss Balfe than I could have done in person; and for that I'm grateful. Miss Balfe met my shadow in Morocco, and it was through my shadow that I was able to meet her in person. She has been Mrs. Gary Cooper ever since.

My wife, known to all our friends as Rocky, has formed her own theory on my acting ability. Her theory is based on the possibility that I am an artist—a painter and sketcher. Therefore, she says, I am sensitive to character, mood and color. I can go along with her theory part of the way, because my wish to be an artist goes back a long way.

I was nine years old, maybe ten, when I discovered art in all its glory. I remember I was wearing knee pants at the time, and long black stockings, and button shoes. For garters I wore a kind of harness which ran over my shoulders and down inside my knickers to fasten on my stocking tops.

Anyway, on this day I had gone down to the Montana State Capitol where dad was a judge of the Supreme Court. Halfway through the great hall I was stopped, really nailed in my tracks, by the sight of a great mural. It showed explorers, Indians and horses, and every one of them seemed ready to pick right up and move past me. I was looking at Charles Russell's painting of Lewis and Clark at Ross Hole. Years later I discovered that the mural is one of Russell's masterpieces, but all I knew then, as a youngster, was that I'd give anything to be able to paint like that.

But my opportunities to become a painter were limited. First I became the victim of an undeclared war between the boards of education in Montana and England. It began when my mother decided that growing up in Montana was turning me and my brother, Arthur, into wild Indians. She carted us off to England and put us into Dunstable, a public school in Bedfordshire. The headmaster sniffed at my third-grade report card. He said I was weak in Latin, French and English history, and I'd have to catch up. Three years later I returned to Helena, Montana. My English education barely qualified me for picking up where I had left off in the third grade.

While I was working my way through that setback, World War I came along. Every able-bodied cowboy went off to fight, including Arthur, who was six years older than I. Dad was tied up in the State Capitol helping keep Montana in operation. That left it up to mother and me to keep the ranch going. We ran about 500 head of cattle—beef for the A.E.F.

Those two years on the ranch changed me. I went up there on the frail and puny side. Suddenly I found myself staring hungrily at steers on the hoof. I grew thirteen inches in thirteen months, and my belt did not have to be let out a single notch. Between eating, working, eating, sleeping and eating, I had no time for school. By the time the war was over and I could go back to school, the kids in the class I was supposed to join came up to my belt buckle.

A teacher named Miss Wheeler came to my rescue. "You can't quit now," she told me, bless her heart. "Tell you what you do. We make allowances here in Montana for ranch boys like you who miss some school. There are special art courses you can take here at Wesleyan that will get you into Montana State College in Bozeman by next fall, and from there you can go anywhere."

While I was patching the holes in my education at Wesleyan, one of my best friends was Harvey Markham. Harvey had been hit with polio as a youngster, and left with paralyzed legs. His dad had fixed him up with a special Model T Ford he could control with his hands, and he became a very good driver.

Each morning Harvey would pick me up and drive me to school. Helena is not exactly a flat town, and on this particular morning we were on the way down the steepest hill when Harvey applied the hand brake. It didn't hold. Then he grabbed the two levers controlling the foot brake and the reverse pedal. They came off in his hand. I don't know how fast we were going when we hit the corner at the bottom of the hill. We almost had it made when the front wheels jackknifed. The car just flipped. Harvey went through the canvas top on one side, and I went through on the other. Harvey was thrown clear and not damaged too much. I rolled on the ground while the car stood on its nose, and then the car rolled on me.

We didn't have an X-ray machine, but the best doctors in town went over me and could find no broken bones. "Some torn ligaments in the hip," they said. "Just stay in bed, and time will heal this."

But I couldn't stay in bed. After a week of it, I was so restless that my tossing around was doing me more harm than good. Finally the doctors let me go up to the ranch for my convalescence. When hobbling on crutches became too painful, I eased around on a gentle colt. The doctors were all horsemen themselves, and they saw nothing in riding that might harm torn ligaments.

My hip hurt me considerably, so I really learned how to ride. Up to then I had been a slam-bang, rodeo-type rider who could stick on anything that bucked, and I could punish the saddle for hours at a time. Now, with my hip hurting me, I learned to anticipate the horse's next move, and then his next, until I got to the point where I could ride at full gallop and instinctively know just about every step and twist that horse was going to make in the next hundred yards. Every time I was caught by surprise, a sharp twinge would strike my hip, something like the jab of a knife followed by a bolt of lightning, and I would settle down to the business of watching my horse again. After a few weeks of this kind of coaching, I was riding with an ease that no amount of training could have given me otherwise.

At the time, this wasn't important. What was important was that I had days and weeks to myself. No one expected me to work. I could read, or draw, or paint, or just go off by myself. After a long ride in the mountains, moving around was painful, so I would sit quietly. After a while the deer would come out, and rabbits, skunks, quail, ptarmigan. I read by the hour, I sketched by the hour, and sometimes I just watched and thought by the hour.

By the time I was walking straight again, my mind was made up. I would finish my schooling somewhere in the East, go on to study art in Chicago, and then become a painter of nature, using a style that would fall somewhere between the detail of Audubon and the scope of Russell. So that is what I started out to be.

The sequel to all this comes some years later. I had taken the usual bad spill for the cameras, but now that I was a movie star, I had to have tender care. Specialists, X rays and all that. They had me in a hospital bed with some mighty pretty nurses around when the bone specialist came by with his report.

"H'm'm," he said. "When did you break your hip?"

"Never did," I said.

He held up an X-ray plate of my hip showing a white crack going through it looking like the Grand Canyon. "A bad break," he said. "Not so much knitted together as filled in. Looks like you got it when you were a kid. What happened?"

I told him a car crash had torn some ligaments, but when I came to the part about going horseback riding after the spill, his eyes popped.

"I don't get it," he kept saying. "I don't get it. You had a major break, and you went horseback riding, and you kept opening the crack wider and wider. It's a wonder you didn't fall through it."

Then he jumped me as though it was all my fault. "Mr. Cooper, do you know what we would do with you today if you had a break like that? We would put you in traction and immobilize you for weeks."

But suppose I had been put in traction. Where would I have learned to ride with ease? Where would I have got those weeks in the wilderness, the time to read and paint, and the time to form ambition? There is a lot of talk about "getting the breaks" in the movies, but that busted hip of mine is the truest example I know of.

Before I go any further, I ought to knock down the legend that when I'm not acting I'm tongue-tied. I've been described for years as a man whose vocabulary is limited to "Yup" and "Nope." Well, I can bring up reliable witnesses like Robert Taylor or Ernest Hemingway, who will complain that on hunting and fishing trips I'm so gabby I keep them awake all night.

I can prove that there are other people in Hollywood who get along fine saying less than I do. First, I might as well admit that I like going to parties. I'm not much of a social asset, but I like being around. And the parties I like best are the ones we throw at our house. My wife, Rocky, is a wonderful hostess. She can make everyone feel right at home, including me, which is going some. About three years after we were married, when we threw our first big party, I tried to help her as host. I was so anxious that everyone have a good time the guests thought I was sick, and left early to give me some sleep. Now Rocky just puts a glass in my hand, nudges me into a group, and I have a wonderful time.

At this big party, Rocky was worrying about Jimmy Stewart, a friend of ours. The same conversation that will cause gabby me to say "Yup" will bring only a nod of the head from Jimmy. He had been a long time single, and Rocky told me that a way ought to be found for him to meet a girl to marry. I couldn't see her point. Jimmy couldn't walk through an empty desert at midnight without being belted by proposals. But Rocky didn't think those proposals had Jimmy's best interests at heart.

Jimmy came, and so did the girl of Rocky's choice, Gloria Hatrick McLean. Jimmy stood in one corner, shuffling his feet around with the rest of us dust kickers, and the girl stood in another corner. Every now and then Rocky broke away from her duties as hostess and made some excuse for dragging the pair together.

It was a waste of time, as I could see. By the end of the evening, Jimmy's total dialogue with Gloria could have been crossed out of the script with a single *X*. Yet Rocky was triumphant. "You just wait," she told me.

We did not have long to wait. A few months later the Stewarts returned from their honeymoon, and the new Mrs. Stewart remarked to her husband, "The night we first met at the Coopers' you didn't say two words to me all evening."

(Continued on Page 113)

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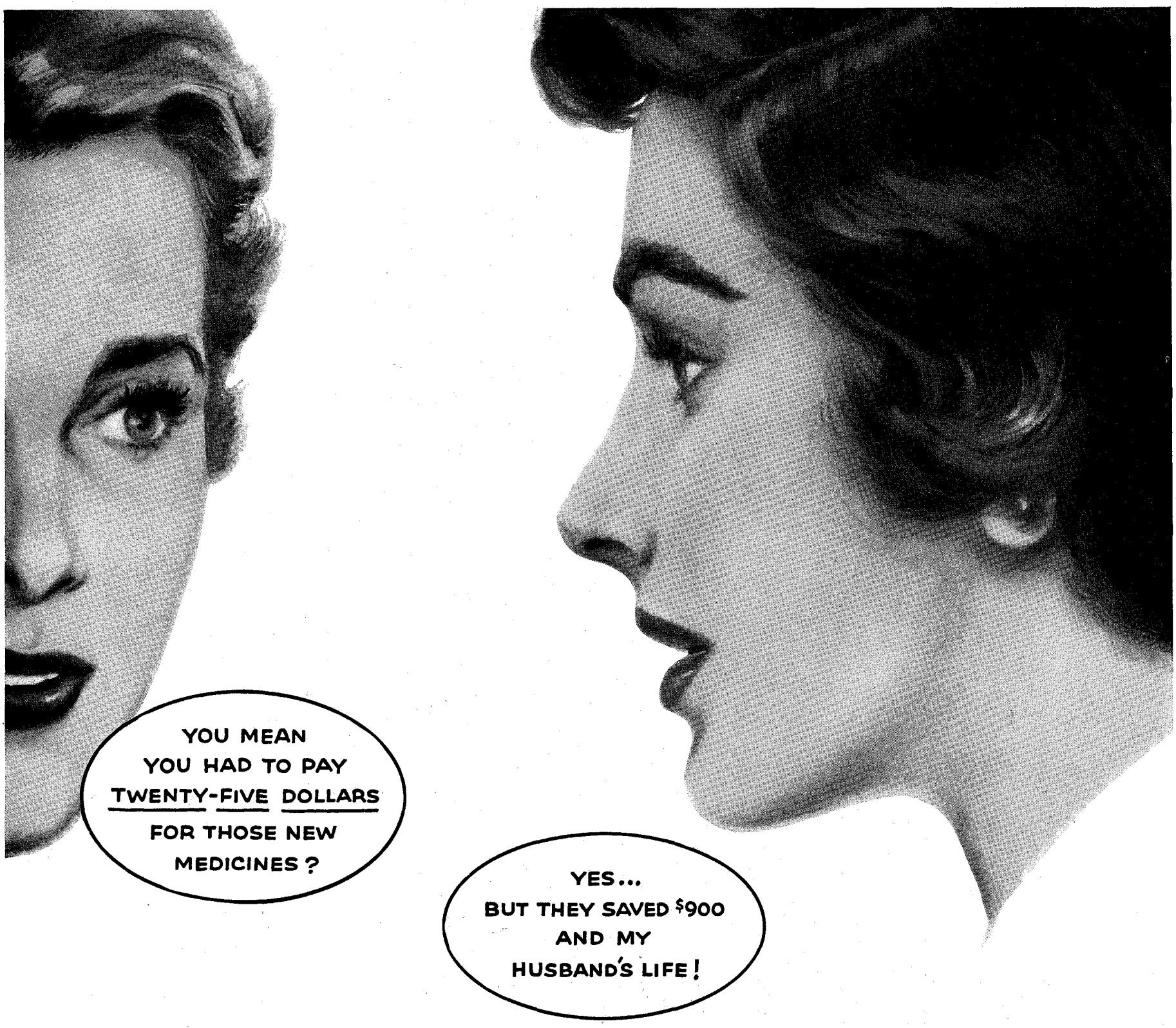

YEARS AGO when the physician fought to bring a patient through a siege of pneumonia there was little he could do but help conserve the patient's strength, make him comfortable . . . and hope for the best.

In fact, the doctor sadly signed death certificates for 33 out of every 100 pneumonia patients he treated. For those who survived, recovery was slow and expenses were high. The cost of an average case was about $1,000, including three or four weeks' time lost away from work.

Happily, this grim picture has changed. Under the onslaught of sulfa drugs . . . *and now the antibiotics* . . . pneumonia has steadily lost ground. Now, uncomplicated cases clear up in four to five days. And instead of losing 33 out of every 100 cases, the doctor saves all but a very few.

Just as striking as the cut in deaths and disability is the cut in the *cost* of *curing* pneumonia. More and more patients can now be cared for at home. As a result, the average case of pneumonia may cost no more than $100 . . . including loss of income, the doctor's visits and the "expensive" new medicines!

Today, more than ever before, an investment in prompt and proper medical care may well represent one of the biggest bargains of your life.

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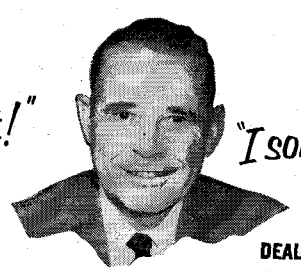

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(Continued from Page 110)

"Two words!" exclaimed Jimmy. "My gosh, that's par for the course."

When this remark was relayed to my wife, she looked very wise. "See, I knew he was playing way over his head."

The final flourish to Rocky's matchmaking came from the Stewarts on May 7, 1951. Twins.

As an ex-advertising salesman and door-to-door canvasser, I have looked long for the source of my reputation as a nontalker. I think I have traced it back to my first full-length talking picture, The Virginian, which was the first major talkie ever shot outdoors.

Mary Brian, playing the role of a schoolteacher, was the leading lady. I was the cowpoke from Virginia. I remember that to keep my accent authentic, I even had a voice coach from Virginia—a young fellow named Randolph Scott. As the schoolteacher, Mary was supposed to polish up my ignorance, and in one scene the dialogue ran something like this:

MARY: Did you read the book I gave you?
ME: Yup.
MARY: Did you like it?
ME: Nope.
MARY: Would you like to borrow another?
ME: Yup.
MARY: Promise to read it all?
ME: Nope.

It went on like that for a stretch, but it came out surprisingly well in the picture. So much so that while my name didn't mean much in 1929, I was widely recognized for a long time as "that lanky guy in The Virginian, the one who said 'Yup' and 'Nope.'" I'm afraid it has stuck.

When a child is a perfect angel, it's one of his parents who is describing him.

HAL CHADWICK

As an actor, I am exclusively a product of Hollywood. There is no stage training behind me or any other traditional method of breaking into what is called the dramatic arts. At Grinnell College I tried hard to get a part in the annual play staged by the Dramatic Club. I was not stage-struck. I wanted a part because the play starred a girl I was sweet on, and I wanted to be in that third-act clinch. I didn't get the part; I didn't even get elected to the Dramatic Club.

On the other hand, I remember a scene in which I got enough stage training to last a lifetime, all in one day, and all in one lump. I made my debut not on one stage, but three, simultaneously. This becomes clearer when I explain that my producer was Cecil B. DeMille. One stage has never been enough for him.

The occasion was the *première* of The Unconquered, a picture dealing with the founding of Pittsburgh. That made it logical to hold the *première* in Chicago. Two of the largest theaters in Chicago face each other across State Street, and DeMille decided they were just made for a double-barreled opening of his picture. To link their stages together, all he had to do was knock some holes in their walls and hang a suspension bridge over State Street.

Now, to me, DeMille is the master, and I often address him as such. This in no way lessens my respect for his contemporary, Sam Goldwyn. I've made a lot of pictures for both of them, and I'm mighty proud to have a couple of Hollywood fathers like them. For both of them I'd risk my neck, and sometimes have, so when DeMille hinted he'd like to have me at his shindig for a personal appearance, I just up and went. I forgot that I didn't know how to walk out on a stage. I'd never made a personal appearance before.

In the wings of the first theater, my jitters grew until Paulette Goddard took pity on me. "It's just like making an entrance in the movies," she assured me.

But it's not. In the movies, I know exactly what I am going to do, the director knows, and so do all the technicians. If we get what we want on the first take, fine. Otherwise we'll shoot it over. But in the theater, you get no second chance to hide your mistakes. You step out on the stage and a thousand pairs of eyes challenge you. "Where'd that jerk come from?" And, "Why's he sneaking off like that—him and his long wrists?"

As it turned out, I needn't have worried so much. Once things got rolling, I was snatched up like a log in a sawmill and passed along from hand to hand. In the middle of the first stage I yakked my five lines. Then the conveyor system ejected me out on the bridge to the theater across the street.

There must have been 100 people on the bridge. Nobody had told me that DeMille was staging a show in mid-air for the crowd in the street below. What a man! Two theaters not being big enough, he has to play to the whole Chicago Loop. By police count there were half a million people packing State Street and overflowing into all the side streets. Traffic was brought to a total stop for hours.

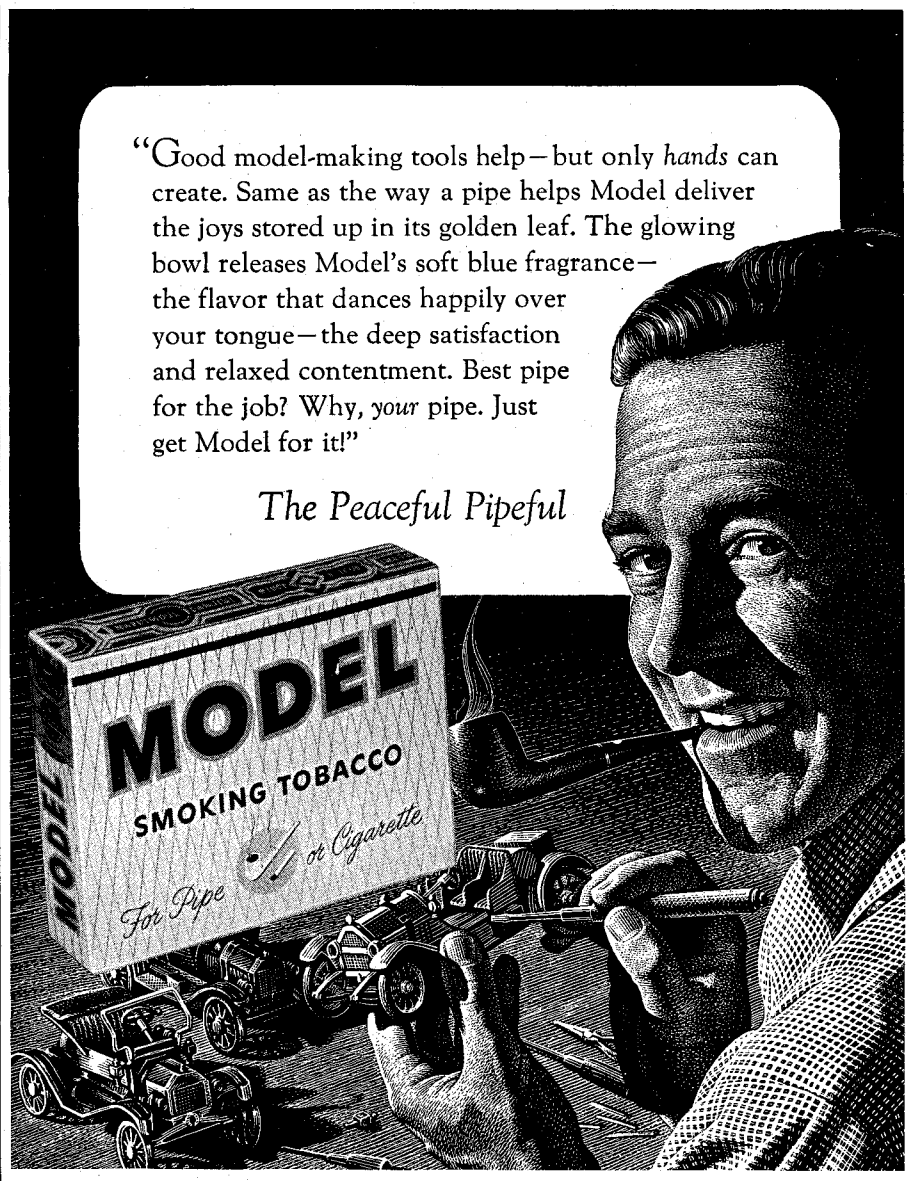
While I was gawking at the acres of faces, I was tapped on the shoulder and told that the crowd expected a few words from me. In the center of the bridge, a young, red-haired fellow was talking into a microphone, and waving for me to come on. Everything I had dreaded about the stage hit me all at once, but harder. Instead of being challenged by a thousand pairs of eyes, I was being challenged by half a million. *Go ahead, Cooper; say something bright.* I couldn't even open my mouth.

But the crowd didn't faze the red-headed emcee. He had me by the elbow, and the next thing I knew I drew a laugh that shook windows up to the twelfth floor. Turned out his name was Red Skelton. He was so glad to have a wordless straight man that he nearly killed himself tossing off gags. I left to the greatest roar of laughter ever heard on State Street. I had been a long time arriving on the stage, but when I finally got there I was a hit. Without saying a word.

I'm still apt to get the jitters if anyone mentions "personal appearance," but DeMille's *première* did me no harm. Bing Crosby even has a story to show just how relaxed I am in meeting the public. According to his yarn, which has some elements of truth in it, we were appearing together in Paris at the Kermesse de l'Étoiles. This is quite a festive thing done up with real French touches. All the French movie stars and any foreign stars who "happen" to be in town are invited to parade around on raised promenades in front of their fans, and be introduced from the speaker's platform.

Well, Bing and I made it to the speaker's platform all right, and from the hand shaking and cheek kissing there was no mistake about whom they liked. For some reason, Bing is quite popular over there. Besides, in French "Bing" or "Beeng" is unmistakable, while "Gary" sounds like a railroad station and "Cou-paire" sounds like nothing at all. At the end of Bing's introduction, I joined in the ovation like a trained seal with oversized flippers, and he enjoyed every moment of it. Turned out the introduction was for me.

Editors' Note—This is the first of eight articles by Mr. Cooper. The second will appear next week.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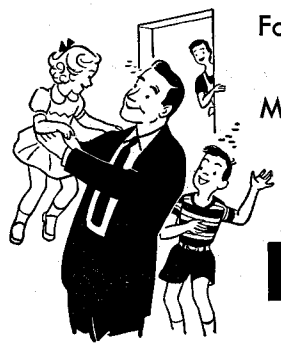
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My Battles in War and Peace

(Continued from Page 30)

had scattered the other elements of the division widely. Again, though, as in Sicily, this wide dispersion had thrown the Germans into confusion. All over the area the paratroopers had cut every communication line they had come across. Unable to reach his units, the commander of the German 91st Division had gone out by car to see what was happening, and a patrol of paratroopers had killed him.

As D day wore on we began to learn what we ourselves had lost in the way of key personnel. My chief of staff, Doc Eaton, and about half the division general staff had come in by gliders, at first daylight, bringing 57-mm. guns, for we had nothing but grenades and bazookas to use against the German armor. They'd had a rough time. The morning was foggy and the gliders had crashed into hedgerows, into trees, into marshy spots where guns, men and radio equipment had sunk into the muck. The chief of staff was smashed up in a glider crash. The G-4 was shot through the bridge of the nose, the surgeon through the hand. Both had to be evacuated. The engineer, the ordnance officer, and one of the three regimental commanders were missing in action. From several battalions we'd had no word at all.

With many top staff officers missing, we had a pretty tough time of it for the first thirty-six hours. The Germans were within 500 yards of our CP in that little apple orchard, and at first we were completely cut off. We couldn't get radio contact with anybody—with the forces that were due to come in over the beaches, with anybody back in England, or with anybody afloat. Most of our radios had gone into the swamps on the jump, and those we had didn't work. Later we learned that the Germans were broadcasting to the world the boast that the 82nd had been annihilated. The truth was that within the next few days the 82nd annihilated the German 91st Division.

At the end of thirty-six hours the picture began to brighten. A patrol of the 4th Division, which had come in over the beaches, made contact with us, and not long after that my old friend, Ted Roosevelt, assistant division commander of the 4th, walked into my CP. We began getting reports of more and more battalions coming into the command chain, and the news was good. Before dawn on D day the 82nd had taken its first objective—the town of Ste. Mère-Eglise, which gave us control of the main highway leading to Cherbourg, and as more and more of the division assembled, we began to drive against the causeways and the river crossings.

These causeways weren't very pleasant places to cross. They were narrow two-track roads, elevated above the swamplands, with an eighteen-inch shoulder on each side, leading down to water that was over a man's head. When we crossed the first one, we saw the bodies of many of our paratroopers still in their harness. They had hit in the water and drowned, carried down by their heavy equipment before they could break free. The toughest one was the crossing of the Merderet. The road came down and made a right-angle turn through a sixty-foot cut in the low hills, and then came out into a perfectly open, straight stretch about 600 yards across a swamp. The Germans concentrated their fire on the defile, and it was the hottest spot I saw during the whole war. The men were instinctively thrown back by sheer force of the concentrated fire, and I think the assault would have failed if the assistant division commander, the regimental commander, the battalion commander and I hadn't all been right there in person. There in the cut, when the troops started to recoil in the face of that murderous fire, we'd take them by the arm and turn them around and give them a push, starting them down the causeway. Some of them we had to lead until they got going.

We were laying down a pretty heavy fire ourselves, of course, for by this time we had artillery support from the assault forces that had come in over the beach. We had a battalion of 105-mm. self-propelled howitzers, and a battalion of 155's, and for this crossing we had got a battalion of tanks from VII Corps. We massed every bit of fire we could, right up on the river lip. Ten minutes before the crossing we laid down a tremendous concentration. We had one company of the tanks right there on the edge of the water, turning loose every gun they had.

Under that canopy of fire we got across all right, in spite of heavy casualties. Some hours later when the 9th Division passed through us, on its way to take up the attack beyond the bridgehead we'd seized on the other side, Manton Eddy, the division commander, said he'd never seen so many dead Germans anywhere. I hadn't either. We really killed a lot of them.

It was some experience to step out on one of those hard-surfaced roads leading across those completely exposed stretches. I remember one night I stepped out from behind a farmhouse near another causeway, and said to the officer with me, "That's funny. I never noticed fireflies around here before."

"Fireflies, hell," he said. "Those are machine-gun bullets ricocheting off the road."

We had thirty-three days of continuous action in that campaign, with hardly any rest to speak of. We were passed through once by the 90th Division, and they ran into heavy resistance and got a pretty bad mauling, so we had to go back in and continue with the attack. Then the 8th passed through us and had a similar experience. When we were finally withdrawn we had lost 54 per cent of our infantry. In the 82nd Airborne, 1282 men had been killed and 2373 had been so severely wounded they had to be evacuated, and many of those remaining suffered minor wounds that they ignored. I doubt very much if any other United States unit had such heavy casualties and still kept fighting throughout its whole period in the forward zone. I remember, toward the end, one of my officers came to me and told me the division had shot its bolt. It couldn't make another attack. If it did, he said, its effectiveness would be so impaired it would take months to fit it for battle again. I told him I had spent every day with the forward battalions. I knew their condition and their spirit. The division could attack and it could take its last objective. It did, driving the Germans from the strong ground dominating the town of La Haye de Puits. After that we were withdrawn and sent back to England.

Knowing our losses would be heavy, over their strong protests I had left behind a small cadre to train the replacements I thought we'd need, and to indoctrinate them with the spirit of the division. In ten days after we returned, the new men had taken their place with the veterans. Three days later, when General Eisenhower came down to review the division, it took the field at its full war strength of 16,000 men; within two weeks after its last fight it was fully equipped and ready to fight again—as it did soon after under General Gavin.

Back in the Midlands of England, I went at once to pay my respects to Gen. Bedell Smith, General Eisenhower's chief of staff and one of my oldest and closest friends. He was the first to tell me that an Airborne Corps—the XVIII—was to be created, to serve with a British corps in an Allied Airborne Army under Lt. Gen. Lewis Brereton. I was to have command of the corps. This was a tremendous honor, and one which could not be refused. But I felt at once a tremendous tug at my heartstrings, a deep regret at leaving the 82nd. It had been part of my heart and soul. I had had it throughout its entire life as an airborne division. In every action it had fought, I had shared its dangers and its hardships. I remembered its men in battle, their valor and their reckless daring. I remembered them in their quiet moments. One incident lingered particularly in my memory. It was the first Sunday in Normandy, a quiet day when action was slow. George Riddle, the division chaplain, held services in an apple orchard. Our chairs were our steel helmets, and we sat under the trees to screen ourselves from enemy air observation. There never was a more devout congregation assembled than that group of GI's, who had fought so well up to that moment, and would fight again tomorrow, for the great truths of the Christian faith have deep meaning to a man who knows that in a few hours he himself may enter into the mysteries.

For all my sadness at leaving the 82nd, there was no question, of course, of turning down the added responsibilities of a corps command. The role of the corps in the chain of command has never been fully appreciated. The corps commander is the highest commander in the military hierarchy who has only a tactical responsibility. The division commander has a greater logistical responsibility. The concerns of the Army commander are primarily logistical and territorial. The corps commander is almost exclusively concerned with battle tactics, and above all he must be a fighter, a battle leader.

No man was ever given finer troops to lead. Twenty-two divisions, all told, were under my command at one time or another. They included the finest outfits in the British and American armed services—units like the 1st Infantry Division, the 82nd Airborne and the 3rd Armored, of the United States Army, and the British 6th Airborne, the Commando Brigade and the 6th Guards Armored Brigade.

The first big action in which the corps took part was the drop into Holland. General Brereton gave command of this operation to British Lt. Gen. R. A. M. Browning, to my bitter disappointment, since two United States airborne divisions were to be dropped—my old 82nd, now under General Gavin, and Max Taylor's 101st—and only one of the British. However, once the decision was announced, it was quickly accepted, and we did everything we could to aid that brilliant and gallant officer. The scheme of maneuver involved laying a "carpet" of airborne forces in front of British ground troops advancing across the neck of Holland to the Zuider Zee. The British 1st Airborne was to drop far out, to seize the crossings over the Rhine. The 101st and the 82nd were to go in closer to friendly troops, to take and hold the bridges over the Waal and the Meuse. Once these crossings were in friendly hands, it was expected that the British 2nd Army, spearheaded by an armored force, could smash through quickly to the Zuider Zee and cut off all the Germans in Holland.

The serials took off from their fields in England on a Sunday morning, and as I went down to the 82nd's marshaling areas to watch them go, I felt a profound regret that for the first time this gallant division was going into battle without me. There was nothing to prevent my going along, though, just to watch, for, aside from my sentimental interest in anything that might happen to these men, this operation was of great technical interest to a professional paratrooper. It was to be the biggest single air drop up to that time, and the first big daylight drop, made possible by the fact that the German air force had been practically wiped out.

I flew in a borrowed B-17 that hovered some 200 feet above the transport planes below, and I remember thinking how big a target we

(Continued on Page 117)

The Perfect Squelch

A matronly lady who refused to act her years invited several friends of her own age for lunch. Throughout the repast, she kept referring to herself as if she belonged to a younger generation and as if her guests were quite elderly. Afterward, she opened an album of family photographs, leafed through a few pages and held up a mother-and-child picture.

"That," she said proudly, "is what I looked like twenty-seven years ago. Does it surprise you?"

"Not at all," one of her guests replied. "But who is the baby on your lap?"

Raymond C. Otto

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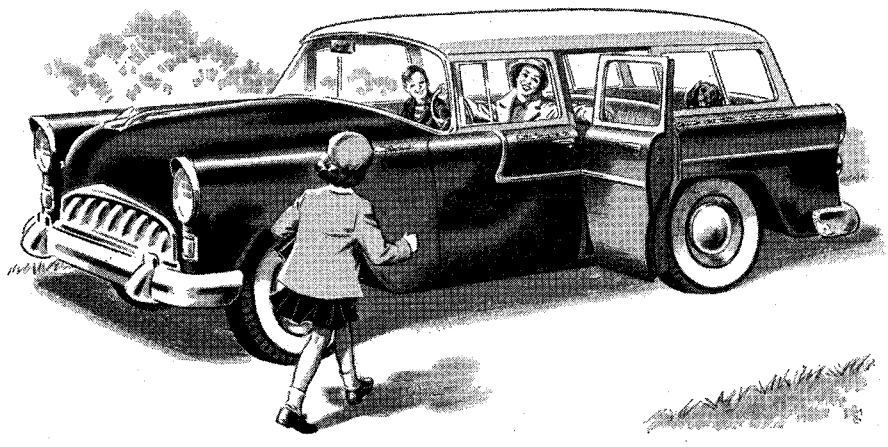
FAMILY CHAUFFEUR?



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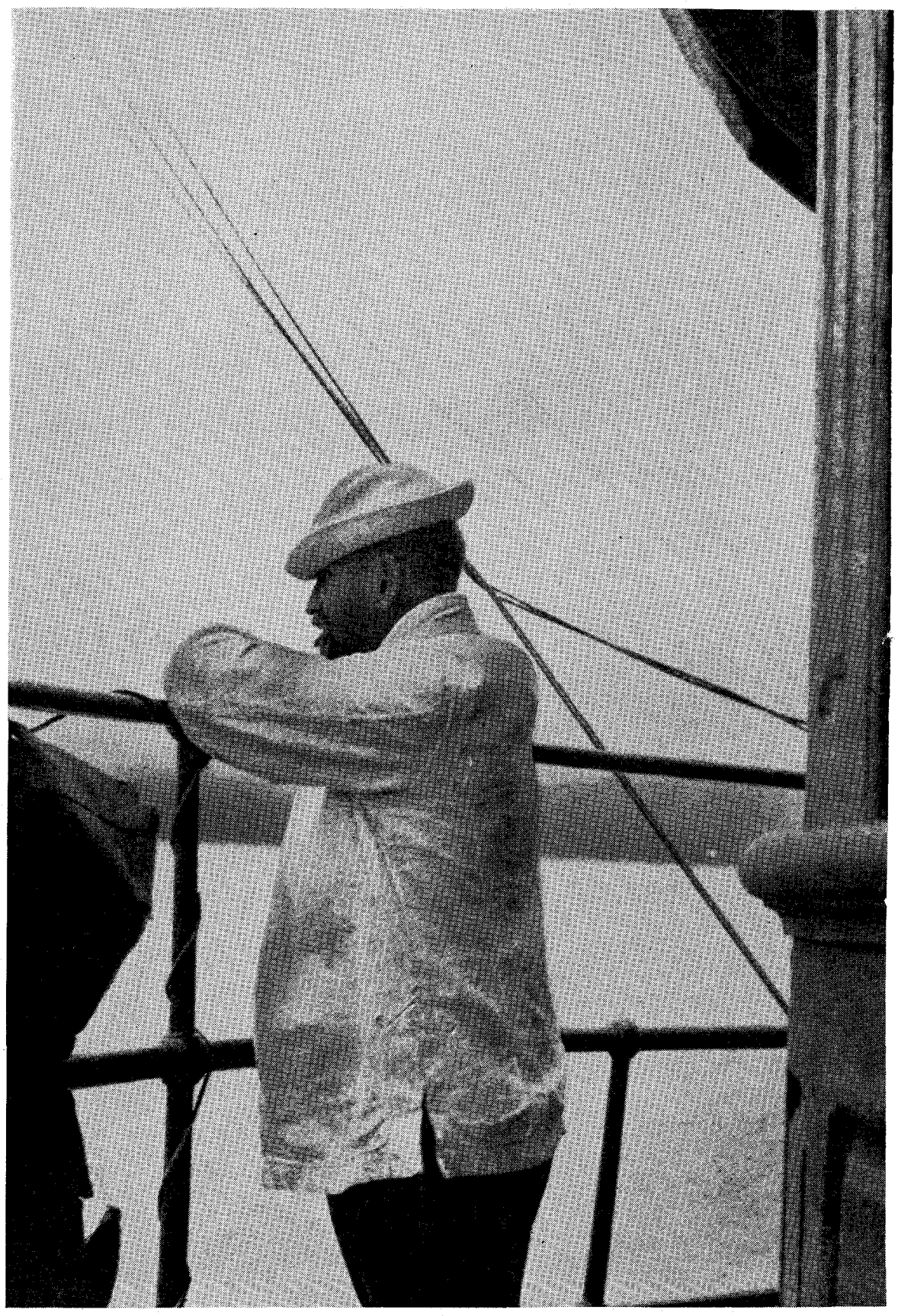
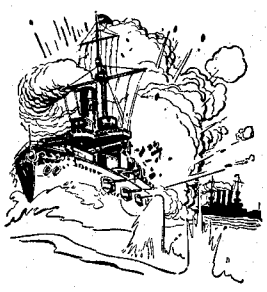


"Those poor devils are dying"

Mustachioed, bulky and calm, Jack Philip stood on the bridge, watching his gunners pour fire into the Spanish men-of-war fleeing Santiago harbor.

A few days before, when another American ship had accidentally fired at the *Texas*, Philip had signalled: "Thanks, good line, but a little over."



Now enemy shells were whistling over his head from desperate vessels doomed to destruction. As the *Texas* raced past the flaming, riddled hulk of the *Vizcaya*, that Spanish battleship exploded.

Instantly, a great victorious shout sprang up on the *Texas*. But Philip quickly silenced it:

"Don't cheer, men; those poor devils are dying."

A bold captain who ran a happy ship, Jack Philip was something of a friendly hero to his men. But this one sentence, more than all his bravery, made him a hero of the Spanish-American War to millions.

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(Continued from Page 114) must make up there, and how slow we were flying. Over Holland, in the clear light of that sunny Sunday, the flak began to come up heavily, and planes began to go down. My pilot was also well aware of the hazards of our situation. One of those brave, lighthearted men who, like Ulysses' sailors, "ever with a frolic welcome take the thunder and the sunshine," I could hear him talking to his crew over the intercom.

"Boy, did you ever see anything like that?" he was saying. "I never saw the stuff coming up like this before. I'm going to tell my grandchildren about this."

His uneasiness was understandable, for he was used to flying upstairs, at 20,000 feet or so, and this slow, wobbly flight 800 feet above the ground was new to him. I remember hoping fervently that he did survive to tell his grandchildren about that ride.

The drop was beautiful, the best we'd ever done. Despite the fact that planes were being lost to AA fire, those magnificent pilots of the 52nd Troop Carrier Wing held formation perfectly and hit their drop zones on the nose. As we circled wide, watching the skies fill with thousands of brown and multicolored chutes, we could look down into the streets of the little villages. The people were all out in their Sunday best, looking up, as the great sky train, 500 miles long, went past. The little houses were all intact, and I felt a great pang of regret, knowing that these fine Hollanders were all unaware of the tragedy that was soon to strike. Up to this time the German occupation had brought little of war's devastation to that peaceful countryside, but I knew the German reaction would be quick and violent.

I flew back to England to sleep that night, and early the next morning flew in a C-47 to Antwerp, to move up by jeep to join the parachute divisions on the ground. The weather was zero-zero and we could not get down, but the next day we dropped in there, though the field was under German artillery fire. With General Brereton, we moved out by jeep through the countryside, to Eindhoven, a city of considerable size, so far untouched by war. It was jammed full of British motor transport, moving up, and just at dusk we worked our way to the center of town. The square was jammed with vehicles of all kinds—gasoline trucks and ammunition trucks and troop transports. In the deepening night a single plane flashed over and dropped two flares, and I said to General Brereton, "Louie, I don't like the looks of this. Let's get the hell out of here."

So we jumped into the jeeps and started off. We'd gone about two blocks when the whole world exploded. A German bomber formation, guided by those flares, was tearing that town apart. We leaped from the jeep and hit the ground in a little park, Lewis, in his nice uniform, scrambling for the pistol he had dropped. Somehow we got separated there in the dark, and later, in a lull in the bombing, when I got in my jeep and tried to move on, I couldn't find him. I never did find out what happened to him that night, nor how he got back to England.

I soon found myself blocked on every road. Great fires were burning everywhere, ammo trucks were exploding, gasoline trucks were on fire, and debris from wrecked houses clogged the streets. So I pulled up beside a ditch, got out my sleeping bag, crawled into it and went to sleep.

The next morning early, with Capt. Don Faith, my aide, Sergeant Farmer, my jeep driver, and Sergeant Casey, my personal bodyguard, we set out again. In the light of dawn we could pick our way around the rubble and the burned-out hulks of the trucks, and soon were out of town.

A few miles up the road we came up with the advance elements of British armor. There a junior officer stopped me and told me I could go no farther because the road in front was swept with small-arms fire. So we stopped a minute to watch how our good British comrades would take out this resistance. They had muzzles of their tank guns pointing down the road toward where the enemy was supposed to be, but not a shot was being fired.

Having no command responsibility for this operation, I couldn't order this tank commander to move on down the road. So, after waiting about forty minutes, and seeing no visible effort being made to outflank this resistance, I told Farmer to stay where he was until he heard from me. I then took Don Faith and Casey, and put Don on one side of the road, and Casey and I took the other, and we started walking down the ditch along the side of the road. We went a mile and a half, perhaps, with every sense alert, but not a shot was fired at us. Which was a good thing in my case, for if I had had to hit the ground I couldn't have got up again. Diving out of the jeep the night before, and sleeping on the cold damp ground, had aggravated the old sacroiliac injury I'd had since West Point days, and my back was stiff as a board.

We moved on until we found Gen. Max Taylor, at the CP of the 101st Division. I then sent back for Farmer and my jeep, and went on for another couple of miles until I found General Gavin and the 82nd. They were in fine shape at that moment, as was the 101st, but there was much hard fighting ahead of them before the ground elements came up.

I have always felt, and I still feel, that the sluggish actions of the ground forces in that campaign caused a sound, well-planned campaign to fail. A more vigorous command supervision from the top could have driven that armored force on through. As a result of this failure, the British 1st Airborne, under its gallant commander, Major General Urquhart, was almost destroyed. Its stand was a monument to British valor, but a monument, too, to human weakness, to the failure to strike hard and boldly. The major objectives of that operation were not attained. The main German forces in Holland were not cut off, and the front became stabilized. The 82nd and the 101st stayed in the line until late November, when they were withdrawn and came back under my command. They had been fifty-eight days in the line, and had lost 658 killed, 1796 wounded and 80 missing in action. They came back to rest, refit and train replacements in the Champagne area of France, around Mourmelon-le-Grand, Suippes and Rheims. I then had a split headquarters. My advanced CP was in France with the 82nd and 101st, and the main command post was back in England, where the 17th Airborne was in training.

We were thus divided when, at two o'clock in the morning on the eighteenth of December, at my headquarters in the Midlands, I got word by phone from France that the Germans were smashing in great force through the Ardennes. The Battle of the Bulge had begun. My orders were to move the 82nd and the 101st at greatest speed to Bastogne and to move the 17th out of England at the first possible moment. At daybreak, fifty-five C-47's took the air, carrying the corps-command-post personnel. We flew in a pea-soup fog, and it was only by the grace of God and the flying skill of my personal pilot, Col. J. G. Brown, that we got in. Seemingly by some sixth sense, for we had practically no navigation aids, he brought us down at Rheims. I remember looking out the window and seeing a church steeple go by, and the cross on top was considerably higher than we were.

By midmorning I was in my advanced CP at Rheims, where an atmosphere of considerable apprehension prevailed, attributable in a large degree to the flood of messages that were pouring in from higher headquarters, urging us to get those two divisions up there with all speed.

The 82nd, under command of General Gavin, had already moved out and the 101st was moving when I got there. I gave a few simple orders, but the main thing that sticks in my mind is that in all the flurry about plugging the holes where the Germans were breaking through, I gave orders to my chief of staff to start planning for an offensive that could start the moment it was clear that the momentum of the German attack had been checked, as I was confident it soon would be.

I went up the road in a GI sedan in a heavy fog, a most uncomfortable experience, for if we had run into any German patrols while cooped up in that thing, we wouldn't have had a chance. We got to the command post of Maj. Gen. Troy Middleton, commanding the U. S. VIII Corps, well after dark. The gloom inside that CP was thicker than the dark and the fog outside. Nobody knew where anyone was, though this was no fault of General Middleton, a magnificent soldier with a wonderful combat record in this war as well as in World War I. He knew only that many of his units had been overrun and that a great gap had been opened in our lines. Most of his communications with his forward elements had been cut, so that little was known about the location of our own forces, and practically nothing about the enemy.

We slept on the floor wherever we could that night. Along before daylight I got up to go to the latrine, brushed past somebody in the dark, and heard a conversation of a character I had not heard in the war before.

"We'd better get the hell out of here," one voice said.

"We can't," the other answered. "We're surrounded."

The tone of alarm and anxiety in those voices spoke volumes. I didn't feel this same uneasiness, however, for air-borne troops are accustomed to fighting surrounded. I washed my face, brushed my teeth, shaved and felt fairly confident we could meet whatever dangers the day might hold. Orders came in soon, to drop off the 101st at Bastogne, and to move the 82nd up to Werbomont, and this was done, though I remember feeling a keen regret that these two fine divisions were not to stand and fight side by side.

Dirge for a Performing Lion

By LORD DUNSANY

With sinews fashioned for as swift a leap
As waterfalls, with eyesight made to peer
Through equatorial forests in the deep
Of night, with power that all races fear,
With splendor in his mane, revolving old
Bright memories of Africa, where he
Walked in the morning like a king in gold,
He sits upon a barrel and drinks tea.

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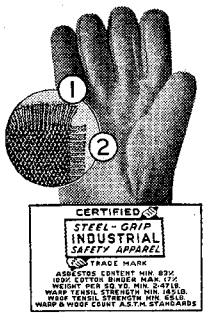

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I moved on up the road in the sedan, in fog so heavy that my driver, a new man, barely missed overrunning the trucks of the 82nd that were grinding along ahead of us. I am not a nervous man in an automobile, usually, but these narrowly averted crashes soon got my goat. I took the wheel, and we continued on to Werbomont, where I found General Gavin, with one battalion of the 82nd, already astride that critical crossroads.

The 82nd arrived, battalion by battalion, and as each unit came in, it was pushed forward to make contact with the enemy. Then the 3rd Armored, under that gallant commander, Maurice Rose, who later was killed by a German patrol, began to come in. Little by little, we got enough units in there to plug the biggest gaps in that sixty-five-mile front.

There is no use retelling here the story of the battles that followed. We held open the corridor down which the troops that had been surrounded near St. Vith could make their escape. We shifted to meet the German attack wherever it struck. The corps fought in the Ardennes for six weeks, in snow and brutal cold that sometimes dropped as low as ten degrees above zero. There were, at various times, nine divisions under my command, six of them for one operation, and some men and units reached heights of gallantry rarely paralleled in the history of war. Other men and other units found the strain more than they could bear. I was forced to relieve one division commander because I found him at a CP far in the rear when the bulk of his division was far forward and heavily engaged—where he should have been. Another was relieved because, when I asked him if there was anything I could do to help him, he said, "Just pray for me." I believe in the power of prayer as strongly as any man, but this statement, made in the presence of other officers of his staff, indicated a lack of that buoyant confidence then so vitally necessary. With greatest reluctance—for he was a gallant soldier and a deeply respected friend—I asked for his relief.

Christmas came and passed, and I remembered the message I had written early in December, which had never been distributed to the troops. In it, I had said: "They (the Germans) will shortly make one more desperate major effort with all the strength they still possess."

They had made their effort, and it had failed. In early January we began the counterattack which wiped out the last pockets of resistance in the Ardennes and smashed to the inner bulwarks of the Siegfried Line. The corps was pulled out then and shifted sixty miles north, where General Simpson's 9th Army was to attack and seize the Roer dams.

Flooded rivers delayed the attack, and before it ever came off the corps was pulled out and assigned the mission of supporting the 2nd British Army in its assault across the Rhine. Two airborne divisions were involved, the 17th United States under General Miley, and the 6th British under General Bols. It was a daylight drop, at ten o'clock in the morning on the twenty-fourth of March, and we dropped them right on top of the German artillery that was covering the crossing of the Rhine. They jumped into desperate fighting, under aimed fire of the German guns, and they suffered heavy casualties, but they fought magnificently, as airborne troops always fight, in this last big-scale air drop of the war.

Several times during that fight it seemed highly likely that I was going to become one of the casualties mentioned above. I crossed the Rhine in an alligator, an amphibious tracked vehicle, manned by a British crew, who kept its .50-caliber gun blasting away at every patch of grass on the other side as we waddled across. We drew no fire. As usual, I had my personal patrol group with me—three men and an officer aide. Once across, we set out by jeep through a dense forest, looking for my two airborne divisions.

We had gone only a little way into these thick woods when I looked up, and staring me right in the eye was a German soldier, his head and shoulders sticking up above his foxhole. We didn't move, and he didn't move. Then I saw he'd never move again. He was dead, but still upright, eyes open, there in his hole. We moved on, and my eye caught the flicker of motion in the woods ahead. We hit the ground and took cover, and lay there, rifles ready. Down this little path through the woods came a paratrooper riding a big, heavy-footed farm horse and wearing a high silk hat. He had his rifle slung over his shoulder, and when I stepped out of the bushes and he recognized me, it was the funniest thing you ever saw. He didn't know whether to salute from horseback, wearing that hat, or dismount and do a present arms, or what in the hell to do. He scrambled around on top of that horse for about a minute, while I stood there, laughing. Then he laughed too. I don't know of any little incident in the war that pleased me more. It was so typical of the lighthearted attitude of the American combat veteran. For this man was a seasoned soldier. If I'd been a German he'd have been off that horse in a flash, with his M-1 blazing.

I found General Miley's CP soon afterward. The 17th Airborne was having plenty of resistance. One regiment, commanded by Colonel Coutts, had dropped right in a German artillery position, and many of his men had been killed by point-blank fire before they could get out of their harness.

At twilight we moved on, trying to find General Bols and his British paratroopers. There was plenty of sporadic firing along the road, and at one point we had to turn out through the woods to avoid a big German truck, burned and wrecked in the middle of the road. A little before midnight we found Bols at his CP. There was plenty of shooting going on, but his people seemed to be in fine shape and he was brimming with confidence. We left after midnight, under a half-moon, with .50-caliber fire audible in all directions. I had never heard so many heavy machine guns going.

We got back to the burned-out truck and turned out, and suddenly there in the moonlight, we saw about fifteen figures, stooping and bobbing through the woods, moving to encircle us. We had bumped head on into a German patrol. I jumped for the ditch, firing my Springfield from the hip, and the nearest man went down, squealing. I fired all five shots fast, and then hit the ground to load another clip. My body was in the ditch, all except my head and shoulders, and my head was right beside the right front wheel of my jeep. There was quite an explosion, very close, and I felt the heat and sting of a fragment in my shoulder. Some German had thrown a grenade and it had burst within three feet of my head. It blew the bottom out of my jeep, but by the grace of God the wheel had saved me. There was a great deal of shooting, and cussing and shouting, in both German and English, going on there for another five minutes. Then, suddenly, there was a deep silence. We were so mixed up, so close together, nobody quite knew where anybody else was, and when I caught a little movement off to my right, I didn't know whether to shoot or not.

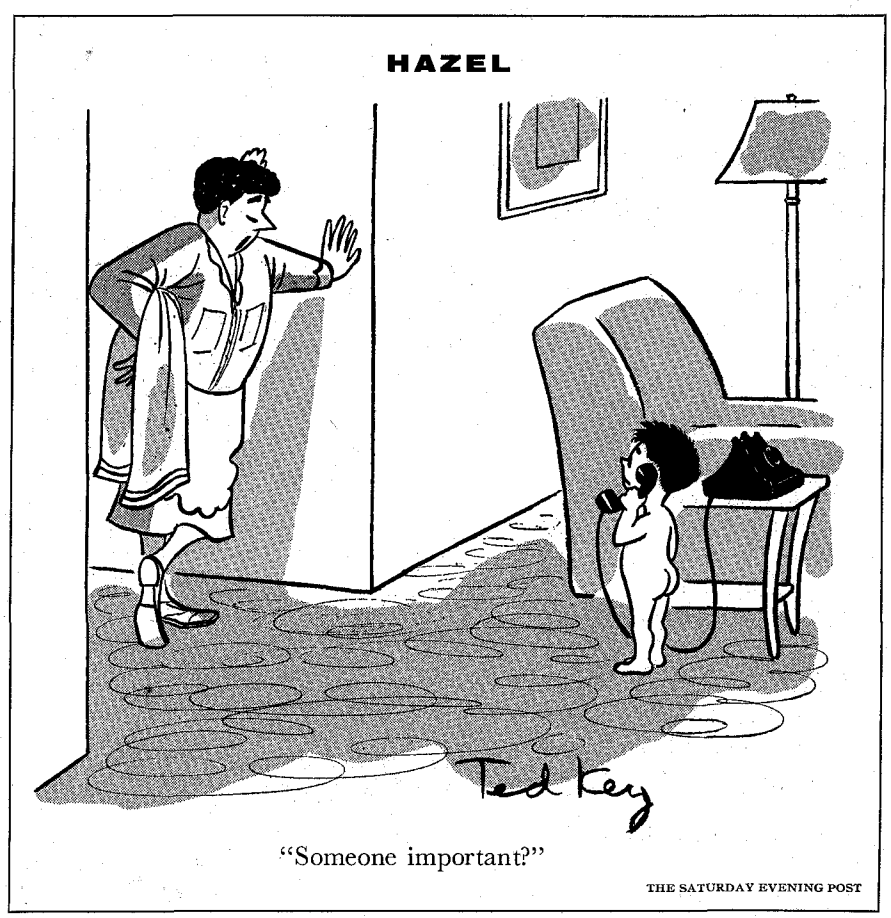
So I swung the muzzle around until I had the dark shape covered, and yelled, "Put your hands up, you ——"

"Ah-h-h, go sit on your hat," a good American voice came back, and I eased my finger off the trigger.

That ended that fire fight. The Germans had gone.

That little exchange at the last illustrates something about the paratrooper that I think is important. He fights in the dark, and alone, and he's very careful not to shoot until he knows whom he's shooting at. And I think that there is probably less exchange of fire between friendly elements in the paratroopers than in any other element of the field army.

The XVIII Corps was in action there for only a week, but the momentum its divisions gave to the assault group—the British 2nd Army—was never checked thereafter. The corps opened up a whole zone of advance there, and the U. S. 2nd Armored passed through to envelop the Ruhr on the north, while the 3rd Armored swept south and east around that great industrial area, until they met and cut off the pocket. We drew the job of cleaning out the southern part of the pocket. With four divisions, the 8th, 86th, 97th and 78th, we drove in there. Soon we had one German force surrounded. I sent a messenger, under a white flag, to General Model, the German army group commander, demanding his surrender. He refused, as a point of honor. I tried once more, pointing out that eighty years before, at a place called Appomattox, a great soldier named Robert E. Lee, when confronted by a similar situation, in the name of humanity had laid down his arms without tarnish to his honor. Model still refused. And the war went on. We had been told that there were 125,000 Germans in that trap. We captured 359,000. Model was not among them. He had committed suicide.



"Someone important?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The war rolled on to the Elbe, and one crossing there stands out in my memory. A new and green engineer battalion came under heavy artillery fire while building a bridge. Some dropped their tools and ran for cover, as green troops would do, and all work ceased. I went down to the bridge and walked out on it and stood there awhile. Shells were falling in the water fairly close, but none were hitting on the bridge itself. I went back up the bank and found the engineer-group commanders. I told them I saw no reason why an engineer should not get killed just the same as a doughboy—and there were going to be a lot of doughboys killed if they didn't get that bridge built fast.

"Get out of those holes and come out from behind those trees," I told them, "and let's get on with our mutton here."

And they walked down that bank and built that bridge, under fire, in record time. About the time we were getting our lead patrols across the Elbe, General Dempsey, commanding the British 2nd Army, called me in. It would mean a great deal to British prestige, he said, if I would permit some elements of the British troops under my command to make the first contact with the Russians. I told him I couldn't do it. The last assault had to move fast, and I was all set to go with those two fast, hard-driving divisions. Hasbrouck's 7th Armored and Gavin's 82nd. He said he understood perfectly, and for me to do it my way.

Then I got to thinking about Britain—and all she had suffered and endured—Dunkirk, the buzz bombs, the long, hard fight in Africa. So I switched my plan of attack a little, so that Bols' British 6th Airborne could move across in front of the 7th Armored. They met the Russians on the second of May, almost simultaneously with the 82nd to the south. Dempsey wrote me a nice letter later, expressing his appreciation.

Five days later the war in Europe was over. Sicily, Italy, Normandy, Holland, the Bulge, the Rhine, the Elbe—all those great battles have passed into history.

But the fighting was not over for the XVIII Corps. Weeks later, with my staff, I boarded a plane at San Francisco, headed for the Pacific and the last great assault on the home islands of Japan. We were over the Golden Gate when the word came to us over the radio that the Japs had surrendered. I asked the pilot to turn back home. He refused, for he had his orders.

I didn't greatly care. The wars were over now. The world was at peace. I had no inkling then that within five short years I would be flying this same ocean again, bound for Korea, to command an army in one of the bloodiest conflicts this nation ever fought.

Editors' Note—This is the fifth in a series of articles by General Ridgway. The final article will appear next week.

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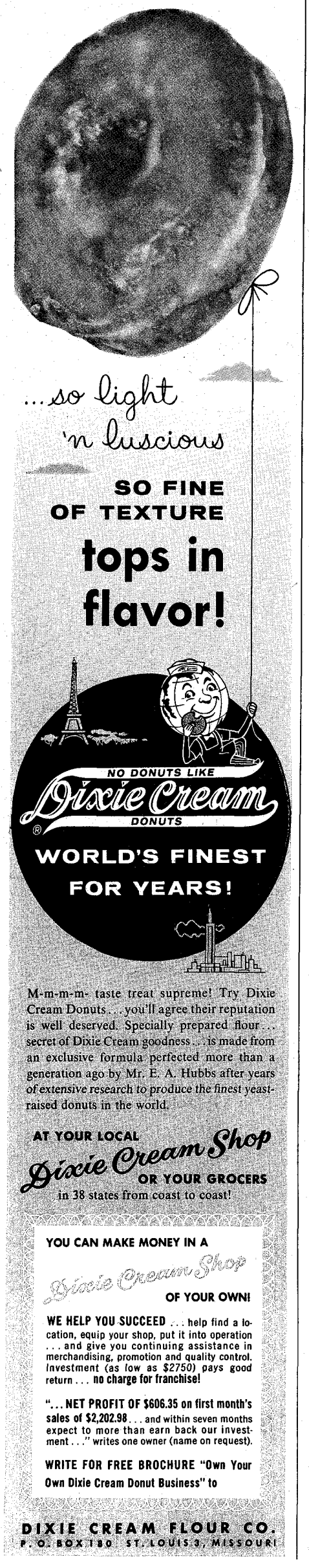
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Keeping Posted

Then They Go Back to Work

Introducing, in the picture, Mr. Kingsley Tufts, of Santa Monica, California, and Mr. Nutsley Squirrel, of the acacia tree outside the study window. Each day Nutsley hurls himself against the ivy-covered house using a bank shot with body English; then he scratches on the windowpane and gnashes his teeth. Tufts opens the window and hands his pal some walnuts, after which both parties go back to work, the squirrel putting his nuts in a hole, the man putting his thoughts in a typewriter; see page 31.

The Amicable Mayor of New York

Associate Editor Jack Alexander packed most of the anecdotes he collected about New York's Mayor Wagner into his word portrait on page 34, which is admirable reporting, but unfair to this page.

"Well," Alexander reflects, "there is this point about Wagner, complete with anecdote: I found that he greatly enjoys being discovered by strangers, to have somebody exclaim, 'Oh, look, isn't that Mayor Wagner?' " The anecdote:

On the occasion of a political rally in Albany, Alexander rode there with Wagner in the mayor's car, and when, along the way, they paused for dinner in a restaurant, the mayor heard some nearby diners voicing the oh-look routine. Wagner went right over to them, shook hands all around, and returned to his seat in fine spirits. Later, when someone told him that an elderly couple were celebrating a wedding anniversary in a private dining room and hesitantly asked him if he would say hello to them, he went and gave them a warm little congratulatory speech, deriving as much of a bang out of it as the celebrants themselves. As the diners were all New Jerseyites, his actions weren't merely political carryings-on; the gregarious and sentimental mayor, who radiates friendliness, was just doing what comes naturally.

Much of Alexander's chatting with Wagner was done while riding to and fro in the mayor's car between the lovely Gracie Mansion home and the office; and this travel, because of Wagner's intense desire never to fracture a traffic law, was the safest motoring Alexander ever had been exposed to. He says he felt like precious treasure being chauffeured along the brink of an awful cliff.

Happy Birthday to Holiday Magazine

About six months after World War II ended, a new magazine hit the newsstands. It had been planned *during* the war, on the concept that the peacetime lifting of war controls, the coming of faster planes, ships and automobiles, and the prosperity of expanding business would stimulate new and enduring interest in travel, entertainment, sports, hobbies and all the facets of enjoying leisure time.

Well, in any period the mortality rate of new publication ventures is high, and in the postwar period competition in all forms of enterprise was especially rugged. Nevertheless, that new leisure-time magazine came along beautifully. Businesswise it grew steadily and rapidly in circulation and in advertising content; editorially it grew the same way in popular esteem, until today it stands uniquely as *the* spokesman for and authority on gracious, pleasurable living.

Wherefore, as one Curtis magazine to another, the Post now exclaims to Holiday: Congratulations on being just ten years old with your March issue! Nice going, young fellow!

The Case of the Effervescent Boy

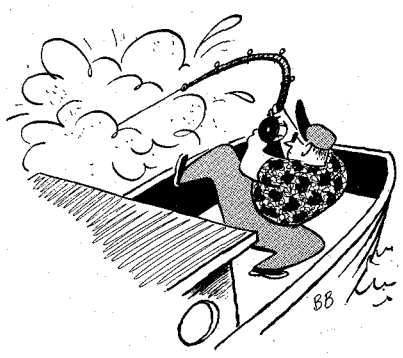
One time when Ray Bradbury was riding on a Los Angeles bus, a boy leaped aboard, galloped down the aisle, bounced into a seat in front of Bradbury, quivered with repressed energy, and a couple of stops later catapulted out of the bus. "The last I saw of him he was flying down the street, knocking leaves off bushes, scaring cats and jumping hedges." Then Bradbury, who once was a boy, figured out what was making this one so bouncy: spring was in the air and the lad had on a new pair of sneakers. So the veteran Post contributor and screenplay author wrote the bouncy story on page 28, after which he reflected, "I attribute the story's sale to the Post editors' once having been boys in spring with new sneakers. I'm not sure that a magazine with a woman editor would completely have understood." For her, he could simply have made it a springtime, new-sneakered girl.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"Well, It Was This Way"

Gary Cooper, in his fascinating story, explains why his mother found it necessary to send him to school in England—and how he once gave Tallulah Bankhead a lesson in acting.

Triumph of the Futile Fisherman



Rufus Jarman seldom catches fish, though he tries and tries. But one day when he was in Florida studying Mr. Jim Hunt, page 38, Hunt chartered a boat and took the writer and others out to the Gulf Stream for sailfish—and there Jarman caught something, all right. After several fishless hours, some great creature grabbed Jarman's bait and began churning up the sea a hundred yards behind the cruiser. As the enthralled angler laboriously cranked in his quarry, it became heavier and heavier, "until," he gasps, "it must have weighed half a hundredweight." Later Jarman decided this was because a pelican, having made a pass at his bait and got hooked, was being towed in with his shovellike beak wide open, shipping water.

Jarman's trophy of the deep, being unhooked and poured out, flew away with profane comments, and the skipper of the boat marveled, "In twenty-five years you are my first client who has caught a pelican." The fisherman tried to fee distinguished, but failed.

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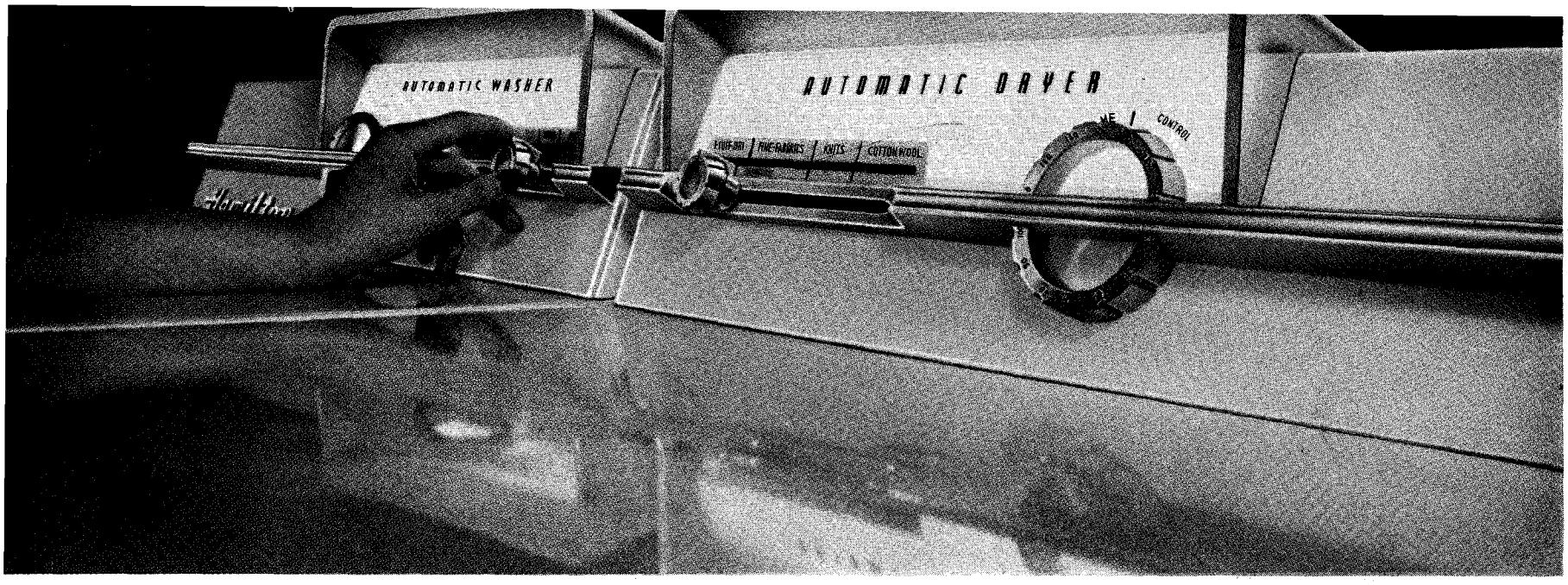

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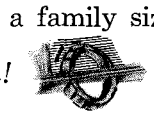
It's true—and isn't it wonderful? Wash a family size, 9-pound-load in your Hamilton with a *Touch!*  to set temperature and Suds-Saver. A *Touch!* to select the right washing cycle for regular or delicate loads. On your Hamilton Dryer, just *Touch!* and get perfect "drying weather" for each fabric type. And a *Touch!* for just the right drying period. At your Dealer's, see how easily Hamilton takes the work out of washday!

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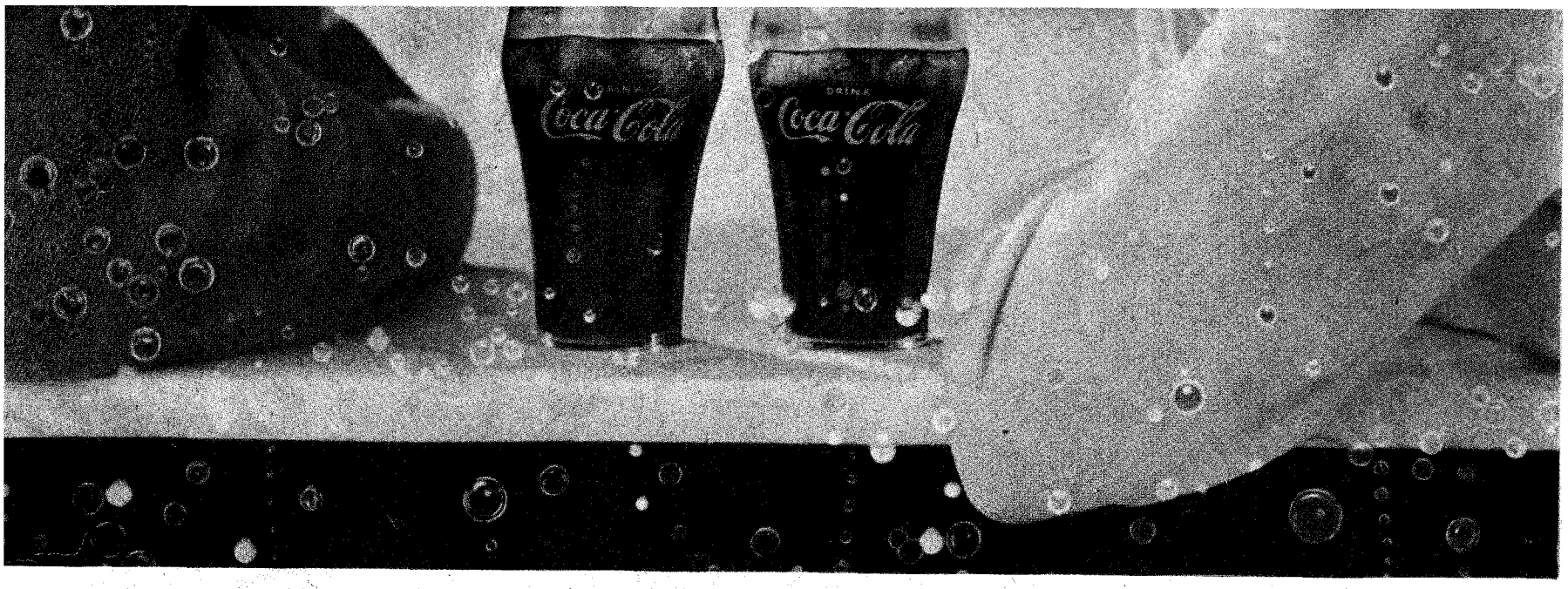

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So distinctive in taste and tang

So welcome—that fresh sparkle—unmistakably Coke

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